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July 25, 1931

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

JOSEPH FARRELLY

The First Sunday in August is FRIENDSHIP DAY
Remember Your Friends with Greeting Cards

Good Times Knocking at the Door

By William G. Shepherd

Consider your Adam's Apple!!★

Don't Rasp Your Throat With Harsh Irritants

LUCKIES are always kind to your throat

Hazel Bofinger

NEW YORK, N. Y.

"Reach for a LUCKY instead"

What effect have harsh irritants present in all raw tobaccos upon the throat? A famous authority, retained by us to study throat irritation says:

> *"The tissues above and below the vocal chords and the vocal chords themselves may become acutely or chronically congested as a result of the inhalation of irritating fumes in the case of chemists for example."*

LUCKY STRIKE'S exclusive "TOASTING" Process expels certain harsh irritants present in all raw tobaccos. We sell these expelled irritants to manufacturers of chemical compounds. They are not present in your LUCKY STRIKE. So Consider your Adam's Apple—that is your larynx—your voice box—it contains your vocal chords. Don't rasp your throat with harsh irritants. Be careful in your choice of cigarettes. Reach for a LUCKY instead.

LUCKY STRIKE
"IT'S TOASTED"
CIGARETTES

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TUNE IN—The Lucky Strike Dance Orchestra, every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday evening over N. B. C. networks.

"It's toasted"

Including the use of Ultra Violet Rays

Sunshine Mellows—Heat Purifies

Your Throat Protection—against irritation—against cough

An enlarged reproduction of this photograph, suitable for framing, will be mailed upon request—Oakland Motor Car Co., 162 Oakland Ave., Pontiac, Michigan

MAKING NEW FRIENDS AND KEEPING THE OLD

FRIENDS ARE ALWAYS TRYING TO MAKE YOU COMFORTABLE

In the busy days of this busy age, any act that will increase comfort is certain proof of someone's true friendship. At least we feel that way—and so we have built two cars to give you every possible comfort.

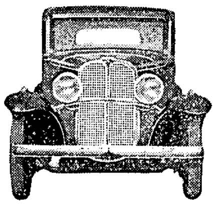
For instance, take the matter of riding ease. To assure you of that, we have done a great deal of testing to make our springs just flexible and gentle enough for your comfort. Different models have springs especially suited to their needs. We have even found a comfort advantage in using different alloy steels for front and rear springs. The hydraulic shock absorbers are designed as a unit with the springs, one gently counter-acting the other.

We have gone so far as to attach the ends of the springs to the frame with rubber shackles. And they are cushioned from the axles by big rubber pads. Bodies, motors, and radiators ride on rubber. Altogether, we use rubber at more than 40 points in the chassis to prevent metal-to-metal contact and so make Oakland and Pontiac quieter and pleasanter cars for you to drive.

In the bodies, too, there are many comfort details. The driver's seat will move forward or back, just as you like it. Seat cushions are deep and form-fitting, with springs of the 'tied-down' type used in the finest chairs. At night you are protected from annoying glare by the slanting windshield and 'smoked' mirror. The snugly insulated Fisher Bodies are proof against extremes of weather.

Perhaps much of the friendly feeling that owners express for Oakland and Pontiac has come from our efforts to make them comfortable. After all, aren't you entitled to all the comfort and pleasure you can get out of driving? We think so, and we'd like to have you drive our cars and see just what we've done to make your motoring a real pleasure at a reasonable cost.

OAKLAND 8



PONTIAC 6

PRODUCTS OF GENERAL MOTORS

Bodies by Fisher

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Next Week

WE BEGIN in the next issue a new novel by Kathleen Norris and even in this hot weather the drawing power of her work will make our colleagues of the news stands hustle vigorously to supply the demand.

Deeply introspective, we have been wondering why we are so sure that this prediction places our reputation as a prophet in no jeopardy at all. This is a highly sophisticated day, we hear, and the young, impatient of restraint, have thrown the old virtues and copybook maxims out the window. Mrs. Norris' heroine, Sheila Carscadden, does not drink one cocktail in the course of the story. She doesn't flout parental love nor does she observe that the world owes her a good time. She is not, you see, a smart girl, though she is accused of being more than that before the end.

You will be convinced, however, that Sheila is an intelligent girl; if she is too romantic that's the privilege of youth, and as Mrs. Norris, with understanding and warm sympathy, tells of her rise you will believe she deserves it all.

Thus, we come to the conclusion that Mrs. Norris' admirers will storm the news stands because the kind of girl she writes about will never be out of fashion.

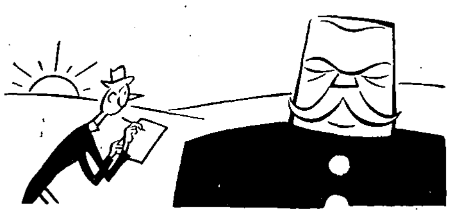
—

UNLESS you are dieting you will reach for the sugar this evening and as you do so we bid you reflect that there is something wrong with it. There's too much of it in the world and the price is too low.

The same thing is true of many other products, but something is being done about sugar. Under the leadership of Thomas L. Chadbourne the world's sugar growers have agreed to hold their surplus crops and reduce production. The scheme has been tried before with coffee and rubber, to mention two, but Chadbourne's plan has some new features and experts think it may work. John T. Flynn tells about it in an article called, naturally, "Sweet and Low."

—

COREY FORD'S short story, "Let's Get One in Paris," is, we needn't tell you, a very modern story. It begins on board a liner at New York with Greg and Dolly Nason giving a party to the friends who attended their wedding three years ago. But the story ends in a manner which strengthens our conviction that this modern sophistication takes in so few people that we can afford to sneer at it.



WHEN we learned that our friend T. R. Ybarra, famous foreign correspondent, intended to spend a month in Berlin we asked him to see President von Hindenburg and tell us about this soldier who now bivouacs in a palace, this octogenarian who cannot rest. The article is a charming, intimate picture: "Twilight of a Demigod."

—

SHORT stories by Frederic F. Van de Water, Dana Burnet, Alan LeMay; the end of "The Medicine Girl," by P. G. Wodehouse; Arthur Somers Roche's novel continued; Grantland Rice, Freling Foster, The Gentleman at the Keyhole—and still the price remains the same.

THIS WEEK

July 25, 1931

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KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD! In brief, facts.

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THE BATTLE LINES ARE DRAWN.

Any Week

NEVER shall it be said of us that we ignore the distressed and perplexed. Therefore we give you Mr. Joseph W. Smith of Cambridge, Ohio, who wants to know something. "I have not been able to discover," writes he, "whether you are against prohibition for subscribers or, for your subscribers, against prohibition. . . . I really don't know whether to say I think, or am afraid, you're wet." All of which is entirely too much for us at present. So we leave it to you.

OUT in Los Angeles where practically everybody, including Bull Montana and Mickey Mouse, plays championship tennis, young Raymond McDonald, aged twelve, was playing every day with "a cracked inferior racquet." Failing to make the Davis Cup team because of this poor equipment, Raymond sought solace in Collier's where he read Vincent Richards' latest article on the game. He wrote to Mr. Richards, who sent Raymond a racquet that is neither inferior nor cracked. But Mr. Richards asks us to say that it was his last racquet.

MR. AL LEVEY of Louisville wants to know why all this to-do about the ownership of that wailing wall in Jerusalem. Let the Moslems and the Jews stop quarreling, he demands, and observe us.

"We have several million calamity howlers over here," says Mr. Levey, "who get along fine without a wailing wall. They just tilt their chins toward the sky and let go wherever they happen to be."

—

MRS. C. F. JENNINGS of Jacksonville, Florida, thinks it was silly of the newspapers to try to make news out of the fact that the International League of Adversaries of Prohibition met in Paris. "Who wouldn't," she demands, "be an adversary of prohibition in Paris?"

—

"EVERYBODY," writes Mr. Herman J. Loper of Terre Haute, Indiana, "overlooks the most fertile source of whatever it is that's the matter with us. Now that business has eased off a bit thousands of us have leisure in which to indulge in what we like to call thinking. It is an entirely unfamiliar process with the great majority whose acquaintance with the art of thinking has been a nodding one at best. But you can't go anywhere today or read anything without someone whose credentials wouldn't pass him into the monkey house at the zoo telling us what is the matter with America. That is really what's wrong with us. Can't it be stopped?"

—

WE ARE not a member of the Gift Horse Mouth Inspection Association but we could wish that Mr. Abraham Bernstein of Scranton, Pennsylvania, would be a little more explicit.

"After reading 'Freshman,' by Corey Ford," writes he, "I can safely say that I have read the best high-school story ever written."

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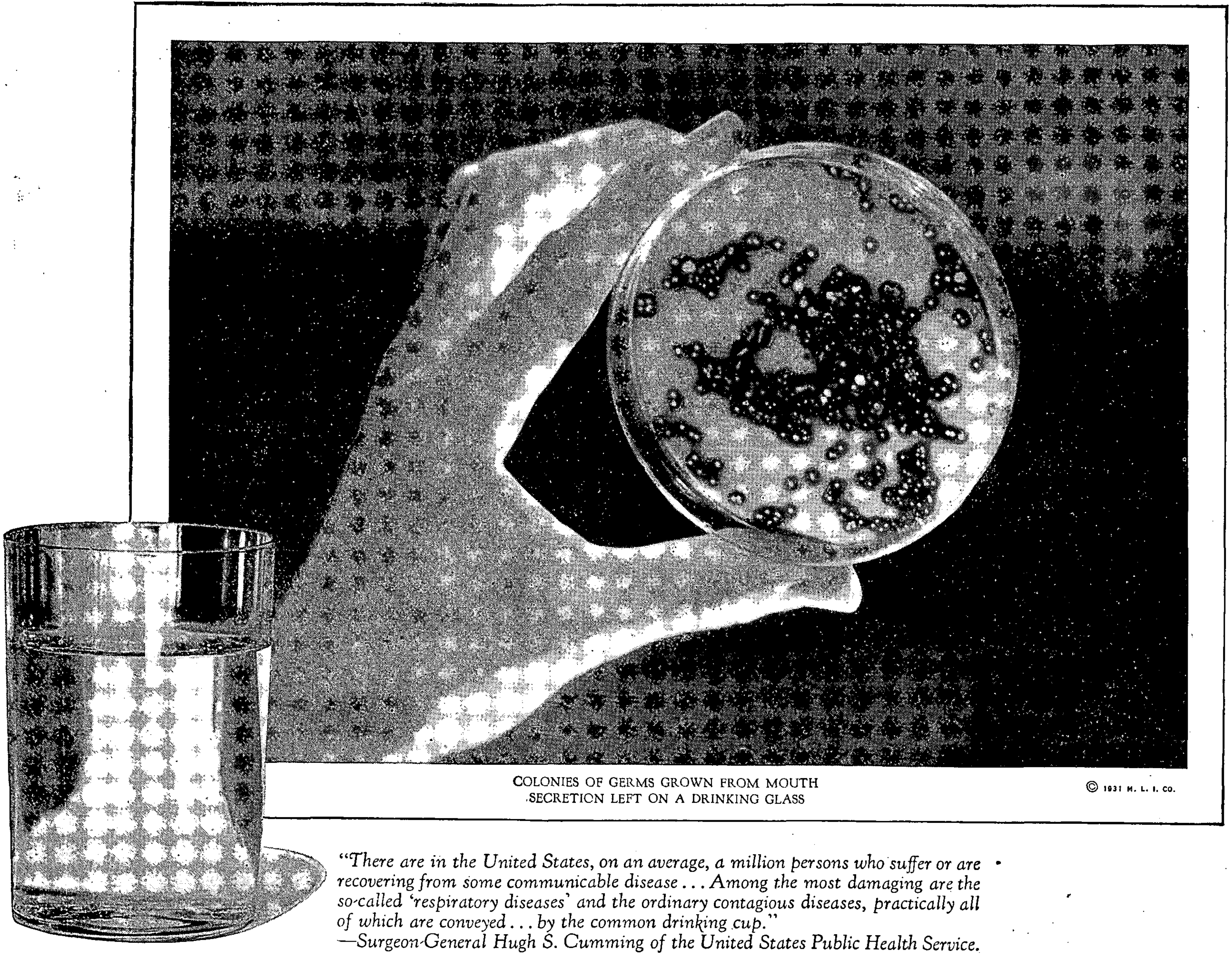
On the Rim of a Glass



COLONIES OF GERMS GROWN FROM MOUTH SECRETION LEFT ON A DRINKING GLASS

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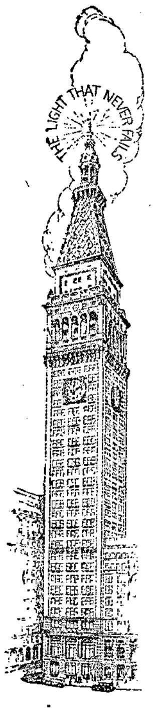
"There are in the United States, on an average, a million persons who suffer or are recovering from some communicable disease . . . Among the most damaging are the so-called 'respiratory diseases' and the ordinary contagious diseases, practically all of which are conveyed . . . by the common drinking cup."
—Surgeon-General Hugh S. Cumming of the United States Public Health Service.

ALL BUT two States in the Union have passed laws forbidding the use of a common drinking cup or glass in public places — meaning a cup or a glass which has not been thoroughly washed or cleansed after one person has used it and before another drinks from it.

Each of these States has gone on record warning against germ infection which may follow the use of an unclean glass or spoon or other drinking or eating utensil. Scientists have proved beyond contradiction that it is highly unsafe to use a glass which was not thoroughly sterilized after being used by someone having a communicable disease.

Disease may be spread not only by common drinking glasses, but also by towels, nail brushes, combs and hair-brushes that have been used by other persons. Coins and paper money are also known to be germ carriers, as are improperly washed knives, forks and dishes.


THE LIGHT THAT NEVER FAILS

The common drinking cup or glass has been banished forever from most public places and properly conducted businesses. But there are still all too many soda fountains, wayside soft drink stands, carelessly run restaurants, hotels and private homes where scrupulous cleanliness is not observed.

Perhaps it is because germs are invisible to eyes unaided by powerful microscopes that their presence is usually unsuspected. Thousands of them can lodge on a spot no bigger than a pin-head, while millions of them can be found on the rim of a glass which has been in public use without complete cleansing.

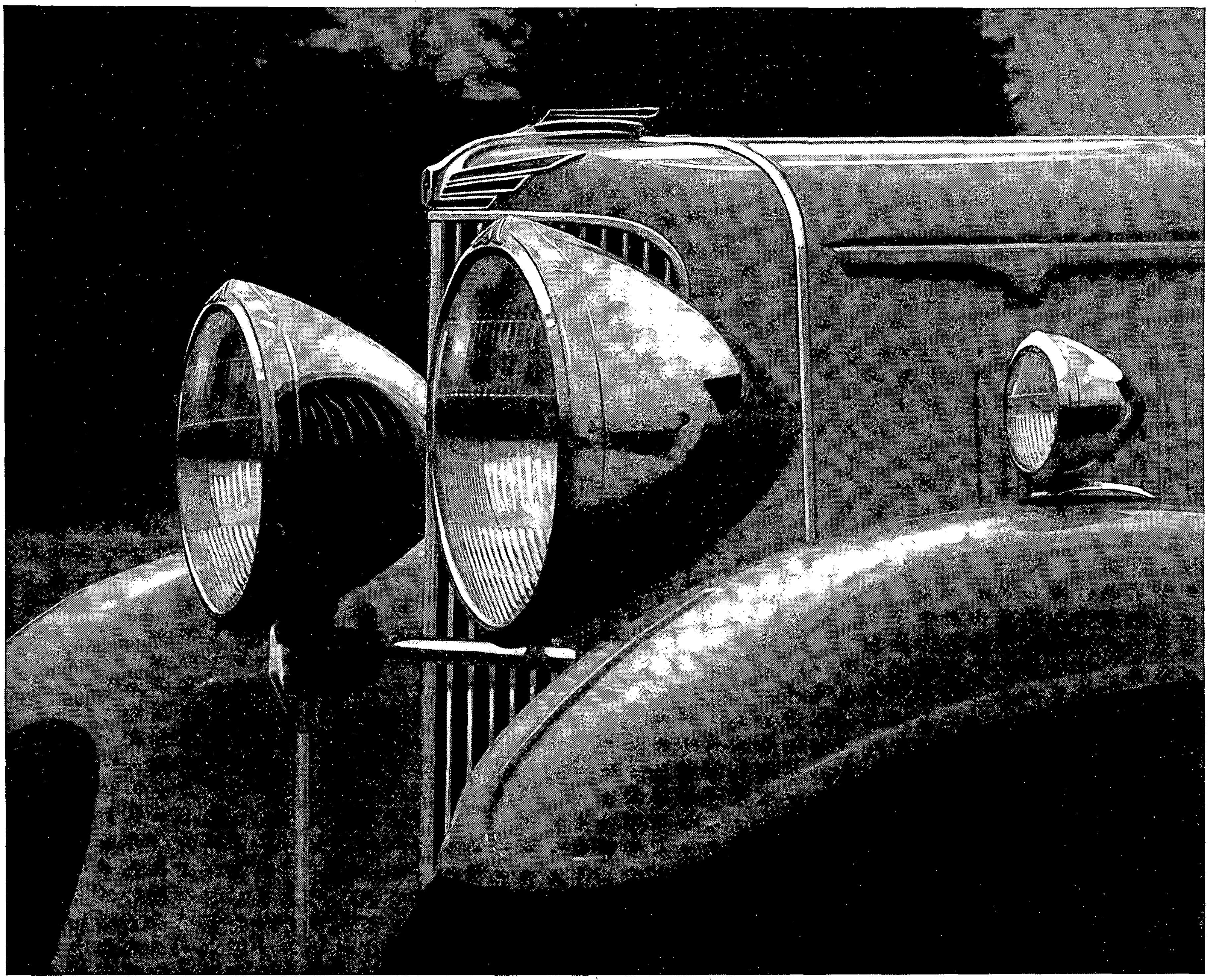
Like nearly all great forward movements for better protection and consequent better public health, the movement to outlaw the common drinking cup depends on complete public support and universal personal cooperation.

Never drink from an unwashed glass.

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FREDERICK H. ECKER, PRESIDENT

ONE MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y.



THE *PERFECTED* TRANSMISSION

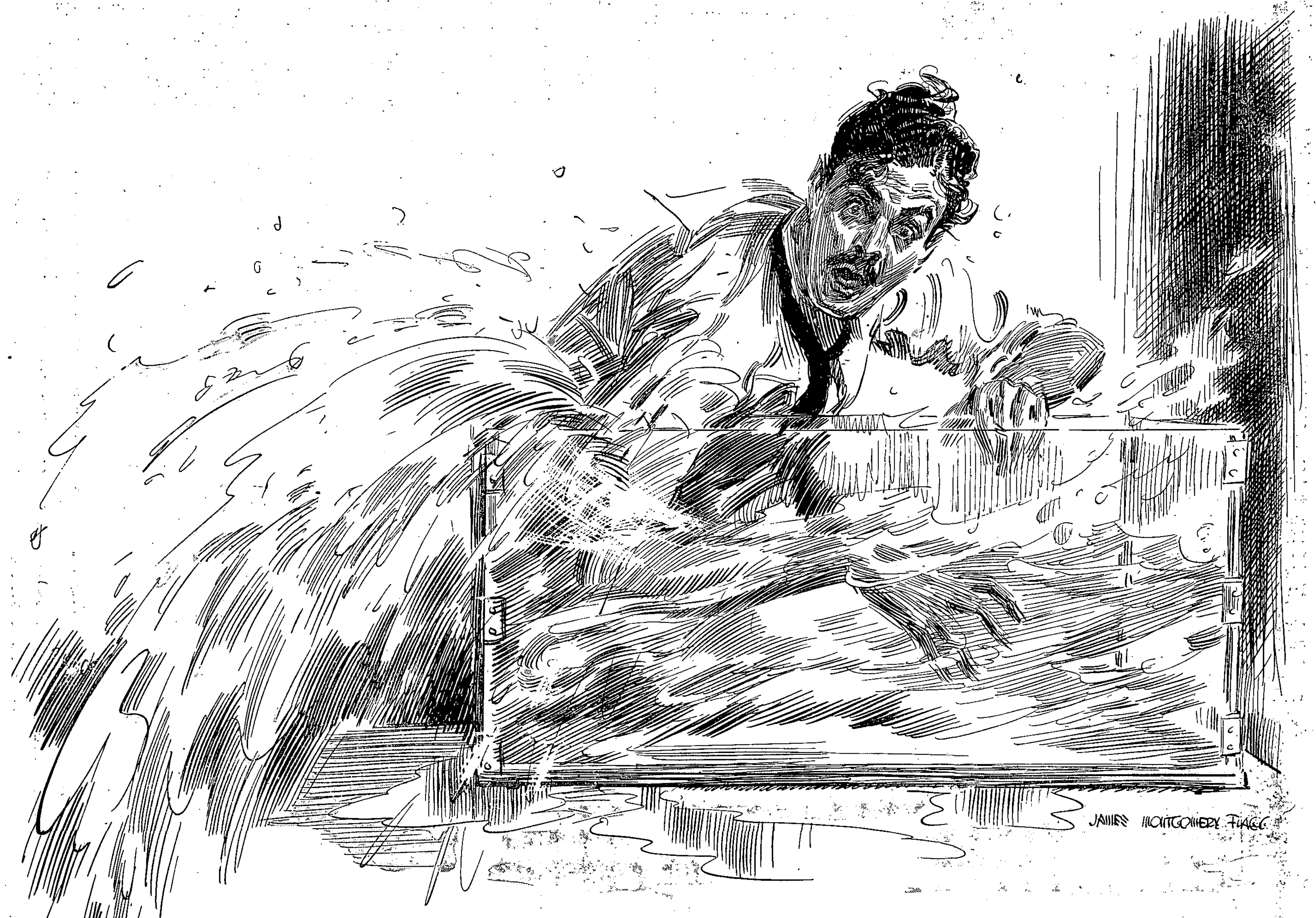
——*SYNCHRO SAFETY SHIFT PLUS SILENT SECOND*

Silent in shift . . . silent in second . . . and with the safety of positive gear control . . . this new transmission is the *perfected* transmission. And this New Nash, just announced June 28th, is the *perfected* car . . . Silence-engineered . . . sound-proofed *in* transmission, *in* body, and *in* chassis . . . *drive this New Nash once, and you will want to drive it always.*

NEW WITH SILENCE ENGINEERING NASH

LISTEN TO THE NASH PARADE OF PROGRESS *with Max Bendix, Official Bandmaster, 1933 Chicago World's Fair, and his Band, Coast-to-Coast, Tuesday Evenings, NBC Network, 9:00 Eastern Daylight Saving Time*

Collier's The National Weekly for July 25, 1931



Harmony reached for the eel, but very few persons can lift a live and husky eel from a tank

The Queen's Elephants

Presenting Omar Gill and Harmony Childs—in the most surprising adventure that ever befell two deep thinkers

By Frank Condon

"LITTLE man," exclaimed Harmony Childs, standing upon a Turkey red rug in the sitting-room of an ornate suite in a famous New York hotel, and pointing with his index finger at Omar Gill, "little man, I am not going to Leesburg."

"And why?" demanded the junior partner.

"Because I would not like any town named Leesburg. I am the kind of a fellow that just naturally couldn't stand a town called Leesburg."

Harmony Childs is a tall, pleasant-featured man with a good presence, and Omar is a red-faced, excitable, runty little shad with no presence at all.

"Pooh," he said. "Don't talk nonsense. We would only have to be there two days."

"Two days, two hours, two minutes or two sesterces, I say no. Go by yourself and leave me here in New York City, a nice collection of houses some of which are not speakeasies."

The two adventurers in refined skullduggery and light brigandage argued and named each other names that would mean death except between friends. Harmony and Omar, crooked as rams' horns, with never an honest day's toil behind them, had succeeded in scouring a smart New York grafter, who thought he was scouring them, and the net profit therefrom was the sum of eight thousand dollars, which they divided evenly on the rug. They were therefore plentifully in funds. They had purchased expensive raiment. Their appearance was that of men accustomed to success. Their rooms at the hotel were the best, and instead of being contented and calm, instead of resting upon his laurels and spending his ill-gotten gains, Omar continued to yawp about Leesburg, New York, a small, unknown sort of town upstate.

"No," Harmony repeated harshly, "I won't go."

The reasons for going seemed to Omar quite clear and convincing. It was his home town. His sister, his only living relation, lived there in a red brick mansion, and, in a way, it was this sister who was calling Omar back to his native heath. He did not love her. His feeling for her was one of loathing and that made the suggestion difficult for Harmony to understand.

"ALL right," said Omar. "I will explain it again. Hortense is my sister, my only relation. She thinks I am nothing but a crook."

"So do I," said Harmony. "What else?"

"She believes I have disgraced the good old name of Gill and made it a hissing and a byword in Leesburg, where the Gills stood high. She thinks I spend my time coming out of penitentiaries, that I am always in shady deals and that my associates are the scum of the earth. . . . In this last, Hortense is correct."

He looked pointedly at Mr. Childs, who ignored the remark.

"She is therefore ashamed of her brother, and I am going back to Leesburg for two days and show my sister I am a relation to be proud of. We have money and nice clothes and this is a fine opportunity to convince Hortense I am a pillar of society and not a bum. Her full name is Hortense Rockwell."

"Rockwell?"

"Yes, she married a rich man by the name of Leander Rockwell, a globe-trotter, adventurer, collector of gems, and the friend of kings. They live part of each year in London, England, where I think Leander plays pinochle with the Prince of Wales."

"And you want me along?"

"I can't be respectable alone. I need another guy to be respectable with. You can be the president of the Northwestern Broadcasting Corporation while you are in Leesburg. You wear a silk hat."

"I wear a silk hat?"

"Yes, and I will be a Wall Street person dealing in options. . . . I am an option buyer, whatever that might be.

And I wear a silk hat, too. We will probably be invited into the nice homes of Leesburg."

"Well," said Harmony, who is usually the brains and leader, "if your heart is set on it, all right. I shall go with you to Leesburg for two days only."

"Thanks, Harmony. Though you are nothing but a third-class crook, you still have a heart of gold."

"And one more thing," Harmony added. "We do not stop at Hortense's home. We go to a hotel. Understand?"

"We might be invited to the house."

"I go to a hotel," the other said firmly. "I am not getting up in the middle of the night and being chased by the family police dog. I know private houses, and I am a hotel lover."

"Very well. A hotel."

Thus it was that Messrs. O. Gill and H. Childs, strong in funds and radiant in virtue for the moment, embarked upon a fast train from New York City, bound in the end for Chicago and illegal schemes, but heading meanwhile for a stop-over in the small, respectable town of Leesburg, New York, a hamlet with one hotel, twenty filling stations, forty red brick dwellings and Hortense Rockwell. They arrived on a bright Monday morning and drove by taxicab to the Roscommon Inn, where they hired three large rooms, the rate being low.

Without delay, Omar went down the street and engaged a commodious motor car with a driver, a liveried driver, the only driver and the only livery in Leesburg. He returned to the Inn, put on his silk hat, frock coat, spats and cane, and stood ready for the social assault.

"We have," he explained, "until tomorrow afternoon at four o'clock. At that instant, our train departs for Chicago. The Pullman tickets are in my pants pocket. Let us therefore work with considerable haste."

"Where do we start?" Harmony asked. "Maybe I would better address the Woman's Club on Children in the Home."

"I will stroll out and look the situation over," said Omar. "You remain here until lunchtime, for we may be invited to eat with the Rockwells."

SO SAYING, Mr. Gill adjusted his silk topper, stepped into his hired barouche and rode away in state, casting about him an eye of sophisticated inquiry. He looked rich and respectable.

Left to his own amusements, and always a fidgety man, Mr. Childs strolled presently into the lobby of the Roscommon, where he entered into conversation with a Leesburg citizen, one William Whinney, owner of the garage and printing plant. Mr. Whinney was far gone in liquor.

"You got a peach," Harmony said admiringly. "Where did you get such a bun so early Monday morning?"

"I know where there is a supply of pure corn," replied the victim of drink. "I have just come from wetting my whistle in pure corn."

"And I could smear myself with two or three small shots," said Harmony, "as I have nothing to do till noon."

"That can be arranged," said Bill Whinney, "but first what I want to know is would you like to play eel with me?"

Harmony looked closely to see which was talking, the man or the bun.

"I am not acquainted with eel," he said courteously.

"All you do is bet me fifteen dollars. You look like a man that would have fifteen dollars."

"Which I saved by not playing eel with strangers," Harmony said pleasantly. "Where is all this pure corn to be found?"

"Eel," persisted Whinney, breathing hard on Harmony, "is a nice game. You know what an eel is?"

"A fish."

"Yes. A small, elongated fish, weighing maybe two or three pounds and usually found traveling from east to west. This one is over in Joe Chick's feed store. Come on."

"Where is the pure corn?"

"Right over where the eel is."

Harmony put on his silk hat and ten minutes later the two who had been strangers walked into Joe Chick's place, a small shop with sawdust on the floor and smelling of parrots. Harmony said he would have about three fingers of pure corn. He had it.

"Now what about this eel?" he asked, pouring himself another three, or six fingers in all.

"There he is," said Bill, "in the aquarium."

Harmony perceived an ordinary glass box half full of water, and a swimming eel of no particular distinction. It was a small, nervous eel, weighing about two pounds and colored like the inside of a glove.

"You can lift him, can't you?" Bill asked anxiously.

"Lift him!" Harmony cried scornfully. "Why I can lift him and his aquarium and the water and also Joe Chick, using nothing but one hand, the right."

"I THOUGHT so," said Mr. Whinney. "You look like a strong man. That's why maybe I better not bet you the fifteen bucks."

"On what?" Harmony asked, pouring himself another shot, or nine fingers in all. "On what?"

"I would ordinarily bet you fifteen dollars you can't lift the eel out of the water, the bet being cash money."

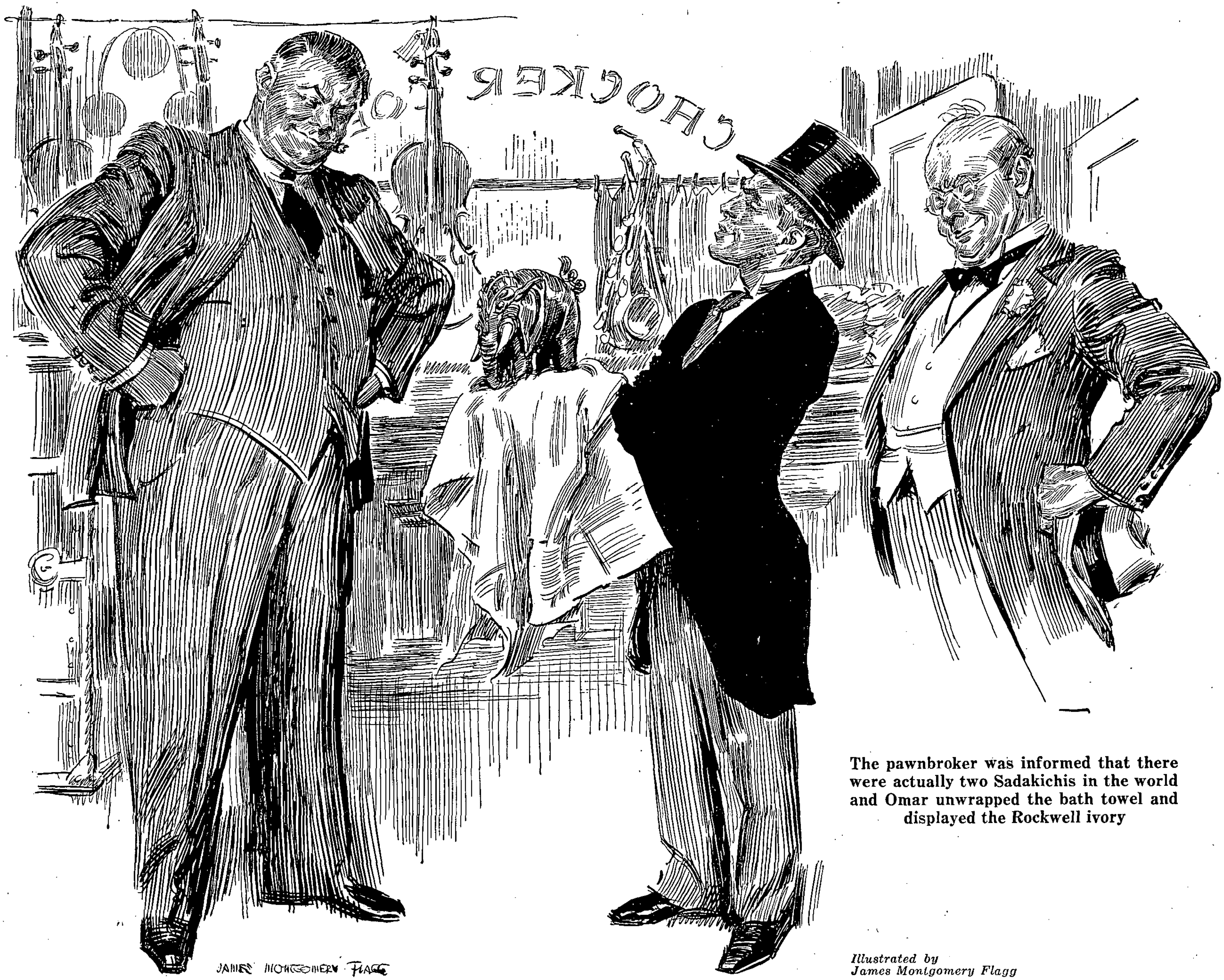
"What's the catch in it?"

"No catch. You lift him out—I pay you. You don't lift him out—you pay me."

"Let's make it thirty bucks," said Harmony, for the first time taking a genuine interest in the affairs of Leesburg.

"I bet fifteen smackers," said Bill obstinately and Harmony Childs thereupon removed his silk hat, took off his frock coat and reached for the eel. . . . Twenty minutes later, the floor was covered with water, the walls were splashed, Harmony was breathing hard, his shirt was a pulp and the eel was swimming placidly in its aquarium, for it is a fact well known to ichthyologists that very few persons can remove a live and husky eel from a tank if the eel has

(Continued on page 55)



The pawnbroker was informed that there were actually two Sadakichis in the world and Omar unwrapped the bath towel and displayed the Rockwell ivory

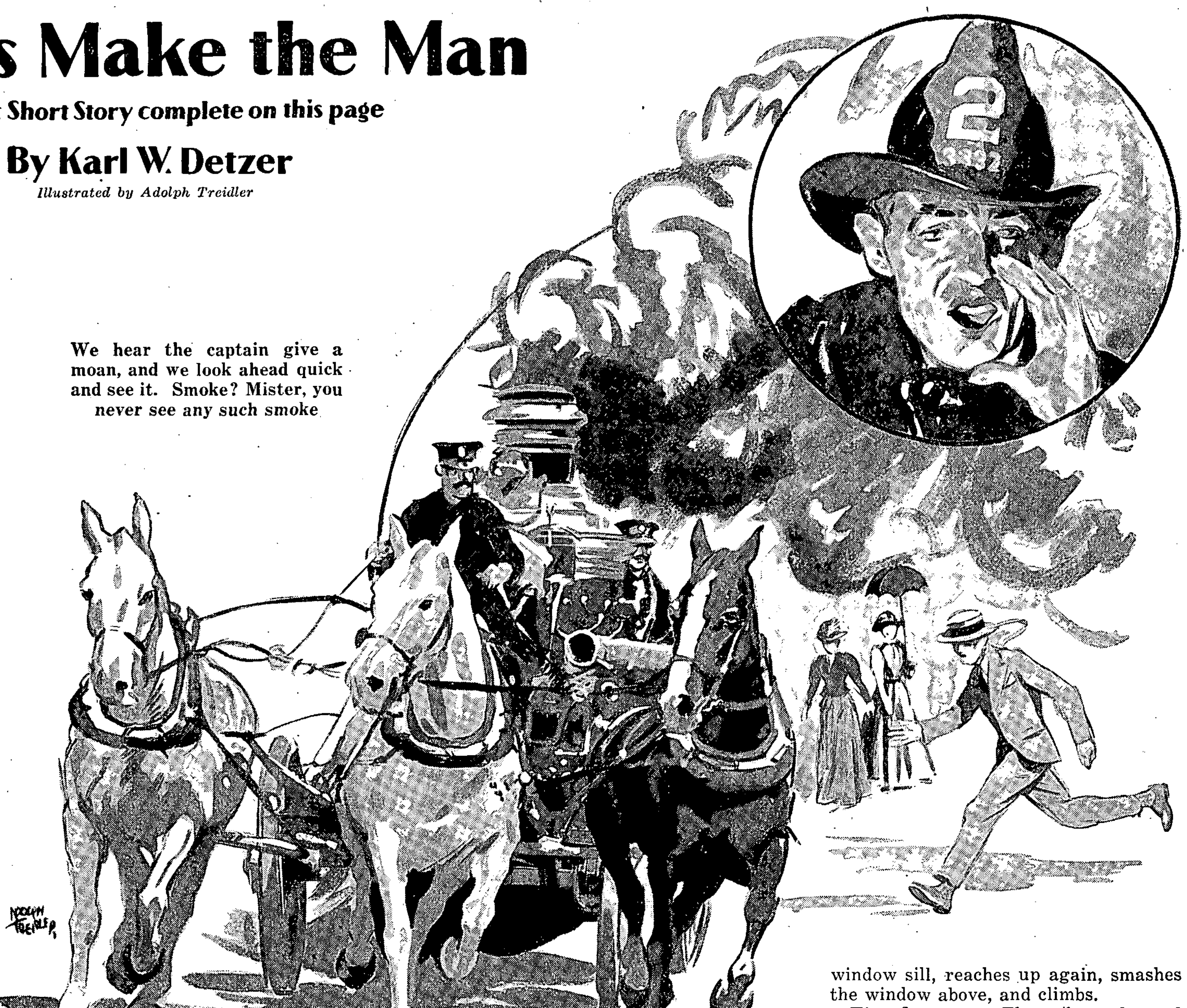
Illustrated by James Montgomery Flagg

Clothes Make the Man

A Short Short Story complete on this page

By Karl W. Detzer

Illustrated by Adolph Treidler



We hear the captain give a moan, and we look ahead quick and see it. Smoke? Mister, you never see any such smoke

HE'S a hero, is Michael Laughlin, and a great hand for fol-de-rol. That's him, with all the medals, at the watch desk. He can't spit without getting wrote up as a hero. Brave. Well, I'll tell you.

I don't claim to be a hero myself, understand. But I mind Michael well. We was ree-cruits together in the horse-drawn days, and you'll have to admit Michael wasn't nothing to pull a second alarm about. Just a nice, bright young fireman. Too nice. Forever bathing, and wearing of his clothes.

Clothes was his failing. You got to understand that right at the beginning. Most firemen wear clothes account of the weather or the law, but not Michael. It was the sparklin' buttons and the silver trumpets first invited him into the fire business, and once in, he began right away collecting dress uniforms and fatigue suits and parade pants and double-deck shirts with two rows of white buttons. Whenever we wasn't working, Michael was taking a bath, and if it wasn't a bath, then he'd be at his locker, just sitting there admiring his rags.

Well, that sort of carrying-on don't set so well in the fire business. But the men on Engine 7, they was open-minded. They just let Michael buy all the clothes he wanted and wear 'em, too, and aside from a few laughs, which was due 'em, they didn't say much about it. Except Jerry Burke. Jerry wasn't very hot about clothes. All right about most things. As kind-hearted a man as ever napped on night watch. But the only place his uniform ever got pressed was where he set on it, and he was forever getting reprimands at inspection for looking like a rummage sale, and didn't care either.

You might guess him and Michael wouldn't get along very good. Their bunks was next, too, and it got under Michael's skin the untidy way Jerry's was kept. He growled about it, and Jerry growled back, and then one morning Michael walks upstairs and finds his locker open and blames Jerry for it.

"Sure, I opened it," Jerry admits. "By mistake. Thought I shut it."

"Better be more careful next time," Michael hollers back, and a word led to another till it got near the alley settlement stage, when the captain stopped it.

They both acted worse after that. Seemed there was hardly any living around Engine 7, what with Michael dressing up slick all the time and Jerry not dressed a-tall, hardly, and the rest of us wearing a deaf-and-dumb look. We was working, of course. It was spring, and kind of wet, but they was fires just the same, and among 'em the Holsapple Mattress factory.

It was Michael's day off, that day. He was just leaving, all decorated out in his civilian clothes, when we hear we'll have inspection at ten o'clock.

Of course Michael never minded inspection. Take a pretty smart inspector to find anything wrong with him. He was wearing a new straw hat, I remember, it lacking only two weeks of May first, and the hat had a black string, and going out the door, Michael puts it on his head and remarks to Jerry, kind of nasty:

"Look your best, Mr. Burke."

Jerry didn't have time to blow off before the captain puts in: "Clean up this dump quick, men. Then get into dress."

I was cook at that time. The other boys had swiped up the apparatus room and the rigs and rubbed down old Tom, Dick and Harry, the three-horse hitch on the teakettle, and we'd all gotten upstairs to change, when the alarm busts in . . . Box 419.

WE HIT the floor and kicked trips and dropped harness and cinched and snapped and rolled, all in thirty seconds. As we cross the sidewalk, we hear the captain give a moan and we look ahead quick and see it. Smoke? Mister, you never see any such smoke. And hot!

Us being first in, we grabbed hydrant and laid in front and up. The fire started on the third floor. Before we could charge our line, partitions begun to bust loose. Was you ever surrounded by burning mattresses? Well, stay clear of 'em, mister. There's healthier smoke to dirty up your lungs. We run. Had to. Dropped pipe and beat it. Out in the street the old man tries to count us.

"Jerry!" he yells. "Jerry! Where's Jerry Burke?"

We look around. He isn't with us. The other first-alarm companies roll in, and still we're looking for Jerry. We see him finally. Through the smoke. He's on fifth floor. Got cut off and was drove upwards. His head's out of a window and he's yelling murder, which was about the smartest thing he can do under the circumstances.

Everything goes haywire, of course. Somebody says get an aërial ladder and somebody else goes for a Bangor ladder, and somebody else says there's a fire escape on the rear. There ain't a hero in the company, it seems, and then comes Michael Laughlin.

We think he's gone crazy at first. Galloping right up the middle of the street, all done up in the civilian clothes, including the straw hat. A policeman tries to stop him, not understanding that he's a fireman about to be a hero, and that policeman ends up in the gutter, and Michael keeps on hoofing.

He squints up once at Jerry. Then reaches right out to a hook-and-ladder and grabs a pompier hook. You know what that is. A scaling ladder. A long pole with a gooseneck hook at the upper end and iron spokes drove through it.

The captain's right there. But Michael don't wait for orders. Any more'n he minds his good clothes. Just starts up the outside wall like an ape. Smashes the hook through a window, climbs, wraps his knees around the window sill, reaches up again, smashes the window above, and climbs.

Five floors up. Through smoke and fire and heat fit to kill most men. Jerry's hanging out the window like a sick dog by the time Michael gets there. He crawls into Michael's arms and Michael gives him a fireman's hitch across his shoulder, like this, and then he sets that straw hat firm on his head, and down he comes. Ever try to climb down a pompier with somebody wriggling on your shoulder, mister? Well, we don't think he's got a Chinaman's chance.

HE'S sliding past the fourth floor when the newspaper boys romp up and start shooting their cameras. The pompier gives a shimmy at second floor. Michael does a fly-paper act and we all sweat. He jumps the last ten feet, Jerry still wrapped around him like a snake. A battalion chief's buggy is pulling up. Michael climbs into it with Jerry on his lap.

"Hospital," he yells, and away they go.

The next day Jerry's back on the job, all green with smoke sickness, and Michael's in line for a medal. Why, sure, he gets it. He pulled that rescue when he wasn't even on duty. And soon as you win one medal, of course you get more. Newspaper boys expect it of you.

Michael's took ten or twelve now. Got his last one for falling off a ladder. Deserve 'em? Well, that depends on how you look at it. You see, he was walking along the street when we rolled past that day. Jerry Burke was hanging to the tailboard, and soon as Michael gets a good look at him, he starts running after. Pompiers up that wall and grabs Jerry and takes him to the hospital and yanks the pants off him and sends 'em out to be cleaned.

They were Michael's pants Jerry had took. Off his best dress uniform.

Good Times Knocking at the Door

As America goes so goes the economic world. The remarkable thing is that Americans at home were the last to learn it. But Americans who man the outposts of our world trade know just what a prosperous, optimistic and friendly America means to the business men of other countries. Mr. Shepherd talked with eighteen of our far-flung trade scouts before writing this article

By William G. Shepherd

IF CZECHOSLOVAKIA has any representative figure like England's John Bull or our own Uncle Sam, that gentleman is keeping a suspiciously close eye on our American girls. Whatever other ideas he has about their garb he likes them best when they are gayly decked out in "costume jewelry." They can't wear too much of it to suit him. That is because he makes most of this feminine decoration for the whole world.

There is one part of his country, Gablonz, that exists entirely by making such wares.

An American government official, recently returned from Czechoslovakia, said to me:

"American girls and women don't know what a blow they've handed out within the past year to thousands of homes in Czechoslovakia.

"The money that keeps these homes going comes directly from their pay envelopes or their allowances. They spend it in five-and-ten-cent stores, department stores, gown shops and even in drug stores."

We'll all admit that costume jewelry has brightened the American landscape. Now, one fourth of all the glassware decorations made in Czechoslovakia comes to the United States. But the American girl's pay envelope has been cut so greatly that about one person in four in the Gablonz district, engaged in making export costume jewelry, has been laid off.

"Everybody in Gablonz asks you," this man told me, "'When will good times come back to you Americans? Our new jewelry is better than ever.'"

Our business with Czechoslovakia is ready to pick up at a cablegram or radio flash. The Czechs like us. They buy from us. Perhaps because we buy from them. We are a very close second to Germany in selling to the Czechoslovaks. This is a little surprising because much Czechoslovakian territory was once German Austria.

This government official was only one of eighteen men, high in the foreign services of departments of commerce or of state, with whom this writer has recently discussed the part the United States is playing in the world's hard times. They had gathered, from the greater trade centers of the world, at the 1931 convention of two thousand exporters and importers under the auspices of the National Foreign Trade Council.

Put together, the stories of the eighteen experts form a picture full of hope, which will develop as we consider them in this article. Here's a yarn about another of these experts:

Why All the World Wonders

The heat of the tropical posts had almost killed this young man. He couldn't stick it out much longer. He needed a change; his nerves shrieked for a little peace. There are officials in Washington offices whose business it is to watch the men in Uncle Sam's foreign service and take care of them when they start to break down in difficult corners of the world. There are some delightful health-giving posts to which such men may be sent—Naples is a favorite. So is Leghorn, in Italy, where the fine hats of that name are made. Malaga, in Spain, is another. The medicine of Mediterranean sunshine makes new men of the "breakdowns."

So this young American, who had been out on the commercial firing line in the hottest part of the world for the United States government, was delighted to hear that he had been transferred to the Mediterranean country.

Within a few weeks he was at his new post. All he had to do was to move about leisurely—in his car, if he chose—from town to town in the Mediterranean district, to investigate and report on business conditions. He couldn't ask anything better.

It wasn't long, however, before he found his new job as "hot" as the other had been. There was no rest about it.

"What's the matter with your United States?" business men would demand of him. "It has thrown the world into the dumps. We were all leaning on it, and now see what's happened!" He could have had daily quarrels with these European business men; they felt strongly. The young man, highly diplomatic in his training and extremely amiable by nature, came back to the United States the other day for a *real* rest.

What turned this beautiful Mediterranean post into a "hot spot" for this young diplomat was the undeniable fact that the European business men were, in the main, *right*.

The young man could not have debated the point with his accusers. His opponents might have shot back at him this quotation from Dr. Carl Snyder, world-famous statistician of the New York Federal Reserve Bank:

It's Done with Machinery

"Many countries are directly dependent upon the United States, either through our immense purchases of raw materials or through loans of billions of dollars." Or they might have quoted President Hoover, when he told the American Bankers Association: "Our national production is over one third of the total of the whole world."

Half of the business of the entire commercial, industrial and financial world is done by the United States, though our population is only one sixteenth of the world's total.

How can we explain one sixteenth of the world's population doing one half of the world's business? It's as easy as two times two. Here's a fact to put down in your notebook:

We're the machinery masters of the world.

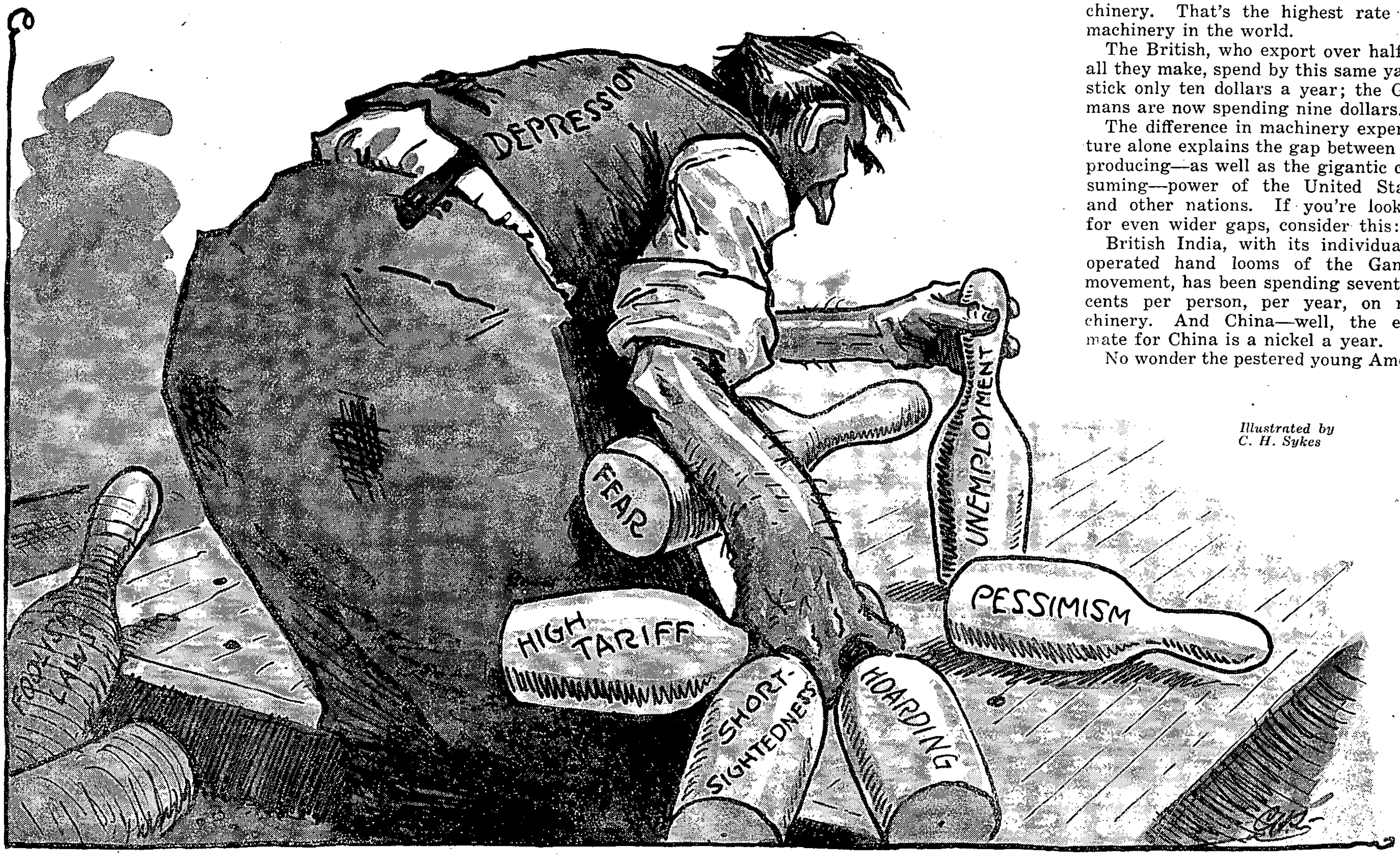
We have been spending twenty-three dollars per year for each man, woman and child in the United States for machinery. That's the highest rate for machinery in the world.

The British, who export over half of all they make, spend by this same yardstick only ten dollars a year; the Germans are now spending nine dollars.

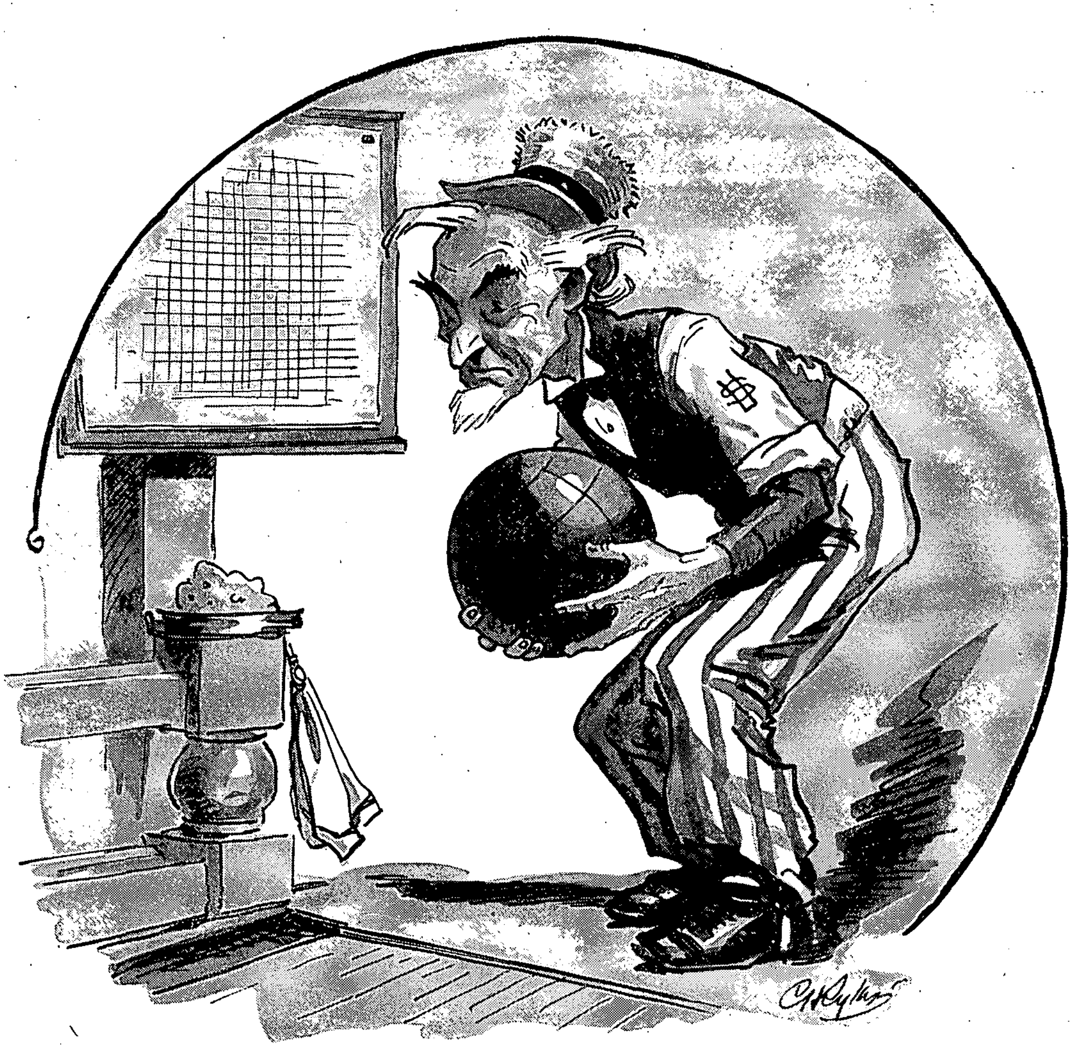
The difference in machinery expenditure alone explains the gap between the producing—as well as the gigantic consuming—power of the United States and other nations. If you're looking for even wider gaps, consider this:

British India, with its individually-operated hand looms of the Gandhi movement, has been spending seventeen cents per person, per year, on machinery. And China—well, the estimate for China is a nickel a year.

No wonder the pestered young Ameri-



Illustrated by C. H. Sykes



The United States, alone among nations, is in a position to recapture prosperity

can commercial attaché had no ready answer when European business men asked him, "Why doesn't the United States lead us back toward prosperity?"

Here's another thing they could have told him, if he had tried to start an argument:

"You Americans pay out only one eighth of your annual income in taxes. In Great Britain the tax is one fifth of the national income. Frenchmen must pay one third to their various governments, out of the national income.

"Heavy taxes make business men afraid to take business chances. It's little wonder that you Americans grow the way you do. You have got far more of your national income to put into business or to put out at a risk than we have in Europe."

One hundred and two countries do importing or exporting, or both. They expect us to accept within our borders one eighth of all the import goods that move from place to place on the earth's seven seas. The world's import business is geared to that measure.

We're big. We're *still* big. The quickest way for us to offset pessimism in America is for us to recall this fact, which we for a time forgot in the midst of our present financial bewilderment. Because this is our own country and we are so close to it we did not realize, until our recent offer to abate foreign debts for one year, how completely the rest of the world has leaned on us, looking to us for guidance. The world's overnight response reminded us again of our greatness and helped to bring us back to a true view of ourselves. Not boastfully, by any means, but in necessary cold truth we must not forget that, financially and economically, there are two divisions in the world: Part One, the United States; Part Two, the Rest of the World.

Part One is a single unit that can act as a unit. Part Two consists, to be exact, of 101 other nations or geographical commercial units which play a part in world commerce. It cannot act as a unit because it is divided into 101 competing parts. In view of this fact see how much sense there is in the following declaration:

"No wonder the United States is in trouble. We're in the midst of a world-wide depression." You hear many American apologists say this, here at home. But, in every corner of the world, except our own, they will tell you, "Half of the business on this earth was struggling back toward prosperity when all of a sudden you Americans, with your half of the world's business and financial load, let us drop."

Right from the center of the great new World Bank at Basle, Switzerland, we get this news from Mr. Leon Fraser, the bank's American director:

"All of Europe looks to the United States to make the first step toward prosperity."

We're as Big as Ever

We Americans talked about being big, two years ago; there's no reason for not talking about our bigness now. For in our bigness lies power that we were forgetting. Remember a few paragraphs back how Mr. Snyder, Federal Reserve Bank expert, said that many nations were depending upon us for "loans of billions of dollars"? We stopped much of this lending; and that helped to slow down the world's business wheels. With almost forty per cent of the world's supply of gold locked up in our vaults—almost four billion dollars' worth of it—we started a hum in the world's business machine very quickly when we offered safe credit to other nations.

One of the best signs of the times is that all the governments of Europe are attempting to regain credit with the United States by political adjustments of various sorts, even the reconsideration of war reparations payments. And we'll be ready to lend again, for we have the credit and even the cold cash, when lending is again made safe. All the recent world conferences of business men and statesmen, at Paris, Basle, Geneva, Washington and elsewhere have this end in view. Various political adjustments in Europe, such as the removal of uncertainty concerning war debts, might be our signal to begin lending.

What's more, the fact that the World Bank has been established so that other nations will join the United States in making necessary national loans is a step toward better times for all the world. Such a loan to Austria of $10,000,000 a few weeks ago put her back among the buying nations.

What the world expects from us is amazing, when you stop to examine it. The world looks to us to consume goods in vast quantities, as well as to lend money. To get down to a concrete example, it expects us—us, one sixteenth of the world's population—to consume one fourth of the world's supply of sugar! But, why shouldn't it? It has seen us do it. The world's present sugar business is geared up to that standard.

From these 102 countries vast exports move annually. The world has watched us at a time when we disgorged such vast quantities of our various goods to the other 101 countries that we were doing one sixth of the world's exporting business!

One sixth of the world's exporting business! And yet exporting is only a little left-handed job with us. We didn't really begin to knuckle down to foreign business until wartime. Two billions a year was a good record then. Since that time we have raised it to five billions by steady increase. Our falling off in recent months has carried us back only to the 1925 level, so A. S. Hillyer, chief of Commercial Intelligence of the Department of Commerce, tells me.

How the various nations have recently attempted to help us fulfill their expectations of us makes a romance of world business. Some of them seem to have determined that we must *not* be allowed to fall short and thus help the world to become poorer, if *they* can help it. There's Japan, for instance, with her silk. She's keeping most of our silk mills humming, just as they did in the best of times.

The world expects this sixteenth part of the world's population, known as the United States, to use seventy per cent of the world's silk!

Who hasn't heard uninformed men complain that "girls will wear silk stockings, no matter how hard the times are." The fact of the matter is that girls can afford to wear them, even in hard times, because Japan has determined that we shall go on consuming silk. You don't have to scan market pages to see how the price of silk fell from almost $4 a pound down to almost $2. Ask any woman what she thinks of the present prices of silk stockings—and see her beam.

Here's the mystery of cheaper silk stockings translated into cold terms of world commerce:

We're taking one fifth more silk into the United States today than we did a year ago. There has been very little laying-off among our 137,000 silk-mill employees.

Cheaper Business—as Usual

During the first three months of 1931 the United States bought twenty-two per cent more raw silk than it did during the first three months of 1930. We paid only fifty-five cents for what was a dollar's worth, last year. Japan and other silk-producing nations got thirty-two per cent less from us for silk than in the first quarter of 1930, but no one can say that the silk business is not lively and ready to soar at the first sign of better prices.

See what we ourselves have done about cotton: We shipped as much cotton, minus three per cent, abroad, during the first three months of 1931 as we did during the first three months of 1930. It brought us in forty per cent less money, it is true, but the trade is far from being at a standstill. It's very busy, indeed. Cheap cotton has filled hundreds of thousands of pay envelopes in European mills. Like the silk trade, it has not fallen off except for high profits. It's ready for a rise in prices. When it gets it, it can help to boom general business very quickly.

And there's Holland—or at least her possessions. The buzzingest business spot in the world today, perhaps, is the little island of Sumatra, with its rapidly increasing population of 8,000,000.

Funny thing about Sumatra. Her prosperity is only five years old but it is climbing amazingly. And she owes it to the United States. Malays and Chinamen there in their white cotton clothes are riding in their own new American motor cars, bought for cash or on the installment plan.

Sumatra a Boom Spot

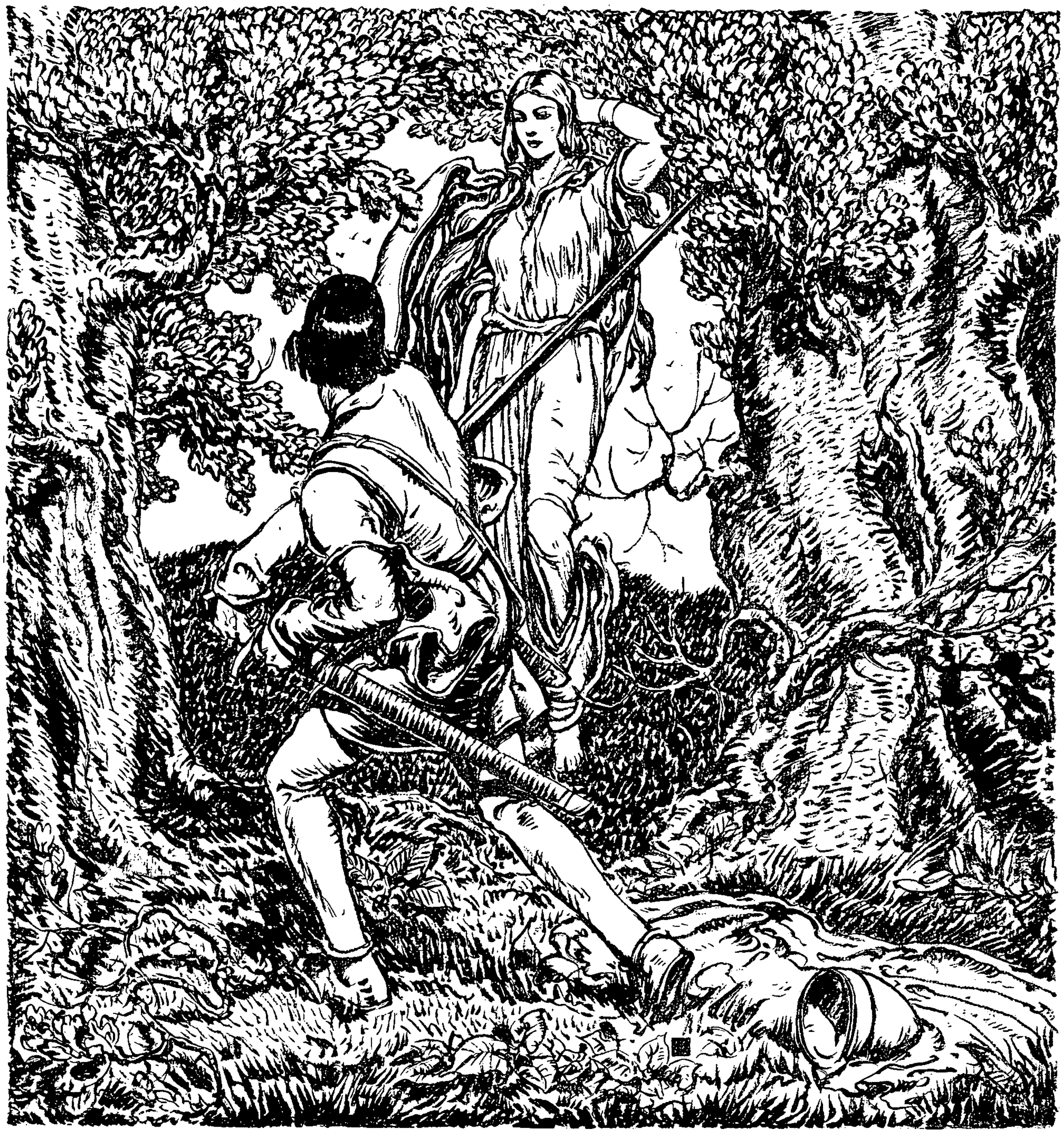
How many American motor-car owners realize that perhaps every alternate tire that presses our highways and streets is made of Dutch rubber? Only a few years ago we were all riding on British rubber. It may not be many years before we're riding on American rubber. But the point is that, at this moment, Sumatra is one of the boom spots of the world, thanks to us. She's repaying us well. Example: She had 5,000 motor cars five years ago. Today, she has 35,000. There is an American motor-car assembly plant at Batavia, Sumatra.

Michigan, California, Georgia and other fruit-growing states may thank these Sumatrans for buying their fruit. Canned peaches, canned pears and cherries, canned apples and all sorts of American canned fruits are favorites with Sumatrans.

Half a dozen years ago Malays were filing their teeth to be beautiful. That's all over. The movies, which rubber now makes it possible for them to afford, have shown them the beauty of white teeth. Almost all tools are American made. Here's a spot in the world ready to respond like a rifle cartridge to a pull on the trigger, as soon as the United States starts to bounce back to prosperity.

The Republic of Colombia is another district that is ready to bounce back, on the instant, together with the United States. We all remember how the government of Brazil, some years ago, attempted to valorize, or fix, the price of coffee by holding the surplus from the market and even destroying some of the

(*Continued on page 26*)



Illustrated by C. B. Falls

In a second Bryn was on his feet, his hand on his sword hilt. Then he laughed, for the voice was a girl's voice

The Night Bird Flies

Bryn Briogan rides in Burgundy—

YOU will be thinking that this strange story is a lie; but it is all true, and many men have sworn to it. It befell on the *Côte d'Or,* within those drowsy hills of Burgundy, on a clear midsummer day when the good Charles was Duke—may God grant him everlasting rest! It came about, men say, because Bryn Briogan had eyes to see in the dark. Others say that he brought trouble with him, as a dog brings fleas. But you will hear the first and the last of it, and you will judge for yourself.

Now the first of it was the ferryman, snoring in his barge on the river, when someone clapped him on the breech and he awoke to ferry Bryn Briogan across to the island. Him and his horse.

"It will be a silver *denier,*" said the ferryman when Bryn was for leading his horse out of the barge to the land. "A denier, messire."

Bryn shook his head then. "A pity," he said. "For I have a copper farthing in my wallet, but no silver. So you will have nothing."

The ferryman scratched his head. He looked carefully at this man and his horse. For the man, he saw, was long and lean—ragged and sun-darkened, with a wide, hard mouth and a look of laughter about his eyes. And the horse was fine and high—black with a white blaze in the forehead. He had a saddle of red leather, strange to the eye.

"I'll take the farthing," he said.

"Tell me," remarked Bryn, "if there is a place hereabouts where a man with a sword may find service."

"Ay, the Castle Ferrand up yonder."

"And what manner of master has this Castle Ferrand?"

"THE Lord Renault de Ferrand of this island is a just and high lord, and rich as a bishop."

Then Bryn tossed him the coin, and mounted the charger walking up the road. The ferryman pushed off the barge and rubbed the farthing, which was clipped and bent. "And more," he shouted after the rider, "he hath a great gallows upon which to swing off such a tripe-gutted bottle-whacker as thou art!"

Over his shoulder the rider looked back. "Have a care, little man, for this horse and I can overpass that water without a boat to serve us."

And at this the ferryman felt the chill of fear creeping up his back; his knees shook, and he thrust at the sweep with trembling hands. A sudden dread had come upon him, so that—when the stranger had disappeared from the hillside—he rowed his barge back across the stream and went on foot by roundabout paths to the village of Ferrand that lies beyond the castle, to tell of these words. "He *and his horse,*" the ferryman repeated when he had emptied a cup or two, "have no need of a boat. Nay, they can ride over a river."

While the ferryman was doing this, Bryn Briogan was riding down below the road in a little valley girdled by a wood of live oaks. He might have gone on, but a thought came to him.

"Malik," he said to the horse, "we have not filled our bellies for a night and a day, and here is some good grazing."

He turned the black charger into the field and dismounted, slipping off the bit and the straps of the headstall. The horse thrust down its long neck eagerly, and the man went to sit in the shadow of the oaks. It was not good in that age of men to let a charger graze unwatched, or to sit oneself where enemies might come up behind. Bryn knew this well, for he had many enemies and his skin bore the scars of wounds.

He took the empty purse out of his wallet, tossed it away, and lay back in the tall dry grass, drawing his belt a notch tighter and chewing on a stalk. He had need of food and some good wine. But before he could have that he must hire him out again as swordsman in a lord's service. Service and war he had known for years—and the waking under a burning roof, and the watching the stars go down, and the waiting for death to pass by. . . .

Bryn sat up in the grass, looking out into the field. Soon a smile touched his dark face.

Two fellows in long shirts had come down the road. Seeing the horse Malik grazing in the field, they had thought him to be astray without master. A fine beast, they thought, and went into the field to take him in hand for themselves.

Now Bryn watched them as they went up to the charger, who tossed his head and moved away. The rogues followed after, and again Malik walked off. Bryn chewed on his stalk, at ease in the shade. And then the fellows separated, one going up to Malik's head and the other behind him. Malik lifted his head and screamed—he wheeled and reared, striking down at the man behind him with his forefoot. And that man yelled, rolling in the grass with a broken shoulder bone. Malik wheeled again, catching the arm of the other in his teeth.

He was angry now, the charger. And the rogue would have had a broken arm if Bryn had not whistled. Malik pricked his ears and loosed the thief, to canter off to where his master sat. So the two fellows picked themselves up and ran for the road with flying legs.

"A fine fighter he surely is," said a clear voice behind the soldier. In a second Bryn was on his feet, his hand on his sword hilt.

Then he laughed at himself. For the voice was young, and smooth as running water—a girl's voice. She stood there in the flecked sunlight between two trees, within a pebble's toss of him.

"Ay," agreed Bryn, "a champion of fighters he is—he has no match beyond the sea."

He forgot his hunger and shaded his eyes with his sword hand to see the better. He forgot the two rogues, and took a step forward. For the girl was looking eagerly at Malik. Slim and straight she stood, a bare arm lifted against the heavy mass of her hair. The hood of her gray cloak was thrown back upon her shoulders. She had a broad smooth forehead and full bright lips, ripe for kissing.

"Stay your step, messire," she said.

Then he saw that she held in one hand a bow already strung—no plaything, but a longbow that—and an arrow with an iron point in the fingers of the hand. Into her eyes came a flash of anger. Bryn wanted much to see the color of those eyes, and to lay his hand upon the heavy tresses that overhung her slight breast. A fire that was more than the sun's heat burned in him.

"A bargain I will make with you, Demoiselle Diana," he said gravely. "I will not put hand or slight upon you—fair though you are—but you shall sit and speak with me a while. Soon or late it will come to that between us—"

IT WAS a long speech for Bryn Briogan and the sight of her tangled his tongue like wine. But the maid's answer came clear as a bell's note:

"Think not to beguile me—I will not have it. Keep your distance, Messire the Uncouth, or this arrow will pass between us and you will find your death upon it."

Bryn was not minded to stay his step for this war gear in a maid's hand.

"Let fly the arrow then," he said, "if you must."

And he walked forward, smiling. No word of warning did she give him, except the flame of anger in her eyes. Her body tensed, the bow came up and the slim white arm swept back. Bryn bent his knees and flung himself to one side. Even as he did so, the shaft whistled by his shoulder, ripping through a fold of his mantle.

He rolled over and sprang up warily. But the sun-flecked space between the trees stood empty, and the maid had vanished.

Only Malik remained by him, looking at him, startled. Whereupon Bryn laughed aloud, jerking back the headstall upon the horse. "By heaven, Malik, we were worsted—she rolled me in the grass like a cup-shot rogue!"

Near by stood a ruined gray tower, covered with ivy. Bryn would have searched it, but he fancied that the girl was in there, and he could not dodge a shaft sped from cover.

He was musing upon her as he rode up the highway and heard horses trotting toward him. Four men came into sight—the leader a noble in fur-tipped mantle. A heavy man, with a roving eye and long, curled ringlets. He stared at Bryn, who drew rein and saluted him without moving aside.

"Eh," the stout Burgundian said, "what is your name, and whom do you serve?"

"Seigneur, I am Bryn Briogan, once of Ireland, and lately knight of the city of Jerusalem."

"Another starveling from over the sea," muttered my lord, glancing at Bryn's spurs, from which the gilt had long since worn off. "What would you have?"

"Faith, decent service and a seat at table."

The stout nobleman ran his eye down the stained leather jacket and worn scabbard of the Irish crusader and frowned. "An empty purse and belly, hein? Well, I am governor of this island, by the Duke's grace, and I am weary of begging crusaders and their tales. Why should I pay for an idle sword?" He looked shrewdly at Bryn's black charger. "Yet have I need of a horse like this. I'll give you thirty ducats for him."

Bryn shook his head and smiled.

"Forty, then—silver ducats of Paris weight." The Seigneur de Ferrand slapped his stout wallet, which jangled cheerily. "Forty-five? With the saddle, fifty? Come now, what's your price?"

"'Tis more than your purse holds."

"By the devil, his horns—"

"Because," said Bryn gravely, "I will not sell this horse."

De Ferrand's brow darkened, then cleared. "Sir Bryn, you are a right man. If you will not sell the charger, you will not. Then come you to the château." When the crusader was silent, the Burgundian added jovially, "At the least, sit and sup with us. I will not have a man ride hungry from my land."

"Then I will do it," said Bryn. But he was thinking of the girl who lived in the broken tower beneath them. And De Ferrand, trotting at his side, glanced covertly at black Malik, knowing that the poverty-ridden crusader bestrode a better horse than his own.

BRYN had a great hunger in him, and that evening he plied dagger and fist in the cold veal pie and the dish of pigeon and boar's steak, and washed down his throat with wine.

Still, he had the feeling that the men were looking at him stealthily. Some of them whispered in a dialect he did not know. The biggest of them, Hugo, the Genoese captain of the garrison, lifted his goblet and hailed Bryn:

"*Par Dex*, Sir Wanderer, will you drink with me?"

He leaned across the board, and they clicked goblets. Hugo had an arm that could break a bull's ribs.

Out of the corner of his eye Bryn saw that the monk at the table made the sign of the cross as they did this. Nor did De Ferrand join them in drinking. Instead the lord of the château leaned back in his high chair, plump white fingers plucking at his beard.

Hugo, however, sprawled at ease, his restless eyes moist with wine. "Cup for cup, Sir Bryn—and tale for tale. Now they tell me this charger of yours is a great fighting beast, and a king's ransom will not buy him."

Bryn nodded.

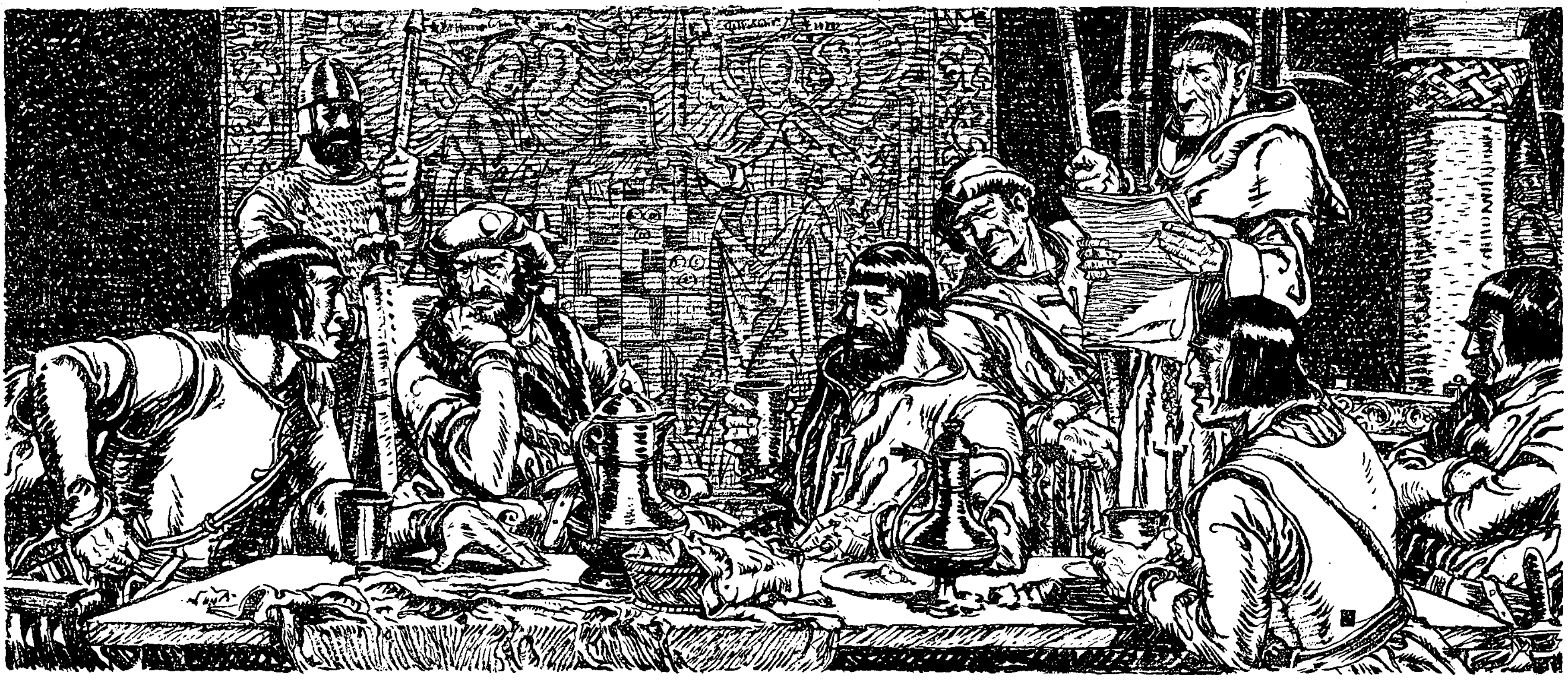
"Well, that may be," grunted Hugo, "but I have a young Spanish devil will carry me twenty leagues between sundown and sun-up."

"That is good," Bryn assented, "but my black beast Malik hath not his match for speed in the East. And the colts here are plow horses beside him. He will not let anything go past his head." Bryn's voice dropped into a soft

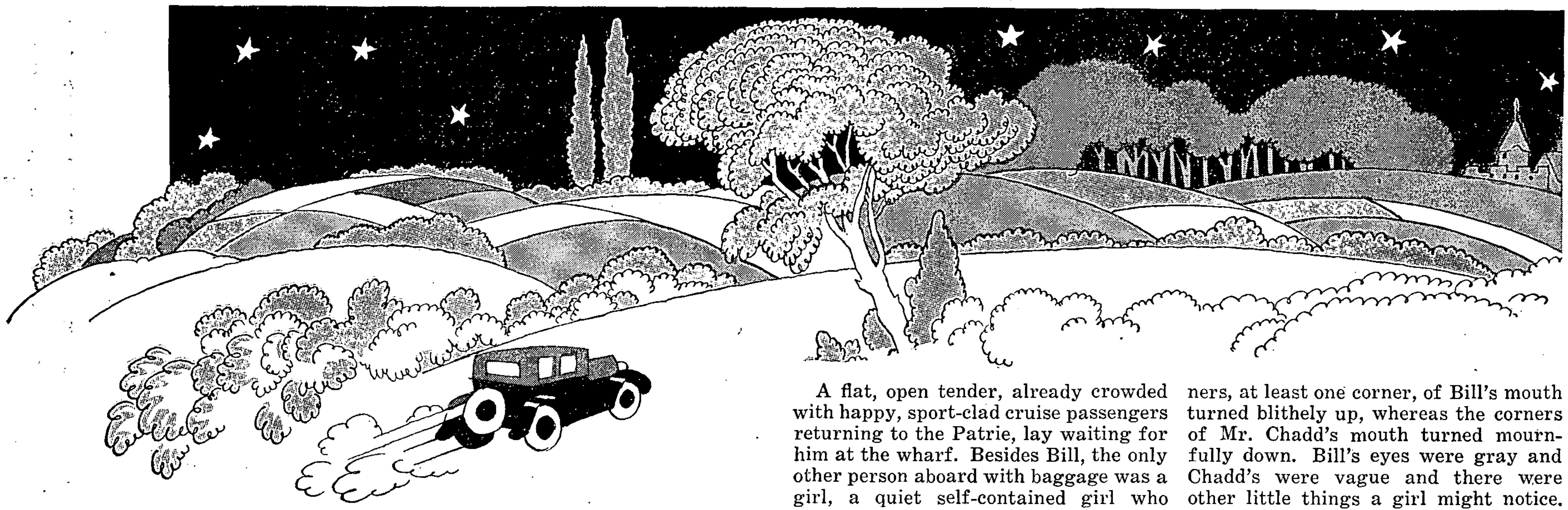
(Continued on page 39)

a haunting romance of a day when men took danger lightly

By Harold Lamb



He laughed alone. The monk's eyes blazed with wrath, and in a moment Bryn understood that this was no jest



Take My Chair

Bill Holderness was not looking for Adventure or Romance. Nevertheless, he found them—in abundance

By Stephen Morehouse Avery

ONE wouldn't pick Gibraltar for business any more than one would pick Bill Holderness. No good would come of it, and yet . . . that is where Bill first saw Shannon Wister, and good is largely a matter of opinion after all.

His yellow-varnished hack wheeled around a corner and gave Bill a view of the harbor, a cruiser, several destroyers and submarines and, out beyond, the great French liner, Patrie, pausing here in her spring Mediterranean cruise circuit to Algiers, Naples, Monte Carlo, Marseilles, and out through Gibraltar again. Bill was going aboard only for the overnight run to Algiers.

Bill's attitude, the anticlimax of his too-stiff dose of war at too tender an age, was an amusing disparagement of everything and especially of business, love, marriage, golf, horses, houses, and all those things so dear to the Holderness tradition. "You're all bogged up in life," he told his family, and felt sorry for them, although nobody felt sorry for him. And so, thanks to a small legacy from a renegade aunt, he'd gone comfortably on his black-sheep, wandering way until he was broke. "To do as you like with," had been his aunt's stipulation, and Bill had done it. His father, the founder of Holderness World Wide Travel Service, got him a job, several jobs, in fact, the last one with a Pittsburgh steel company.

Naturally the old gentleman had been surprised a week ago to encounter his son in the race-course stands at Longchamps. "This is Paris, not Pittsburgh, Bill," he had said with extraordinary mildness. "Did you lose your way? Or have you been fired again?"

"No, sir," said Bill buoyantly, "I was too quick for them. I quit . . . with flags flying. What do you think of Princessina for the next race, sir?"

Old Man Holderness shrugged his heavy, stooped shoulders. "I was not thinking of the next race, Bill. I was thinking mostly of the next generation."

Bill had glanced curiously at the Old Man and saw the first Holderness tear he had ever seen in his adult life on the Old Man's nose. He said: "I'll come down to the Place Vendôme office tomorrow and go to work."

His father shook his hand away. "You young villain, are you daring to feel sorry for me? I've got a cold, I tell you. All right, you be there. And you needn't hope to get fired. Or, come dine with me tonight, Bill. There's a girl I want you to know, the sort of girl you ought to know. . . ."

The girl was ash-blond, pretty, and echoed one's ideas very cleverly indeed. She would look well in an opera box, on a hunter, at the head of a Holderness dinner table. Her name was not Shannon Wister. It was Arlene Seabury, but a week in Paris and the impulse of a taxicab smash-up in the Rue Castiglione were enough to make her Bill's fiancée. He kissed her a couple of times and she started talking about the relative residential merits of Long Island and Westchester. When Bill started on his business trip he said, "I suppose you'll write, my dear?"

"I'LL telegraph at every stop on your list and I'll be waiting when you end up at Nice," she promised.

Bill knew she would be as good as her word, and no better. Still, his old man ought to have, life being what it was, the sort of a son he wanted, at least. The Old Man pushed a bundle of contracts at him and said: "You go south through France and Spain, across to Algiers, back to Barcelona, and then east along the Pyrenees and the sea to the Riviera. You'll have to bargain, bluff, browbeat and cajole. I want every contract signed when we meet you at Nice or . . ."

As far as Gibraltar every contract was signed. Every Frenchman, Basque, Spaniard who had a few suitable motor cars had been bluffed, browbeaten, bargained with or cajoled. Bill had received seventeen telegrams from Arlene, each one reading: "Love and success to my business boy." The first nine were uniform anyway, and after that he took it for granted without opening them. Besides, there was something about "business boy" that stuck in his esophagus. And at Gibraltar he saw Shannon Wister for the very first time.

A flat, open tender, already crowded with happy, sport-clad cruise passengers returning to the Patrie, lay waiting for him at the wharf. Besides Bill, the only other person aboard with baggage was a girl, a quiet self-contained girl who stood alone at the bow with her face turned away towards Africa and her slight, cloaked figure held erect with some apparent rigidity of purpose of her own.

Bill paid no attention to the girl. Later on he remembered having seen her, that's all. He went aboard the Patrie, saw his things safely installed in cabin C-36 and went on deck to enjoy the last of the afternoon sunlight. A half hour remained before the last tender would return to shore. He settled himself comfortably in one of the long line of cushion-padded deck chairs, most of them empty just then.

Bill knew it was somebody else's deck chair, as attested by the name in the little card rack at the top of it: Mr. Irving K. Chadd, 3d. He thought Mr. Chadd wouldn't mind and he was right. Mr. Chadd had only departed to fetch a book and a blanket from his cabin and he was a little surprised to find his deck chair occupied, but he didn't mind. "Oh, don't move," he said. "I can sit here in the next chair just as well. What does it matter?"

Mr. Irving K. Chadd sat down in the next chair. Mr. Chadd was about Bill's age. Mr. Chadd was very nearly as tall as Bill. Mr. Chadd had approximately Bill's brown hair. Mr. Chadd and Bill were approximately the same well-bred, vigorous American type, one of our nicest types. Bill supposed Mr. Chadd was a scion of the plutocratic Chadds of New York and what Mr. Chadd supposed about Bill is in doubt.

As soon as one thought they were alike, they were different. The corners, at least one corner, of Bill's mouth turned blithely up, whereas the corners of Mr. Chadd's mouth turned mournfully down. Bill's eyes were gray and Chadd's were vague and there were other little things a girl might notice. Bill said: "It ought to be great cruising about on a boat like this."

"I suppose it is," agreed Chadd, " . . . for some people."

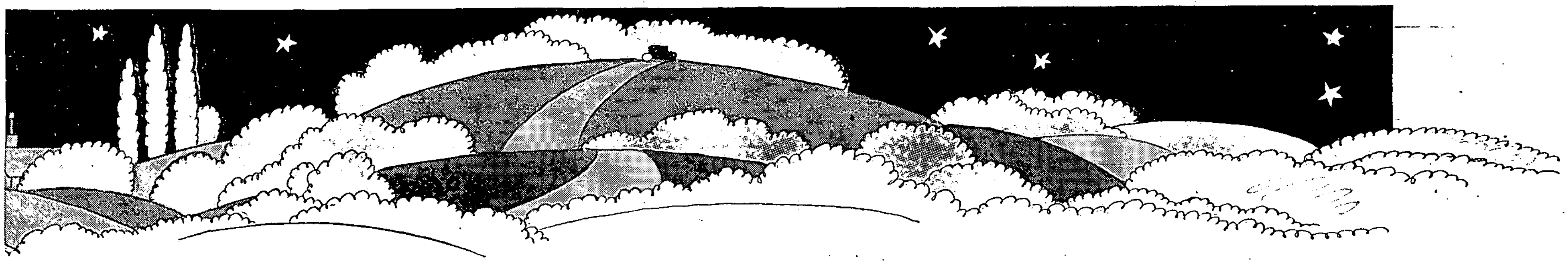
But when Bill explained that he hadn't taken a deck chair because he was only crossing to Algiers on business, a new light came into the fellow's eyes. The word "business" seemed to do it. "Tell me all about it," he said, sitting forward. "I'm interested in business, any kind. I used to be good at it myself. Very good, in fact, one of the cleverest in New York. Ask anybody."

BILL didn't see anybody to ask. He outlined briefly the Old Man's scheme for a string of private-car motoring agencies along the touring routes of Europe. "My job is to sign all the best ones up before the other big travel service companies get wind of what we're doing."

Irving K. Chadd listened, almost in a coma of rapt interest. "That's just the sort of thing I'd be good at," he sighed. "I'm persuasive when I want to be. Then you'll have a chain of day-run private motors for people instead of their taking one car in Paris for a long trip—less cost, less expenses for driver's keep, driver's more intimate knowledge of his own stretch of roads, better chance of picking up return passengers. I'd like to drop in at your cabin sometime and look over the plan."

"Any time you like," said Bill. "It's C-36." He glanced dubiously at his companion, wondering just what it was about the fellow that was queer. "Do you actually like business?"

Illustrated by Loren Stout



Irving K. Chadd regarded Bill sadly and with equal suspicion. "I do," he said. "So would you if you were as good at it as I am and had to dawdle your days away on cruises with a trained nurse hanging about all the time. Do you know what I think of trained nurses? Well, let me tell you, they are a race of fiends. They take pleasure in tormenting a fellow. If you so much as laugh out loud they take your temperature and give you Epsom salts." Mr. Chadd chuckled deep in his throat while Bill began looking for a chance to escape.

"But I make it as tough for the trained nurses as they do for me. You see, three years ago last summer, up in Maine, I dived on a rock and as a result I go a bit dippy now and then. But that's no reason why the family has to keep a blasted trained nurse with me all the time. Is it? As man to man, now?"

"I've got to go send a radio," said Bill, starting up.

MR. CHADD detained him, resting an insistent hand on his arm. "Anyway, the trained nurse they sent with me on this cruise threw up the sponge and quit at Casablanca. Except for the ship's doctor and a gang of stewards, I've been free for two whole days. It's too sweet to last. The family will arrange for another nurse by cable and I'm surprised she didn't come aboard here at Gibraltar. Did you see any grim, stiff-backed, sadistic-looking females on the tender? Why, some of the nurses I've had could have gone four rounds with Jack Dempsey. . . ."

Bill did not notice the sudden panic which changed Irving K. Chadd's entire expression at that moment, his quick, wild glance down the deck, his hunted and haunted despair. All Bill noticed was that he had Mr. Chadd's book and blanket in his lap and caught one glimpse of the gentleman's retreating back. "Don't let on you saw me," called Mr. Chadd over his shoulder.

Speculating on just what that meant and the dangers of diving into rocky pools in general, Bill's thoughts were broken by a very soft but firm little voice and the blanket being removed from his lap, unfolded and vigorously shaken.

"You should have this about you, Mr. Chadd. These Mediterranean evenings are treacherous. I'm Miss Shannon Wister, your new nurse, and I'm sure we are going to get along nicely together."

Bill looked up into the biggest, bluest eyes he'd ever seen, the bluer for her prim white-bordered and white-capped blue uniform, and the bigger because of her long black lashes and the not quite confident determination which made a dimple in her strange little face. He laughed. "I'm sure we would," he said, "—if I were Mr. Chadd. It seems to me Mr. Chadd has at last gotten a break."

She went straight ahead wrapping the blanket expertly about his feet and legs and he realized she was not so frail and slight as she looked. He realized also that she was not impressed by his hint that he was not Mr. Chadd.

He sat up, laughing. "Sorry, Miss Wister, but my name is Holderness, cabin C-36. But I'll have a talk with your Chadd, and if he frightens or abuses you, I'll . . ."

"If you make any disturbance, Mr. Chadd," interrupted Miss Wister, "I'll call the cabin stewards and have them take you downstairs." Her whole attitude, her compressed lips, indicated fixed purpose. Bill noticed her lips particularly. She said: "Your family has made the ship's doctor and me entirely responsible and given us full authority."

TWO white-coated stewards, loitering at the turn of the deck at the very moment, seemed to Bill to be eying Miss Wister inquiringly. He beckoned one of them. "See here, will you please go down to Mr. . . . what's his name? . . . Mr. Irving K. Chadd's cabin and ask him to come up here right away?"

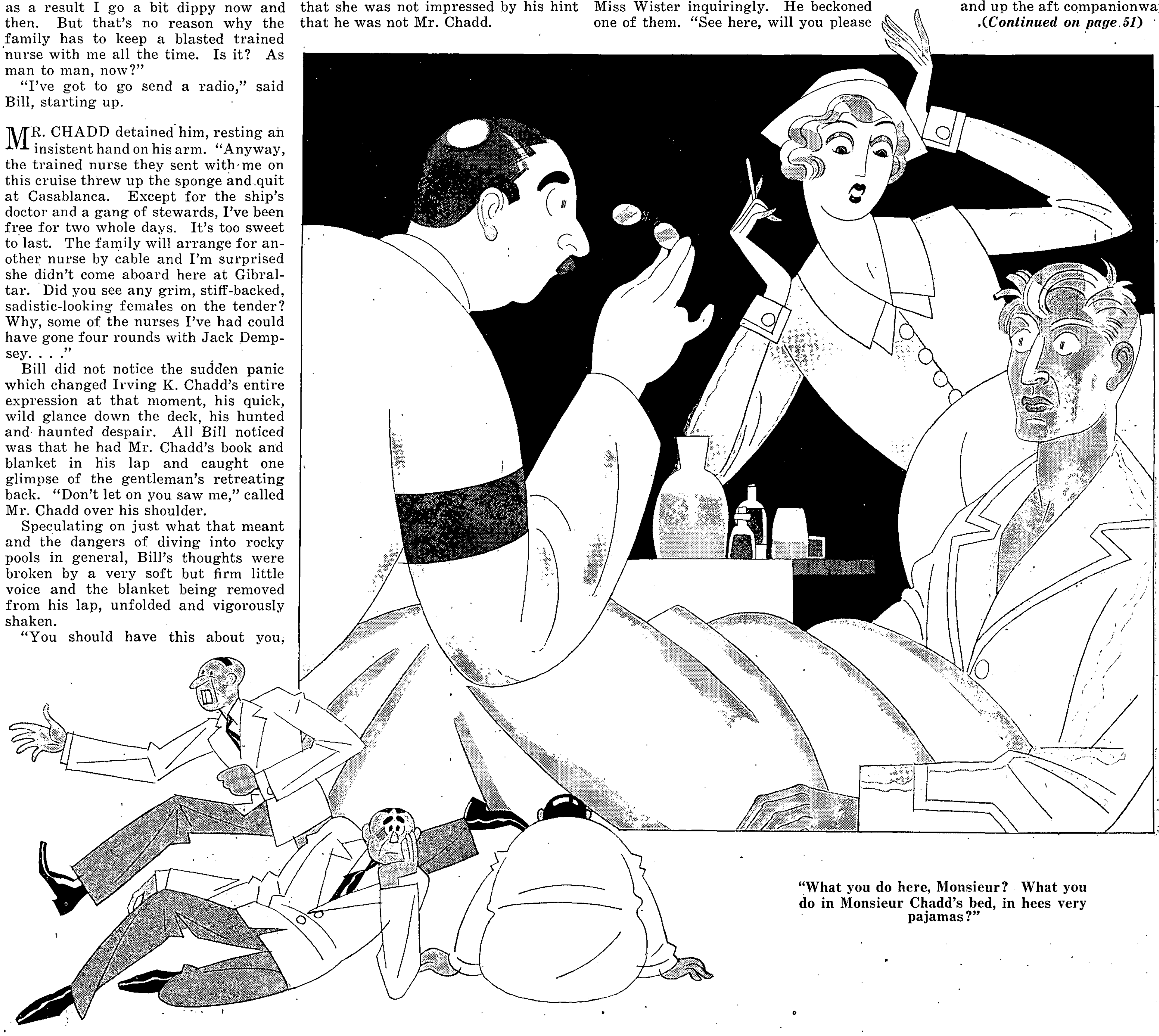
The steward regarded him without comprehension.

"Now, we're going to be sensible, Mr. Chadd," said Mr. Chadd's nurse. "The doctor says you had a temperature this morning and he wants me to put you to bed before dinner. Will you come along quietly?"

"Not unless I'm suddenly paralyzed," stormed Bill.

Answering a little nod of Miss Wister's head, an avalanche of stewards swarmed down the alleyway upon him. There was a certain practiced teamwork about it. Bill hadn't a chance, although as he was dragged down the corridor and up the aft companionway

(Continued on page 51)



"What you do here, Monsieur? What you do in Monsieur Chadd's bed, in hees very pajamas?"

The Medicine Girl

By P. G. Wodehouse

The Story Thus Far:

ACCOMPANIED by a self-made blonde, Bill Bannister, Hampshire pig-raiser, goes to Bingley-on-Sea, a charming summer resort. Sir Hugo Drake, Bill's uncle, follows swiftly. William must be saved from the blond menace, at any cost. . . .

Arrived at Bingley, William's peril (Mrs. Lottie Higginbotham, formerly of the chorus) receives a caller—Lord Tidmouth, a former husband. "Squiffy, old dear," she chortles, "I'm glad to see you!"—and Lord Tidmouth, true to form, promptly kisses the lady.

In comes Bill. He sees the kiss. Lottie, somewhat embarrassed, leaves the room. After which, William and Lord Tidmouth discuss the situation. The facts are as follows: (a) Bill does not care for Lottie; (b) he is in love with another; (c) he does not know the fair one's name—has merely seen her. . . . Lottie returns, learns the latest news, and *immediately faints.* "Squiffy" dashes for a doctor—and brings two. One is a girl—Doctor Sally Smith. Bill sees her—and gasps: she is the unknown he loves. The other is a man. Bill sees him—and groans. He is—Sir Hugo Drake! . . .

Lottie is shipped to a sanitarium. Bill, Sir Hugo and Lord Tidmouth go to Bill's pig ranch, at The Manor, Woollam Chersey. But Bill is no longer happy with his pigs. He longs for Sally Smith. He *must* see her again. He does.

Being a young man of ideas, he gets her on the telephone. "Doctor Smith," he declaims, "this is Mr. William Bannister's valet speaking. Mr. Bannister is desperately ill. He is sending his car for you. Can you run up at once?" "I can," says Sally—*and she does. . . . Arrived at The Manor,* she sprints to the house. *En route,* she glances through an open window—and comes to a halt. Before her startled eyes is William Bannister, Esq., barking into a telephone. He is saying: "Doctor Smith has already left? Thank you. Good-by. . . ." The doctor enters the living-room unannounced. She asks about symptoms. Bill replies, vaguely. "When," purrs the doctor, "did the first one appear?" "When I first saw you," murmurs William. "My heart stood still."

"Hmm," muses Doctor Smith. "I must make an examination at once. Kindly undress."

IV

BILL started violently.

"What . . . what did you say?" he quavered.

"Undress," Sally repeated.

"But . . . but I can't."

"Would you like me to help you?"

"I mean—is it necessary?"

"Quite."

"But . . ."

Sally surveyed him coolly.

"I notice the vascular motors are still under poor control," she said. "Why do you blush?"

"What do you expect me to do—cheer?" Bill's voice shook. The prude in him had been deeply stirred. "Look here," he demanded, "do you mean to tell me this is the first time any of your male patients has jibbed at undressing in front of you?"

"Oh, no. I had a case last week."

"I'm glad," said Bill primly, "that somebody has a little delicacy besides myself."

"It wasn't delicacy. He didn't want me to see that he was wearing detachable cuffs. You know the kind? They fasten on with a clip, and are generally made of celluloid. Like motion-picture films."

"Er—do you go much to the pictures?" asked Bill.

Sally refused to allow the conversation to be diverted.

"Never mind whether I go to the pictures," she said. "Please undress."

Bill gave up the struggle. He threw off his dressing-gown.

"That'll do for the present," said Sally. "I can't think what you were making such a fuss about. Your cuffs aren't detachable. . . . Now, please."

She placed the stethoscope against his chest, and applied her ear to it. Bill gazed down upon the top of her head emotionally.

"I wonder," he said, "if you realize what this means to me—to see you here—in my home—to feel that we two are alone together at last. . . ."

"Did you ever have any children's diseases?"

"No. . . . Alone together at last. . . ."

"Mumps?" said Sally.

Bill gulped.

"No!"

"Measles?"

"No!" shouted Bill.

Sally looked up.

"I merely asked," she said.

Bill was quivering with self-pity.

"It's too bad," he said. "Here I am, trying to pour out my soul to you, and you keep interrupting with questions about mumps and measles."

"My dear Mr. Bannister," said Sally, "I'm not interested in your soul. My job has to do with what the hymn book calls your 'vile body.'"

There was a pause. She put her ear to the stethoscope again.

"CAN'T you understand," cried Bill, breaking into eloquence once more, "that the mere sight of you sets every nerve in my body tingling? When you came in I felt like a traveler in the desert who is dying of thirst and suddenly comes upon an oasis. I felt. . . ."

"A retching or nausea?"

"Oh, my God!"

"Now tell me about your sex life," said Sally.

Bill recoiled.

"Stand still."

"I won't stand still," said Bill explosively.

"Then move about," said Sally equably. "But give me the information I asked for."

Bill eyed her austerely.

"Don't you know the meaning of the word 'reticence'?" he asked.

"Of course not. I'm a doctor."

Bill took a turn up and down the room.

"Well, naturally," he said with dignity, halting once more, "I have had—er—experiences . . . like other men."

Sally was at the stethoscope again.

"Um-hum?" she said.

"I admit it. There *have* been women in my life."

"Say ninety-nine."

"Not half as many as that!" cried Bill, starting.

"Say ninety-nine, please."

"Oh?" Bill became calmer. "I didn't . . . I thought . . . I imagined that you were referring. . . . Well, in short, *ninety-nine.*"

Sally straightened herself. She put the stethoscope away.

"Thank you," she said. "Your lungs appear to be all right. Remove the rest of your clothes, please."

"What!"

"You heard."

"I won't do it," cried Bill, pinkly.

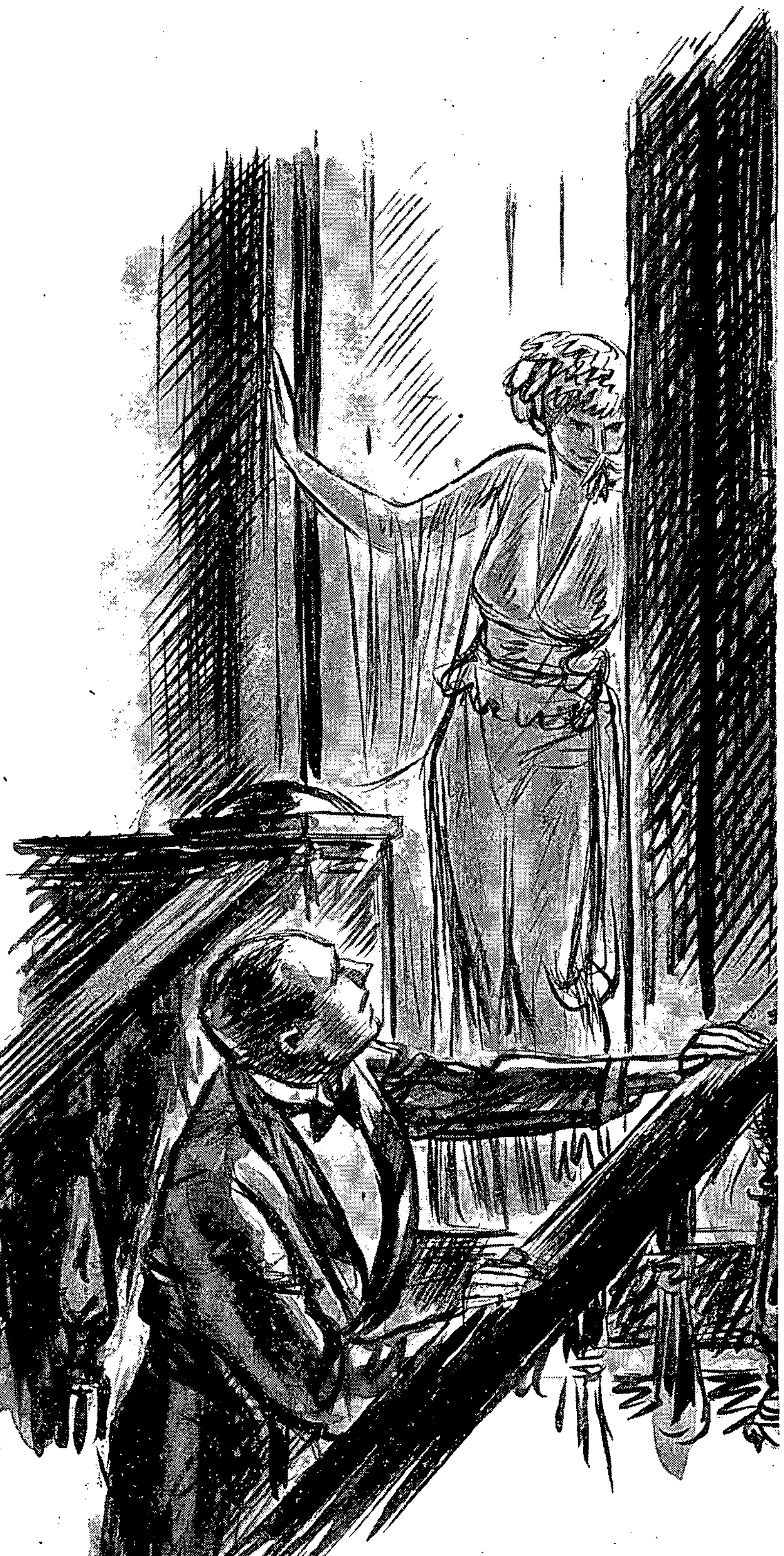
Sally shrugged her shoulders.

"Just as you like," she said. "Then the examination is finished." She paused. "Tell me, Mr. Bannister," she asked, "just to satisfy my curiosity, what sort of a fool did you think I was?"

Bill gaped.

"I beg your pardon?"

"I'm glad you have the grace to. Did you imagine that this was the first time I had ever been called out into the country?"



Lottie perceived Sally. "Hul-*lo!*" she said. Sally said nothing. She walked on towards her room, and Bill stood as in a trance

"I . . ."

"Let me tell you it is not. And do you know what usually happens when I am called to the country? I see you don't," she said, as Bill choked wordlessly. "Well, when I am sent for to visit a patient in the country, Mr. Bannister, the road is lined with anxious relatives waiting for the car. They help me out and bustle me into the house. They run around like chickens with their heads cut off—and everybody who isn't having hysterics on the stairs is in the kitchen brewing camomile tea."

"Camomile tea?"

"People who get sick in the country are always given camomile tea."

"I never knew that before."

"You'll learn a lot of things," said Sally, "if you stick around with me. And one of them, Mr. Bannister, is that I'm not a complete idiot. You'll excuse my slight warmth. I've driven eighty miles on a fool's errand, and somehow I find it a little irritating."

Bill waved his hands agitatedly.

"But I tell you you're wrong."

"WHAT! Have you the nerve to pretend there's anything whatever the matter with you?"

"Certainly there is. I—I'm not myself."

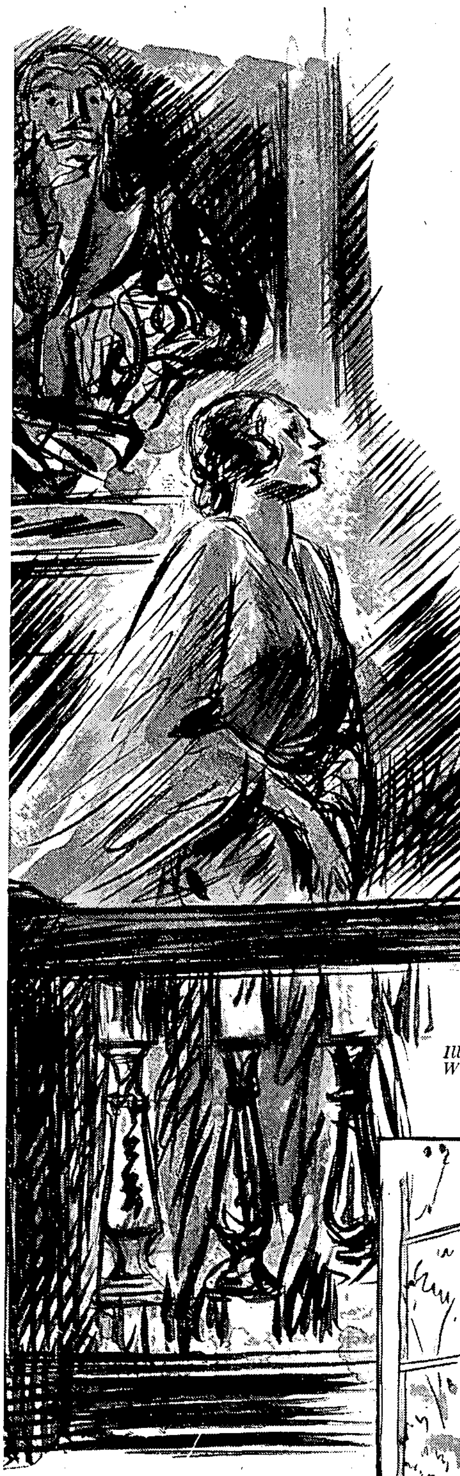
"I congratulate you."

"I'm a very sick man."

"And I'm a very angry woman."

Bill coughed an injured cough.

"Of course, if you don't believe me, there's nothing more to say."



Illustrated by Wallace Morgan

"Oh, isn't there?" said Sally. "I'll find plenty more to say, trust *me*. I may as well tell you, Mr. Bannister, that when I arrived I looked in at the window and saw you striding about, the picture of health. A moment later, the telephone rang and you went to it and said you were your valet. . . ."

Bill flushed darkly. He moved to the window and stood there, looking out with his back turned. Sally watched him with satisfaction. Her outburst had left her feeling more amiable.

Bill wheeled round. His face was set. He spoke through clenched teeth.

"I see," he said. "So you knew all along, and you've been amusing yourself at my expense?"

"You might say—getting a little of my own back."

"You've had a lot of fun with me, haven't you?"

"Quite a good deal, since you mention it."

"And now, I suppose, you're going?"

"Going?" said Sally. "Of course I'm not. I shall sleep here. You don't expect me to drive all night, do you? If you do, you're—"

"I beg your pardon," said Bill. He pointed to the gallery that ran round two sides of the room. "You'll be up there."

"Thank you."

Bill laughed shortly.

"Well, it's something, I suppose, that you have consented to sleep under my roof."

"You could hardly have expected me to go to the garage."

"No. I suppose you would like to be turning in, then?" asked Bill.

"Yes, please."

"I'll show you your room."

"You have already."

"Well . . . good night," said Bill.

"Good night," said Sally.

HE STOOD without moving, watching her as she went up the stairs. She reached the door, opened it, and was gone. Bill turned sharply and flung himself into a chair.

He had been sitting for some minutes, with only his thoughts for unpleasant company, when there was the sound of a footstep on the stairs, and he sprang up as though electrified.

But it was not Sally. It was only Lord Tidmouth. That ill-used gentleman was looking rather weary, and his eyes, as he reached the foot of the stairs, were fixed purposefully on the decanter on the table. He moved towards it with a stealthy rapidity, like a leopard; and only when he had poured into a glass a generous measure of the life-restoring fluid did he turn to his host.

"Hullo, Bill, old man," said his lordship.

Bill regarded him sourly.

"Oh, it's you, is it?" he said.

Lord Tidmouth sighed.

"What's left of me after an hour's tête-à-tête with the old relative," he said. "Bill, that uncle of yours waggles a wicked jawbone!"

"Does he?"

"He talked and talked and talked. And then he talked some more. Mostly about his mashie shots. I got him off to bye-bye at last, and I've tottered down to restore the tissues with a spot of alcohol. They say," continued Lord Tidmouth earnestly, "that strong drink biteth like a serpent and—if I remember correctly—stingeth like a jolly old adder. Well, all I have to say is—let it! That's what I say, Bill—*let* it! It's what it's there for. Excuse me for a moment, old man, while I mix myself a stiffish serpent-and-soda."

He turned to the table again.

"So you got him off to sleep?" said Bill.

Lord Tidmouth's fingers had been closing about the siphon, but he courteously suspended operations in order to reply to his host's question.

"Yes," he said, "I got him off to sleep. But at infinite cost to life and limb. I feel a perfect wreck. However, I've left him slumbering like a little child, one hand still clutching James Braid's Advanced Golf. So that's that."

"Much obliged. Well, I'll be turning in."

"Half a moment," said Lord Tidmouth. "Isn't it about time that lady doctor of yours rolled up? Allowing two hours for the journey—that is, assuming she had no puncture or blow-out or engine trouble or lost the way or . . ."

"OH, GO to blazes!" said Bill.

Lord Tidmouth watched his disappearing back with rather an aggrieved air.

"Not one of our good listeners!" he murmured.

Then, having sterner work before him than the consideration of a host's brusqueness, he addressed himself once more to the siphon.

Lord Tidmouth was a careful man with siphons. Experience had taught him that a too vehement pressing of the trigger led to disaster. Strong drink might bite like an adder, but soda-water could spout like a geyser. He knew the perils perfectly, and it was, therefore, all the more annoying that a moment later a hissing stream should have shot up between his cuff and his skin.

This happened because, as he was in the very act of working the trigger arrangement, a loud and breezy voice in his immediate rear spoke.

"Hullo!" it said.

Voices speaking to Lord Tidmouth where no voice should have been always affected him powerfully. He became involved in a Niagara of seltzer, from which he emerged to gaze censoriously at the intruder.

"If you know me a thousand years," he was beginning, as he turned, "never do that again!" Then he saw the newcomer steadily and saw her whole. For it was a She. It was, as a matter of fact, none other than the first of his battalion of wives—the exuberant Lottie Higginbotham. And he stared at her as at a vision.

"Great God of Battles!" said Lord Tidmouth. "You!"

Lottie was completely at her ease. She placed on the floor the suitcase which she was carrying, and with a dexterous hand removed the whisky-and-soda from her companion's grasp. She drank deeply and, having done so, sighed with satisfaction.

"YOU always did know how to mix them, Squiffy," she said.

It was a handsome compliment—and rather touching, in its way, as giving evidence that the memory of the dear old days still lingered. But Lord Tidmouth paid no attention to it. He was still goggling.

"What on earth are you doing here?" he asked blankly.

"Who, me?" said Lottie.

"Yes, you."

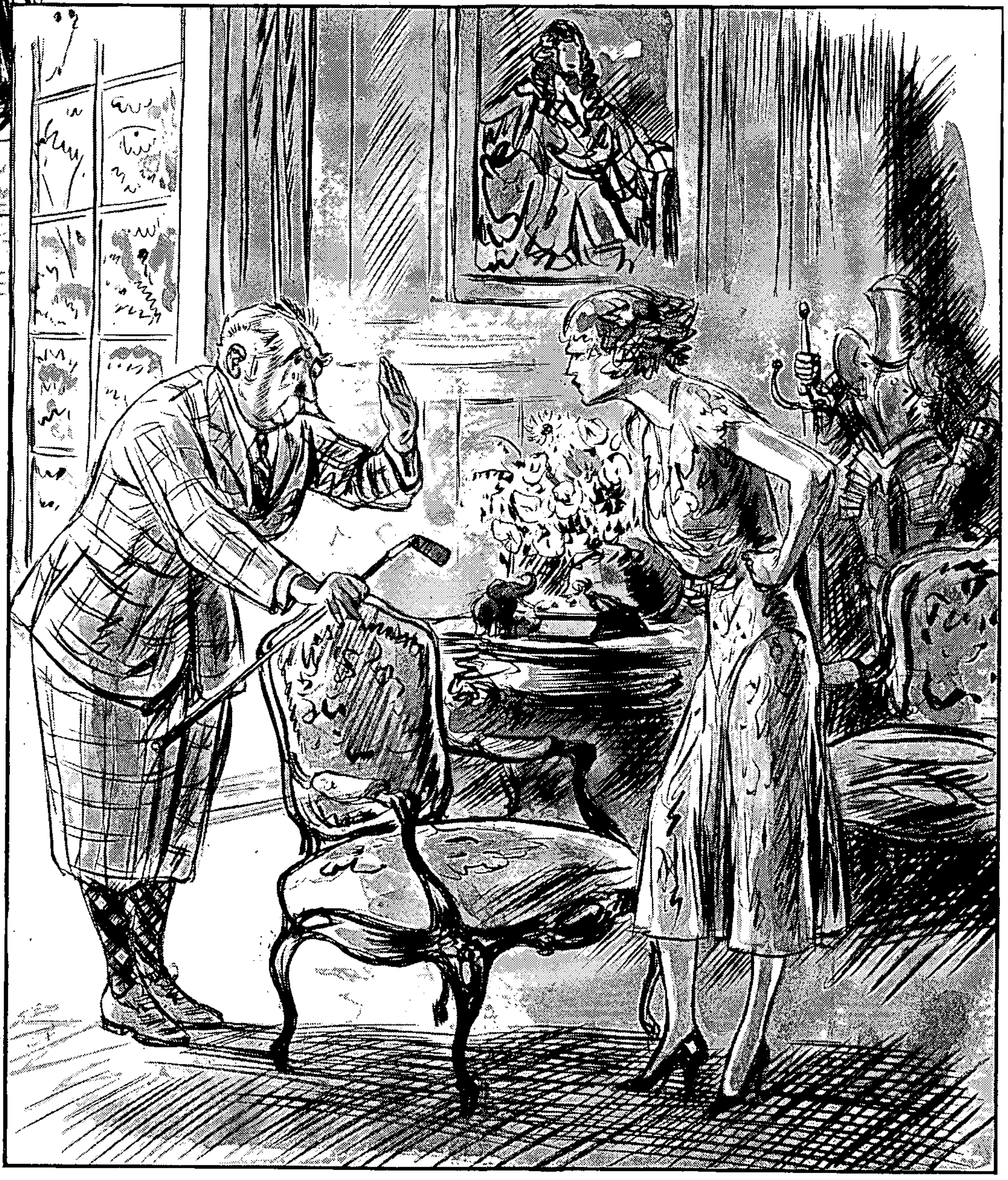
"I was sent for."

"How do you mean, 'sent for?"

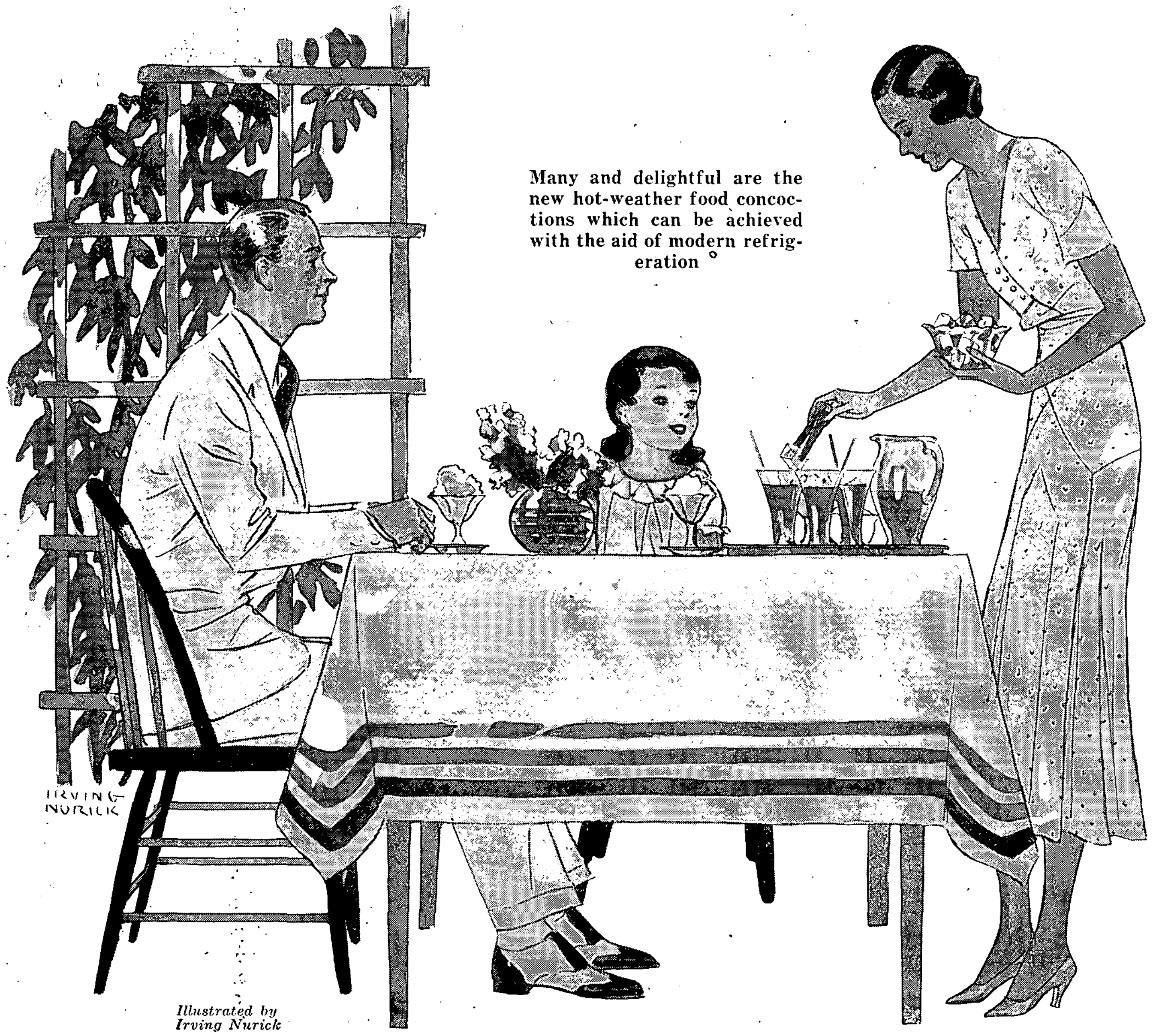
"I got a telegram from Bill's uncle asking me to come," Lottie told him.

A blinding flash of light illuminated Lord Tidmouth's darkness. He recalled the veiled hints the old boy had dropped earlier in the evening. So this

(*Continued on page 42*)



Sir Hugo took refuge behind a chair and held up a deprecating hand. "Now, now, my good girl! . . ."



Many and delightful are the new hot-weather food concoctions which can be achieved with the aid of modern refrigeration

Illustrated by Irving Nurick

Cook it Cold

The modern refrigerator has taken hot-weather cooking out of the agony column and put it on the sports page. And here are some recipes to prove it

By Betty Thornley Stuart

HOT? I've never been so limp in my life. Let's go for a ride." That's the first American dog-day reaction. And the second is like unto it.

"What about taking in something at the movies? Sure, I know it's like a furnace when you're back on the street, but let's be cool for an hour anyhow."

The third step in heat-fighting—or maybe it comes before and after each of the others—consists in getting something cold to eat or drink. Somebody's ice box, the soda man's or our own, makes connection with the arctic regions, and we're Eskimos inside, if not out, for as much as five minutes. When scientists think of that reaction, they pat themselves on the back and pin medals on their façades, for what they've done in improving the ice box belongs on the front page of the epic of progress.

Probably the men who invented our pet polar bears for the kitchen pictured them as achievements in food preservation. And this is undoubtedly their most important function. But along came women of imagination who promptly saw the possibilities for food concoction—new things to eat when the family appetite had to be coaxed, new ways of putting the summer dinner hour back into the morning so far as preparation was concerned.

Every woman who has ever "cooked" in her refrigerator thinks first of frozen desserts. Most of us know that there are several different variations, depending on ingredients, each with its advantages in luxury of taste or economy of preparation.

Mousses have a whipped cream base, and the simon-pure kind need nothing else but sweetness and flavoring, with or without fruit pulp.

The Making of a Mousse

Expensive, it's true, but the quickest to get ready. A foundation recipe which will serve four people prescribes one-half pint of heavy cream and four level tablespoons of confectioners' sugar. This mixture will take a cup of any fruit pulp, or it may be treated to a teaspoonful of your favorite extract. But—take care not to whip the cream too long if you want smooth results; get it just to the point where it holds its shape. And don't substitute cane if confectioners' sugar is called for in your particular cookbook, for the former is sweeter, bulk for bulk, and a mixture that is too sweet may refuse to harden. Once again—don't forget that mousses may become too firm if left overlong in the freezing trays. Make them and eat them the same day.

As an example of this mousse, touched up with a bit of imagination, try this one:

PEACH MOUSSE

2 cups canned peach pulp
½ cup sugar or less
1 pint whipping cream
Few grains salt
Few drops almond extract

Mash pulp thoroughly. Add sugar, salt and flavoring. Fold in whipped cream and freeze. Fresh peaches will require more sugar.

Suppose you hate not to include all the good juice? Then you'll need a recipe that isn't a simon-pure mousse but one that stiffens the backbone of so much water with a little gelatine.

PINEAPPLE MOUSSE

2 cups canned crushed pineapple and juice
¾ cup sugar
2 cups cream
2 tablespoons cold water
2 tablespoons lemon juice
2 teaspoons gelatine

Heat pineapple to boiling point, add sugar, lemon juice and gelatine which has soaked in the 2 tablespoons of water for 5 minutes. Cool—pepping up the process by setting in a pan of cold water with a few ice cubes. When you see the mixture getting thick, fold in the whipped cream. Don't use fresh pineapple since it is the one fresh fruit that won't jell.

But some of us can't afford to go crazy on whipping cream, at least not this year. Do we all know that evaporated milk can be whipped? Boil the unopened can, for twenty to thirty minutes. Cool and put in the coldest part of the refrigerator and chill thoroughly. Then whip the milk as you would cream, having the bowl cold and watching the process carefully because, though cream will turn into butter if given too long a beating, its substitute will take the backward road and become milk. Once heated, the can may be tucked into the refrigerator, kept for a week or a month and then used for your pet mousse, which may well prove to be the following:

RASPBERRY MOUSSE

⅞ cup evaporated milk, whipped
1½ cups raspberry juice, fresh or canned
1 teaspoon raspberry extract
⅛ teaspoon salt
1 tablespoon lemon juice
½ cup sugar

Dissolve sugar in raspberry juice, adding salt and extract. Whip milk, put in lemon juice and keep on whipping. Fold in fruit and place in refrigerator.

But evaporated milk isn't the only friend of the poor-but-proud mousse maker. Tapioca is forging to the front—the quick-cooking kind—not to substitute for cream entirely but to help it *out. Here's a recipe that can be varied* for flavoring:

VANILLA MOUSSE

1 cup milk
3 tablespoons corn syrup
1½ tablespoons tapioca
⅓ cup sugar
Few grains salt
1 egg white
1 teaspoon vanilla
½ pint cream

Scald first five ingredients together till tapioca is clear. Strain. Chill till thickened. Add beaten egg white, flavoring and whipped cream, beaten in gradually.

Another and even less expensive idea is to make frozen custard, and here, too, the flavoring may be added as you like. The *one* disadvantage, as with all the refrigerator desserts that are truly cheap, is that the freezing has to be interrupted midway for a little beating.

FROZEN CUSTARD

2 cups milk
4 teaspoons cornstarch
⅔ cup sugar
1 cup heavy cream
Flavoring to taste
4 egg yolks

Scald milk in double boiler, add cornstarch and sugar mixed and cook 15 minutes. Add beaten yolks and cook 5 minutes. Take off stove, beat 5 minutes with rotary egg beater. Add cream unbeaten and put in freezing tray. After an hour, take out, put in chilled bowl and beat with rotary beater for one or two minutes.

Parfaits come at the other end of the refrigerator-dessert planner's list, very rich and gorgeous things to be fed to company, though, unlike mousses, any servings left over are just as good for tomorrow's family lunch. All parfaits call for eggs, whites alone for a light and delicate effect, yolks alone for the kind that men usually prefer, both for the lady who plans not to burden the

(Continued on page 34)

The Wrong Wife

By Arthur Somers Roche

Illustrated by John H. Crosman

The Story Thus Far:

AT LAKE WARUMKEG, Maine, Richard Cordova, Assistant District Attorney of New York, receives the surprise of his life. Ex-Senator Carmichael, whose week-end guest he is, calmly informs him that the next mayor of New York City may be—Richard Cordova! "But," adds the ex-senator, "with one proviso: that you win that Drovers and Builders case. Win it, my boy!" . . .

At the "camp" are two charming girls—Del and Deborah Carmichael, nieces of the ex-senator. Back in New York, Cordova's thoughts revert constantly to the former. Then, for once in his life, he does an impetuous thing: he writes to her, asks her to marry him. . . . Strange adventures follow. Someone, Cordova soon realizes, is plotting against him. But who? Why? Grady, a friendly newspaper man, gives him the answer: Carmichael does not want him to win that Drovers and Builders case—he wants him to *lose* it. Convinced that, through brilliant work, he may possibly win it, the senator and his gang are trying to ruin him—force him out of office! . . .

Another shock follows. Returning to his apartment one evening, Cordova finds a girl awaiting him. Deborah Carmichael! She tells him she received his letter—the letter addressed to "Del" not "Deb"!—that she loves him—that she will marry him at once! Dumbfounded, Cordova hesitates—and is lost. A chivalrous man, and a kindly one, he cannot bring himself to tell the girl the brutal truth. Nor does Deborah tell Cordova the truth: that she had deliberately appropriated his letter, read it, kept it, come to New York to steal him away from her cousin. . . . And the next day—with Grady and Miss Searles, Cordova's secretary, as witnesses—they are married!

Married! As in a dream, the ceremony over, Cordova puts his arm around the girl, kisses her, and trembles at the realization that, longing desperately for happiness, he has married—*the wrong wife.*

VII

GRADY and Miss Searles—that young woman was in a state of teary excitement that made Deborah's calm seem more pronounced—bade them good-by at the rectory door. As they walked off—there was no taxi for them in sight—Cordova noticed that his secretary walked near to Grady, and her pretty figure swayed closer with every step. She would soon, he thought, forget her aversion to an occupation that kept a man out late at night.

Their beaming taxi man held the door of the car open for them.

"Where to, mister and missus?" he asked.

Deborah's face, which had been white, went suddenly crimson. Cordova felt himself coloring, too. He gave, without thinking, his apartment address, and followed his bride into the cab.

He had been bothered, these recent days, by an inability to find reality in the things that had happened to him. But surely his conversation with Carmichael, the Ganley episode, his encounter with Clara Raynor, lacked reality no more than the present situation.

Since last night he had been contemplating this moment. With each passing hour it had become nearer, but he knew now that its imminence, even as they entered the rectory, had not meant anything. Something would intervene; something would happen. But nothing had intervened; nothing had happened save that Dr. Beadlestone, as irrevocably as fate, had married them.

Beside him now, in this taxicab, was no longer a young woman who had acquired a wild infatuation for him, but his wife. His *wife*. She was Deborah Cordova, not Deborah Carmichael. She was Mrs. Richard Cordova. He was no longer Dick Cordova, bachelor, without feminine appurtenances and impediments; he was this strange woman's husband.

A tremendous revulsion of feeling, far different from that sense of chivalry which had forced him into this bizarre situation, overcame him. He turned, anger in his eyes, upon this girl who had forced him into this ridiculous position.

Her face was averted now, and he knew, by the movement of her shoulders, that she was quietly weeping. Those shoulders, that were so sweetly modeled, looked suddenly absurdly frail. In her bathing suit she had seemed like a strong though slender boy. All day, in her summery frock, she had seemed like a winsome young woman. But now she was simply a frightened child for whom life had assumed a terrifying aspect.

HE HAD been thinking, in the few seconds—they seemed like years—that had elapsed since they entered the taxi, of his own agony. But what about her? After all, marriage, when the contracting parties had known each other for years, must seem formidable; it was a solemn matter when two people agreed to live with each other for the rest of their lives. And although he had decided that Deborah's regard for him was one of those things that attain full growth in the moment of birth, nevertheless she might be suffering doubts now.

He had made a bargain with himself. It was up to him to see that he kept that bargain, that he forgot himself, his own sorrows, his own vain regrets, and aroused no sorrows, no regrets in her.

"You mustn't do that, Deborah, dear," he said gently.

She turned her face to him. Weeping women are not attractive, but Deborah was an exception to that rule. Tears did not stain her cheeks. Involuntarily he contrasted her with Miss Searles, whose cheeks, as she bade them good-by, had been streaked, and whose eyes had already become red.

"I won't," she said. She laughed nervously. "Why must women cry when they're happy?"

"Why must men curse when they're sympathetic?" he countered.

"Do they?" she asked.

"When the walls shake with my profanity," he laughed, "you will know that I'm in a most tender and understanding mood."

"Swear now, will you, please?" she smiled.

"Darn," he said solemnly.

"That wouldn't seem to indicate much tenderness," she pouted.

She pouted as prettily as she giggled, and he objected—*had* objected in the days of bachelorhood—to women who did either. Now he realized that a charming woman may do an uncharming thing charmingly.

"Does this?" he asked.

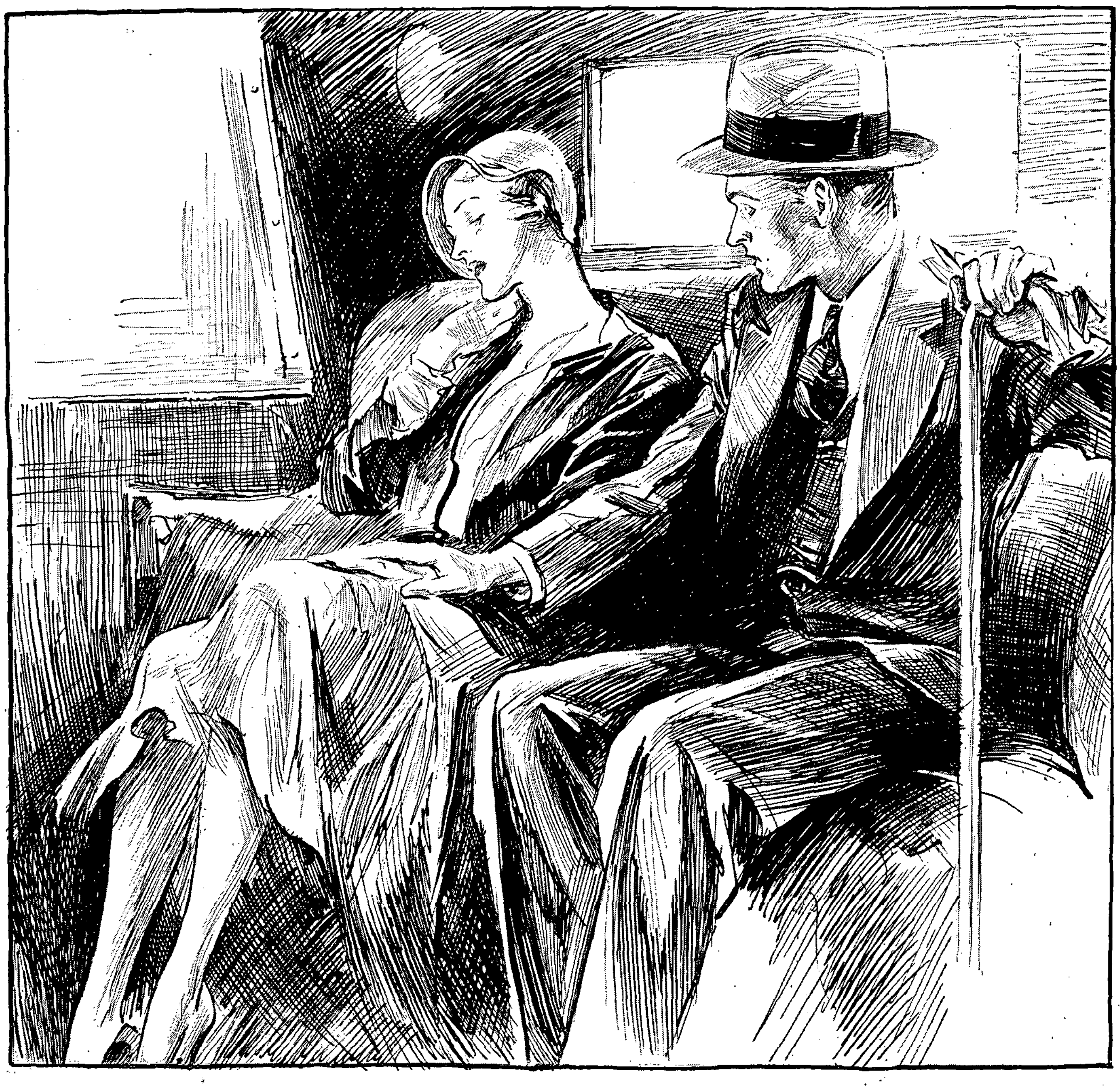
SHE had not merely turned toward him; she was leaning toward him now. His arm went around her shoulders and he kissed her gently on the cheek. Her head turned and her mouth met his. A moment their lips clung together and then she released herself.

Cordova marveled at himself. Twenty-eight years without falling in love; then a passion that had led him into an avowal almost in the moment of meeting the woman who had aroused him so. And six days after meeting Del Carmichael, the one woman in all the world, he was not merely married to her cousin Deborah, but was finding thrills in Deborah's kisses.

Did it mean that he lacked stability, that he was completely without understanding of himself?

He had heard cynics—he had called

(Continued on page 47)

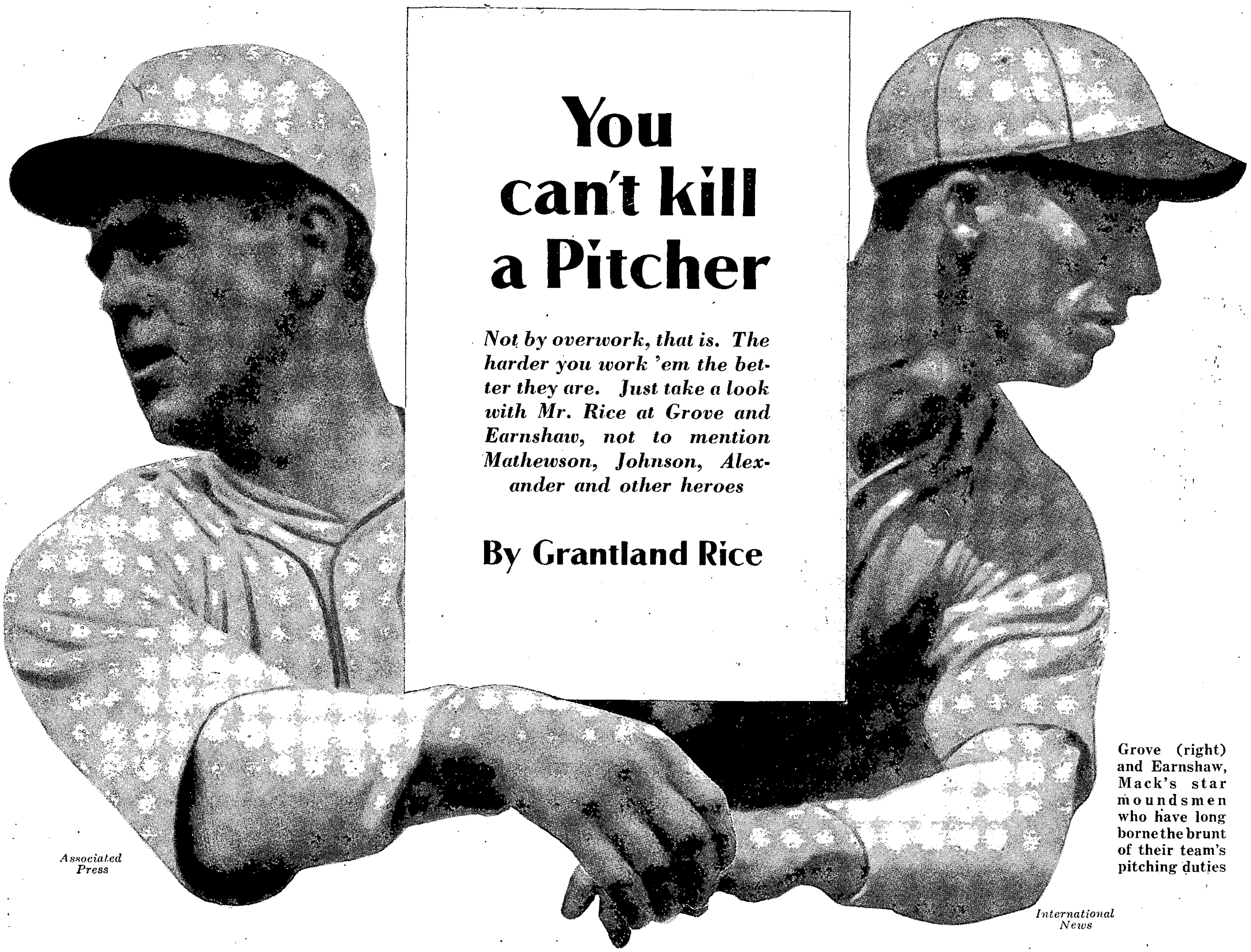


She was quietly weeping. "You mustn't do that, Deborah, dear," he said gently

You can't kill a Pitcher

Not by overwork, that is. The harder you work 'em the better they are. Just take a look with Mr. Rice at Grove and Earnshaw, not to mention Mathewson, Johnson, Alexander and other heroes

By Grantland Rice



Associated Press

International News

Grove (right) and Earnshaw, Mack's star moundsmen who have long borne the brunt of their team's pitching duties

LATE last summer, with Bob Grove and George Earnshaw working every other day in the service of Connie Mack's Athletics, the cry went up that Mr. Mack was overworking his two star pitchers and the Athletics would be lucky to win. When they finally staggered home with an eight-game lead, Grove and Earnshaw had pitched or helped to finish almost ninety ball games during the season.

At this point someone discovered that Grove and Earnshaw had been badly overworked and probably would be slaughtered when they faced the flashing bats of the Cardinals. Whereupon the two pitchers, with practically no outside pitching help, tossed the Cardinals into a trance and kept them there.

This was a shock to the theory of overworking pitchers. There must be an answer, so it was decided that in winning the pennant and bagging their second world series Grove and Earnshaw could not possibly be any good for 1931. They had to be worn out. Other pitching staffs of seven, eight and nine men were having a hard time of it, so how could two lone pitchers carry any such burden?

But as the 1931 campaign passed the half-mile post in July, Grove and Earnshaw, aided by Rube Walberg, were carrying about ninety per cent of the pitching load.

Now the much-belated opinion is beginning to break out that perhaps the modern pitcher is underworked—that he isn't used often enough to get his control and confidence working—that he isn't giving his arm a chance to develop the speed and curves hidden in undeveloped muscles. A pitcher can only get control by pitching—not by sitting on the bench.

Consider Hoss Radbourne, who worked in twenty-six straight games. After about his twelfth game his arm used to be so sore that he had to start an hour before the battle to work out the pain and the stiffness. There were times when he could hardly lift his weary pinion above half-mast. But he was pitching more effectively at the end of his string than he was at the beginning.

Christy Mathewson, the first of the more modern stars, used to start and finish from forty-five to fifty ball games each season. At times he won from thirty to thirty-five of these. The same was true of Jack Chesbro and of Ed Walsh. Walsh pitched in sixty-six games one season, won forty-one and saved twelve others.

Hard Work Brings Perfection

There must be an answer to this. And the answer is that these pitchers got enough work to keep their arms in shape, to develop control and confidence.

A few years ago they said Walter Johnson was about finished. He had worked from 350 to 400 innings a season for too many years. He had been a horse for work since 1907. He had once pitched and won three games in three days. He led his league in strike-outs and shut-outs. He had kept that long, wiry arm busy buzzing the ball high and low for eighteen or nineteen years.

Came the seventh and deciding game of the world series in 1924. The Washington pitcher was slipping. The New York Giants were on top of him. So they sent again for Walter Johnson, the Coffeyville Express. For five straight innings he held the Giants without a run, breaking up rallies, rolling back each charge. His old arm may have lost some of its early snap and speed but the hard work of eighteen seasons had tempered it for the big job.

The great pitchers of baseball, the winning pitchers, were those who worked far beyond the normal limit. Who can say how much this hard work had to do in making them great pitchers?

The modern pitcher has been mollycoddled. It isn't all his fault. He starts, develops a wild streak through lack of work, and is yanked out just when he needs the seasoning. "When I took charge of the Cardinals in 1926," Hornsby said, "the season was pretty well under way and we were not doing so well. We were not getting the pitching. So I decided to pick a staff of four men and put them to work, keep them in that ball game and get them in shape."

George Stallings had the same idea in 1914. He struggled along with a bunch of pitchers until around July Fourth, when his Boston Braves were deeply imbedded in seventh place and the Giants were running away with the flag. Then he decided to turn over the entire pitching burden to three men—Dick Rudolph, Lefty Tyler and Bill James.

Every third day one of this trio stepped into the box to pitch an entire game. The Braves began to win and climb. Late in August they reached second place. Then they challenged the Giants for the leadership and Rudolph, Tyler and James, pitching to Hank Gowdy, with Johnny Evers at second base and Rabbit Maranville at short, pulled the Giants out of the lead. By the time the season had ended this trio had developed so much effectiveness through hard work that they promptly broke up the heavy artillery of the Mackmen, headed by Collins, Baker and McInnis.

Spoiling Good Prospects

If the two have about equal ability, what chance has a pitcher who works every six or seven days to match his stuff against a pitcher who works every three or four days? The latter is getting the control, the training, the development, the strength and the experience. The other is rusting from lack of work and when he starts again he is never quite sure of putting that ball where he wants it and where it ought to be, especially in a pinch.

Many fine youthful pitchers have been wrecked or wasted through lack of work. Then, when finally started in a game, they lacked control and had to be taken out. They lacked the necessary experience and confidence.

Unless an upset develops, the wise and crafty Connie Mack is about to win his third pennant and possibly his third world series in succession. And only two or three pitchers probably will be packing the load, getting enough work to keep their right and left arms in shape to put a baseball where they want it to go.

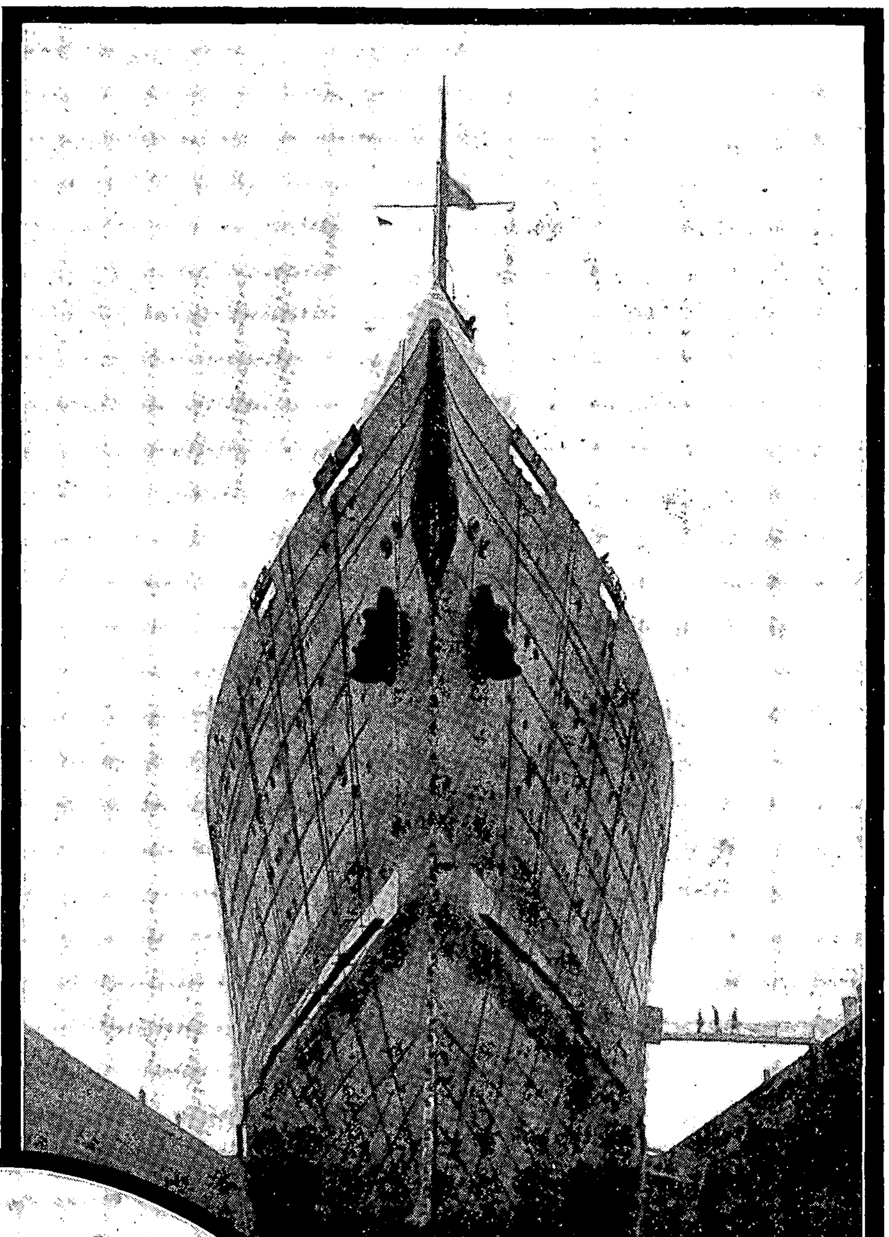
A Captain's Life

There's more to a skipper's job than being a navigator: he must be a social lion and a diplomat as well. Here the former commander of the Leviathan tells you of the vexations and thrills of a captain's life and shows you the famous men and women of Europe and America in the carefree days of passage between Ambrose Light and the Lizard

By Commodore Herbert Hartley

Former Commander, S. S. Leviathan

and W. B. Courtney



The Leviathan in the Boston naval drydock for a coat of paint on her underwater structure

Wide World Photo

Commodore Hartley and an old friend, Mrs. Needham of Southampton

THE early summer of 1914 was as filled with good signs for merchant sailormen as it was with bad signs for politicians. We younger officers aboard the St. Louis knew nothing about war clouds. Such matters were what you often overheard fat passengers guffing about in the smoking bar, but did not understand. Mark me, in those days I didn't even know what senators and congressmen were. Later, I learned, after I had inadvertently kept a senator waiting outside my cabin in the black clouds of a coaling ship. And still later I learned that whilst sailors know nothing about politics, politicians know all about sailing.

We were aboard the old St. Louis, standing up the Solent for Southampton; and ruckuses of little Balkan lands weren't as important to us as the rumors which had been swapped on the North Atlantic lanes for months of a great new ark the Germans were building to bring into the trade. We hadn't heard how near she was to her maiden crossing; so it was a bit of a puff to catch sight of her, suddenly, off our port bow; and we buzzed with the closest thing to excitement I ever saw on Captain John Clark Jamison's bridge. Not that old Jamison—God rest his salty bones—had any share in it, or that we dared let him become aware of it.

The New Queen of the Seas

The Solent is a sawed-off river leading between the Isle of Wight and the mainland to the port of Southampton; and Cowes Road, where England's kings do their sailing, is only a sizable dent in the Wight's nose. The Germans in those pre-war days would anchor at Cowes, to save wharfage fees, and handle passengers by tender. There she rode now, the Vaterland, so named in pride by the nation which was making a cutthroat scrap of it with the English for maritime supremacy. I couldn't keep my side glances off her and finally enthusiasm so washed me away that I ventured to remark to Jamison—quietly, as one should always speak on a ship's bridge—"The captain of that ship must be a proud man, sir."

Jamison took out his stubby pipe, and spat to leeward, but never bent a look at the Vaterland. "Let him," he said, "get up the English Channel some dirty night when he doesn't know where he is and he won't feel so damn' proud." Smart words for those days, before radio direction bearings, when more than one cocksure mariner in thick weather went up the Irish Sea by mistake for the English Channel.

Every master keeps two logs for his ships. The official one, which the law requires him to put down for all the world to see; and an unwritten one which he notes in his heart; and sometimes he lets others see bits of its entries and sometimes he doesn't. I've always calculated mine from the night in Southampton, England, when I first met dear old Mrs. Needham, who was the widow of a chaplain and supported herself with boarders and sewing.

The Southampton townsfolk have an ancient custom of gathering at eight bells on New Year's Eve around the town hall where they exchange bottles and sing old English songs. Blue and lonely, just a boy out of a fo'c's'le, in a strange port, I wandered into the crowd in 1896. Mrs. Needham spied me and read my face and packed me along to her home and into her heart right off. I was getting fifteen dollars a month in the deck division, and figured that when I won to quartermaster and twenty-five dollars that would be the acme of success. "Nonsense, lad," she said when she'd wormed these things out of me, "when you go into your bunk o' nights take your old books from the schoolship with you and whilst you study them make believe you're the captain of the ship. Then the responsibility will be no stranger to you, but a habit of mind, when it looks down from the bridge to find you."

Gold Braid at Last

And while she egged me thus every time I called between trips, danged if I didn't get to be quartermaster and if then old Jamison didn't beckon me out of the fo'c's'le to be his fourth officer. I was on watch that momentous day and couldn't leave the ship and I had no uniform to wear westward and no chance to buy one. But I did have a blue civilian coat and I dug up a length of gold braid, and sent both posthaste by a shipmate to Mrs. Needham to sew the proud stripe on each cuff.

Now, to return to my official log and the year 1914: the Vaterland made only two voyages under Captain von Russer before she was interned in New York for the duration of the war, foiling the eager British cruiser which bided off Sandy Hook.

When the German ships in our ports were interned, their crews worked ruin on them under instructions from the homeland. I'll say this for them, they didn't do one tenth as much damage to the Vaterland as they might have done. The jig time in which our engineers, three years later, made her shipshape again for transport use showed that. She was the keystone, with her capacity for 12,000 troops each load, in the famous bridge of ships which our Shipping Board threw across to Europe in the war. It was then she was renamed:

And Leviathan she became; Levi, for short, to those with a mind for abbreviating. She was our most famous transport. She had four Navy commanders: Oman, Bryan, Dural and Phelps, and she carried in her own spacious bulk a lion's share of the A. E. F.

An Exacting Job

After my appointment to the Leviathan I was moved by the natural pride a man feels in driving and bossing the biggest thing of its kind in his line, and because of the interest I had taken in the Leviathan from the day I had first seen her in the Solent. I found that what I had bargained for—a sailorman's job of taking her across and back in safety with her passengers and mail, on schedule, trip in and trip out—was not the whole of the picture. The old days when a captain was the master of his ship and of his soul were over; the new sort of mariner is captain of his ship, but not of his soul. He has to be a mixture, nowadays: he has to sell the popularity of his ship—and not only her safety, which was all Jamison ever thought of—to the traveling public. I found I had to be a diplomat, a salesman, a speechmaker, a politician, a Republican, a Democrat, a general, an admiral, a dancing master, a social lion and Heaven knows what else.

We left New York for our first regular crossing on July 4, 1923, amid a din the like of which was never raised in New York Harbor before or since for a merchantman. That was the beginning of five crowded years the Leviathan and I shared together, during which we made some wonderful friends; the Levi because of her comfort and prestige, I because all travelers have a soft spot for the captain who represents in their kindly eyes the scientific knowledge, training and seamanship which assure them a safe voyage.

Let's Sail on the Levi

I could never tell you the hundredth of my adventures and experiences on the old Levi, but I shall try to give you a porthole view of what a captain's life is like aboard the world's greatest ship. And in spinning them I'll use my sailor's privilege of taking liberties with my yarns only so far as the chronometer is concerned. So imagine now that you are with me aboard the Leviathan. We won't even pick a rough and stormy day, though Jehovah knows there were many such days when the perils of the high seas were added to the pitfalls of life aboard ship.

I could give you a lot of statistics about the Levi. How many gallons of fuel oil she burns in a day, how many barrels of this and bales of that she uses, how many tons her propellers weigh, but you've read all that in the newspapers.

Well, here we are taking a turn upon the bridge while the ship is westing through calm seas under clear skies. Of course even under these amiable conditions you've got to think at least three miles ahead of your position with a ship like the Levi. It would take that long to stop her; that is, she'd run that far forward in the water after you threw your engine-room telegraph lever to full speed astern.

The captain has no regular watches on the bridge. Under the law he's on duty all the time. In thick weather he seldom leaves the bridge. My longest trick on the Levi without sleep or rest or food more than a snatch of coffee and a sandwich, was seventy-two hours. Fifty- to sixty-hour watches are not uncommon for captains on the North Atlantic, especially in wintertime.

Two nights back, just at dusk, a carrier pigeon lighted on that very rail you're leaning over now. Lord knows where he came from; maybe a gale blew him off his course, maybe he had rested for several nights on other ships. We made shift not to bother him and when darkness fell he tucked his head under his wing; then I picked him up and carried him to my cabin. Let's go see him.

We go into my cabin. The sight of the lovely tame creature gives me an idea. Dick Byrd is aboard, going home after his flight to France. I write a message on a cigarette paper and tie it to the pigeon's leg, then send for Byrd to come quick, something wonderful has happened. He enters and I show him the pigeon and the message I forged: "Welcome home, our hero. New York awaits you. Grover Whalen." Byrd is flabbergasted. "How did that pigeon find this ship of all the ships on the ocean?" I say I don't know, but suggest thousands of pigeons may have been released with similar messages on the chance one would find the Levi. I radio to ask other ships in the vicinity if they received pigeons. The answers come back, while Byrd awaits: "No." Only one pigeon on the ocean and it found the right ship. Byrd, his face pale, rises and stares at the pigeon fully five minutes; then turns to me:

"Hartley," he says, "there *is* a God."

He leaves and goes to the radio room where he spends seven dollars on a message to Grover Whalen about the miracle. I'm a little scared at what I've started: thinks I, Cap'n, you'd better see Grover Whalen first. I do, when we come to Quarantine, and he gives me hell for all the mystery and bewilderment Byrd's message caused in his office. But he doesn't give me away. Byrd still believes there is a God and I hope this confession, when he sees it, won't change his mind—or his friendship for me.

Speed for a Song

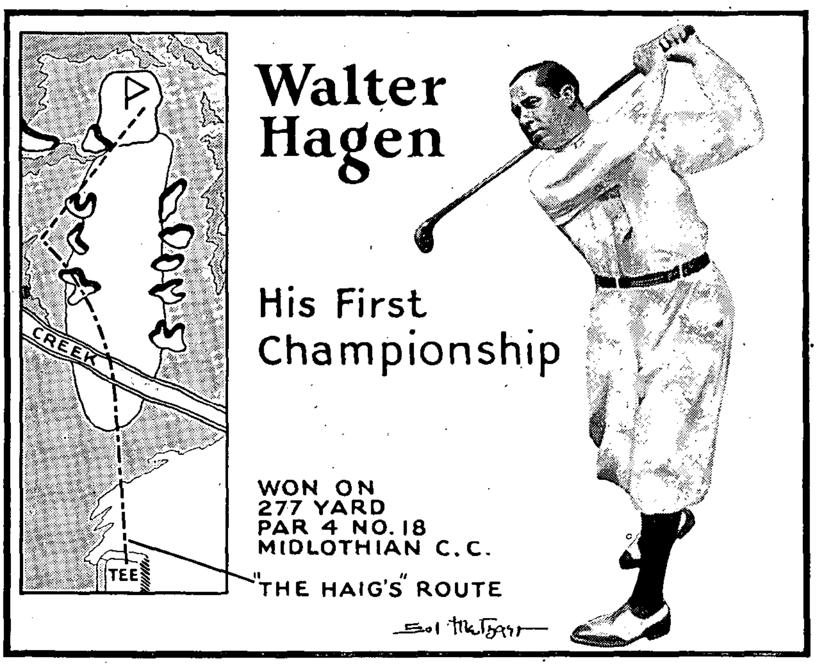
There's the Aquitania to port; we're coming up abreast to pass her. Only last night John McCormack stood on this very spot with me and said: "Captain, I'll sing a song for you at the ship's concert if you will overtake the Aquitania." Let's go to the telephone and call John. "John," I say when he answers, "look out your porthole and you'll see the Aquitania." He does so and when he comes back to the phone he tells me: "Thanks, Cap. Now if you'll land us at 7 A. M. instead of 7 P. M., I'll sing another song for you." "Hold on, John," I say, "I've never heard you sing—and one may be enough." "Go to hell!" he says and slams up the receiver. We turn away and—what's this?

An excited, red-faced gentleman, whose accent and bearing stamp him of the English upper class, confronts me: "Captain, I've been swindled. Robbed. My life is in danger." Heavens, this is so serious that we go into my cabin and shut the door. He tells his story. He was playing cards. . . . Ah, yes, I sigh to myself. Even though there are signs up all over the ship warning people not to play cards with strangers, they will do it. "I was playing what you Americans call poker—I've played it often with my friends in the Mannheim Club in Philadelphia—with this chap. He seemed quite all right. I lost seven thousand dollars which I paid in cash, in the first game. I was out seventeen thousand five hundred dollars in the second game, before I caught on I was being swindled, sir."

I send for the winner. The instant he enters I know he's a card sharp. These still infest the Atlantic liners, despite all efforts to stamp them out. Today's variety is slicker than the old ones I used to know. On the fast ships, they have to work fast. The old-timers could play with their victims, build them up. This one is particularly slick—nonchalant and smiling. "Has he been telling you the sad, sad story, Captain?"

The card sharp impudently sits on my sofa beside his victim and asks, "And did he tell you, Captain, that he opened the pot in the first hand at three thousand dollars?" I stare in amazement at the other, who sheepishly admits this is true: Humph, and I've been thinking him an innocent novice. I inform

(*Continued on page 53*)



Sir Walter, Showman

By Sol Metzger

WALTER HAGEN, ending a round on the eve of the 1924 British Open, pushed an approach to the right of a green. His ball lay behind a high bunker, beyond a rutted road. "The Haig," sizing up the shot at a glance, spanked a run-up dead to the pin.

Did he do that when a similar lie on this hole confronted him as he staged one of his famous finishes in the championship to win? Not by a card full of 7's. Instead, he specifically selected an iron, minutely studied the terrain, solemnly sighted the line from each end, as carefully chose another club to repeat this act. By now the crowd was on pins and needles, convinced he faced a most difficult shot. Whereupon Hagen ran the ball dead to the pin with a third iron. Deafening applause.

"The Haig" is the golf showman unparalleled. What's more, the crowds like it. Wise is this Barnum of golf to the value of imparting thrills.

Boyhood experiences made him a money-player. When he was a caddie at the Rochester Country Club, Andy Christie, its Scotch-bred pro, took him and others of promise in hand. The tests were pitches to a newspaper from all lies—the pot to the winner. The ante was two bits. Hagen usually did the collecting.

The year 1913 saw him at Brookline for his first National Open, arrayed in long trousers and plaid shirt, with a red bandanna draped cowboy style about his neck. Such adornment was swank then.

Six holes from home he had a chance to tie Ouimet, Vardon and Ray. But the strain was too much. He left Brookline enlightened as to human emotions under pressure, keener in methods, certain as to his future.

The following year found him at Midlothian for another National Open. Contrast this Hagen with today's—one friend from home there instead of the present cortège—one hotel room instead of the grand suite of today. Grand tuning-up rounds. Then, calamity! Illness the night before and a hurry call for a doctor.

His friend induced him to play the next day to cure his headache. Past noon, Ouimet, defending champion, posted an initial 69. Walter gained confidence—his card was 68. But down the home stretch no dark horse ever raced under greater strain. Chick Evans, local youth coming into high favor, was on his heels, making a brilliant bid to bridge the slender gap between them, each marvelous mashie shot a bedlam broadcast to the pace-setter. Upsetting, to say the least.

"The Haig" sorely needed a par 4 on the 277-yard No. 18 to shake off Chick. It meant a new Open record, too, of 290. Dismayed, he hooked into the deep rough. Here the boyhood experiences of playing them dead to a newspaper saved him. A picturesque Hagen recovery and the happy ending.

The never-to-be-forgotten anguish of Evans thundering at his heels that afternoon served Hagen well in the future. Thereafter his famous finishes were the death knell of many a pacemaker's hopes. Small wonder they dubbed him Sir Walter, what with his uncanny knowledge of human nature to abet his remarkable recoveries and putts.

There's a thrill in *every bite* of Milky Way

A THRILL? Indeed, it's a triple thrill—three wonderful taste thrills, each well worth exclaiming about, all blending into one. Here they are.

Thrill number one: a center so delicious that, just by itself, it would be hailed as a candy triumph. Flavor never even hinted at before, due to the unusual ingredients and the skill with which they are combined. Prominent among those ingredients are whites of finest, freshest eggs, malted milk, breakfast cocoa. Barely chewy, barely crumbly, tasting the way you might expect a malted milk to taste, if made into solid form.

Thrill number two: a layer of soft, golden caramel across the top of that center. Why *shouldn't* it taste good; it's practically one third real cows' cream! Its rich, flavory tang would make it, alone, an outstanding favorite anywhere.

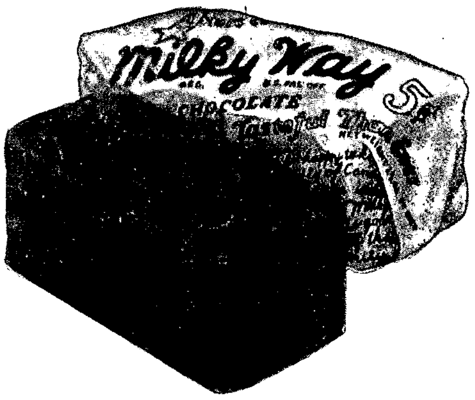
MARS, INCORPORATED

Thrill number three: that thick coating of marvelous milk chocolate, exceptionally good because of its extremely high quality and its unusually high content of real cows' milk. Again a masterpiece of the candy makers art . . . milk chocolate that in its own right would be justly famous.

When you bite through a Milky Way, when those three flavors blend into one . . . then you know you really have found *the supreme taste thrill of all.*

And Milky Way not only tastes good; it *is* good. Its great milk content, its purity and its ease of digestion have made it the ideal candy for children, while at the same time it has become the first choice of people of *all* ages. No other candy ever had such universal appeal. Do you know that thrill! Imagine how good one would taste *right now!*

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

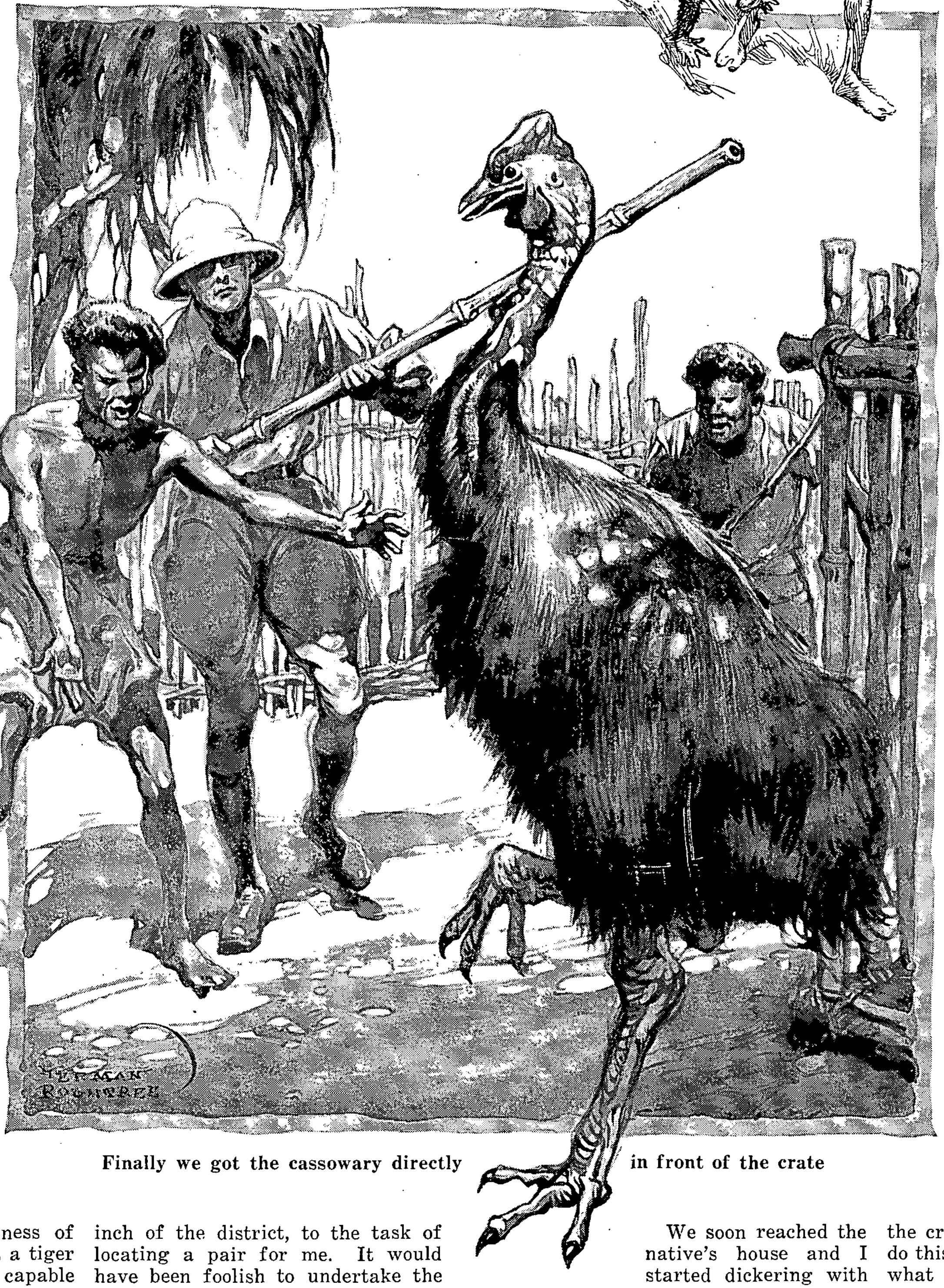


Jungle Business

You can get meal-tickets from the jungle—that is, you can if you are a native and know how. There's a lot of variety in this jungle business. For instance, Mr. Buck tells you about the cassowary's big toe, the yak's tail, orang-utans, snake skins and singing birds—just to give you an idea

By Frank Buck with Edward Anthony

Illustrated by Herman Rountree



Finally we got the cassowary directly in front of the crate

THE inhabitants of Asia have a variety of strange and fascinating ways of supporting life. During my many years devoted to rounding up wild creatures of all kinds and bringing 'em back alive for the American market I have had some unforgettable close-ups of the natives living interestingly off of many varieties of animals, reptiles and birds. And in taking in these pictures I have had some experiences that I will always consider high spots of my career as a collector.

One of the oddest Asiatic aids to this business of making both ends meet is the cassowary, a great ostrich-like bird that plays a big part in keeping alive the savages of the Papuan Islands. Its meat is used for food, as are also the enormous eggs, each of which is equal to about four dozen ordinary chicken eggs in food value. The bird's plumes are made into head, ankle and knee gear—which is a good part of any Papuan Islander's wardrobe; and its skin, after all traces of feathers have been scraped off, makes an excellent leather which the natives use to cover the wooden shields they use in combat. The long and powerful claw on the bird's middle toe—a sinister weapon, the cruel razor-sharpness of which makes it as dangerous as a tiger claw—is used as a spearhead capable of slaying man or beast.

Some years ago I was in Amboina, the central port for the Ceram group of the Papuan Islands. I had come up from the New Guinea coast where I had been snaring and trapping birds of paradise. This job finished, I was on the lookout for cassowaries. I had some of the single-wattled variety and some Bennett's (which have no wattles) but I had no specimens of the double-wattled type. I looked up a half-caste Malay-Papuan boy-of-all-jobs who confirmed my belief that this was the place to find the variety I was after.

I assigned this boy, who knew every inch of the district, to the task of locating a pair for me. It would have been foolish to undertake the job myself, for I had only a day at Amboina. My boat was scheduled to leave the following afternoon and if I missed it I would be stranded until the next boat came in, twenty-four days later.

The half-caste eagerly accepted the assignment. He was broke, as natives usually are, and the prospect of picking up a little money appealed to him. Within a few hours I had purchased a double-wattled female which he had located for me and, accompanied by him, was on the way to the outskirts of the village to call on a native who had a big male.

We soon reached the native's house and I started dickering with him for his cassowary, which was loose in a stockade in back of the house. It was a fine big bird, weighing about 200 pounds and plainly in excellent condition. The deal closed, we hastily threw together a bamboo crate suitable for shipping my purchase.

The next move was to drive the cassowary into the crate. The owner, unwilling to undertake this alone, asked us to help him.

Anyone who has ever tried to shoo a turkey in any given direction knows what a job we had. For the cassowary, combining orneriness and stupidity in a remarkable degree, possesses the same kind of unresponsiveness—only you must multiply it by ten or twenty.

We went round and round the stockade (a square enclosure measuring about forty feet on each side), the cassowary showing no intention of entering the crate. Every once in a while he would suddenly stop in his tracks and face us, ruffling up his plumes and bristling. At such moments I would wave at him the heavy bamboo pole—a left-over from the crate—which I had taken with me when I entered the stockade. This would have the effect of making the silly-looking bird swing around and start off again.

After about twenty minutes of jockeying we got the cassowary directly in front of the open crate. The boy, eager to get the job over with and collect his fee, foolishly tried to shove the bird through the opening. The big ostrich-like creature whirled around and struck straight out with one foot in the peculiar attacking style of his species, digging his murderous middle claw into the half-caste's side below the ribs and ripping downward.

A Dangerous Spot

Then, his feathers fairly quivering, the crazy creature prepared to rush at me. Yelling to the native to look after the moaning half-caste, who lay stretched out on the ground, I backed away, tightening my grip on the stout bamboo pole. My problem was to smack that bird in the right place. If I hit him on the head or the neck (that stick of bamboo was about two and one-half inches in diameter and capable of dealing a terrible blow) I'd have a dead specimen on my hands. There is only one place to hit a cassowary if you want to stun him without ruining him—and that is on the side, under the wing. If my aim wasn't good I had a fairly good chance of having one of those villainous claws dug into me.

These things flashed through my mind as I poised myself to meet the bird's rush. As he sailed in I dealt him a healthy wallop—in the right place. He went over in a heap. A few seconds later he scrambled to his feet, a much-chastened bird.

It was now an easy matter to work the bird toward the crate and drive him in. I couldn't do this fast enough, for I was sick over what had happened to that half-caste and I wanted to reach him with as little loss of time as possible.

I regret to report that there was little I could do for the poor devil except to pay for his funeral. He died before medical aid could reach him. The native of whom I had bought the cassowary agreed, after much urging, to look after the body. This was my saddest and most expensive experience in picking up a bird.

When the fad for snake-skin shoes, hand bags, etc., hit the United States and European countries it meant a new meal ticket for many natives of Asiatic

(Continued on page 29)

"Mobiloil hauds its ain!"

"Mobiloil hauds its ain!"—"Mobiloil holds its own!" That's the way the canny Scot expresses his enthusiasm for Mobiloil's ability to stand up. This enduring stamina of Mobiloil has made it the world's leading oil.

..in Scotland or St. Louis First . . second . . high . . Mobiloil stands up!

Drop into first! Mobiloil **stands up**. Slip into second! Mobiloil **stands up**. It grins at the hard punishment of hills. It laughs at the slow grind of traffic.

Slip into high! Step on the gas! Mobiloil **stands up**. It's made to give rich lubrication at high speeds. It's made to give sturdy protection to fast-flying moving parts.

This amazing ability to **stand up** has made Mobiloil the most popular quality oil in the world. Two hundred motorists ask for Mobiloil every *minute*, every day—year in and year out.

Mile after mile Mobiloil **stands up** in their engines, whatever the climate, whatever the country, whatever the road.

Step by step the famous Vacuum Process has toughened and tested that Mobiloil to fight heat and wear. The makers of Mobiloil do not rely on choice crude oils alone. The Vacuum Process builds the ability of Mobiloil to **stand up** through more than twenty separate steps. Mobiloil stamina is made, not found.

You can easily prove Mobiloil's rugged ability to **stand up**. Drive in where you see the Mobiloil sign and ask for the correct grade of Mobiloil for your car.

We invite you to listen to the Mobiloil Concert, broadcast each Wednesday evening at 8:30, Eastern Daylight Saving Time, from WEAF and 31 associated N.B.C. stations.

Ask here for
Mobiloil

Mobiloil stands up

because it is Made . . not Found

VACUUM OIL COMPANY

Good Times Knocking at the Door

Continued from page 11

coffee trees. Well, while Brazil was keeping coffee prices high to protect her own overproduction, certain wise individuals began planting coffee in Colombia. High coffee prices, artificially created by Brazil, made it worth while to do so. We were drinking six out of every ten cups of coffee consumed in the world. Today the coffee trees in Colombia are producing coffee which is becoming extremely popular in the United States. It can be sold cheaply, at a time when we need cheap coffee, though it has fallen less in price than the Brazilian.

As far as our relations with the Republic of Colombia are concerned, "happy days are here again." It's only a question of, ultimately, higher profits to make them very good times.

Colombia Bids for Prosperity

Even during this year our coffee-drinking has increased. Our exports to that republic will increase immediately, for late last spring a decree of the government put on the duty-free list all kinds of fertilizers, plows, plowshares and parts, harrows, rakes, mowers, fertilizer distributors, machinery and tractors. Colombia has gone so far as to decree that American or other banks lending money to Colombian banks need not pay income tax to the Colombian government on interest which they receive.

"There's nothing that makes Americans so pessimistic," one American exporter, recently returned from abroad, told me, "as to tell them that the United States is in the midst of a world-wide depression and that it is this that has pulled us down. We're in a depression, but whose depression is it?

"When I landed in New York the other day I found that most people seemed to think that no prosperity could possibly come to the United States until all the rest of the nations were set right. That's all balderdash. There are plenty of places in the world that will bounce back like rubber balls as soon as we start upward.

"And that's why I think the return of good times will not be a slow drag but will come in a hurry."

Another important point, known to men who deal in foreign trade, is that good times are likely to appear in new places in new commodities, even at a time when the old spots, deserted by prosperity, are still complaining of hard days.

Some of us are looking in the wrong corner of the skies for our star of hope.

We have become accustomed, for example, to growing one fifth of the world's wheat and exporting perhaps one tenth of it. Well, that was natural. We had the room for wheat raising.

It was natural that we should increasingly expect the world to take our wheat. But times and methods have changed. Other nations are raising wheat with our machinery.

"You Americans might as well face the truth about wheat," a world-famous Canadian wheat man said. "I don't think you'll ever see one-dollar wheat again, unless war or a catastrophe occurs. Why should you? Or why should Canada or anybody else? Plain cold figures show that it costs, under right conditions, a little over thirty cents to raise a bushel of wheat. Why should anyone expect a two hundred per cent jump in selling price, above cost, for the producer of any commodity whether it's iron, cotton, steel, copper, wheat or what not?"

Wait for "good times" in wheat, measured on the old bonanza basis, and the undertaker will find you in a waiting posture. And yet plenty of pessimism and "hard times" talk is coming today from corners of the business world, both here and abroad, where men have no right to expect a return to old conditions and will vainly wait many a long moon to see "good old times" come back.

There's no denying that in the tenth of our production which we sell to outside countries lies the profit of American business—the "velvet."

Get several thousand foreign-trade merchants together, as in this spring's convention in New York, and you soon discover that, in foreign trade, where men can't understand each other's language with the accompanying "hooey" as well as they can each other's figures, which tell the truth, and the picture of business is not so dire. Foreign business has not smashed, by any means. For example: The United States foreign trade is still on the right side of the ledger.

Goods which the world bought from us during the first three months of this year exceeded in value by $142,000,000 the goods which we bought from them.

However, that three-months-trade balance of $142,000,000 in our favor is just as large as the corresponding trade balances of the first quarters of 1927 and 1928. Our profit has had the high-prosperity juice of 1929-30 squeezed out of it, but only three years ago we thought it a fat plum; the fattest we had ever seen.

New Hope for Business

Some of this trade balance came from new businesses; that's true. But it is a sign that "good times" were knocking at our door, even if these sources of business were new. Look at this: Wheat export fell tremendously, as we know. Its value for the first quarter in 1931 was only two and a quarter million dollars. But apples! We broke all records with them. The world took almost seven million boxes of apples from us. They were worth almost twelve millions.

And oranges—we shipped more of them abroad during the first quarter of this year than we did in the same prosperity period of 1930 or even the ultra-high prosperity first quarter of 1929.

Thomas L. Chadbourne, just after he returned from Europe, where sugar-growing nations entered into an international sugar pact, fixing quantities of sugar to be produced by each nation, said:

"The most encouraging thing about the present situation is the increasing realization of this need for attacking economic ills in a world-embracing manner Everywhere leading business men are beginning to think in terms of international treatment for world business ills."

Controlling the Sugar Market

This sugar pact between nations helps each nation to know just what it can expect in the way of national income and of employment for its citizens from its sugar industry.

The pact shows that all the nations, engaged in any one industry, may partition that industry among themselves, within the bounds of sound business principles, and thus introduce certainty and security, law and order, into the international commercial world.

There has never before been such a scurrying about the world, over borders and across oceans, between business men, as there is today, on behalf of international economic coöperation.

RALPH FULLER

She—"I finally got the point of that story you told me an hour ago!"

A political United States of the World? Well, maybe, a thousand years from now. But international economic coöperatives, with each nation knowing exactly what part it is to play in helping to supply the world's needs of commodities, are already at our doors. This applies especially to what we look upon as split-up Europe. The industrial cartels of Europe are an extreme illustration of international economic coöperation.

There were international business cartels there before the war, says Mr. Chadbourne. Most of them have survived even the war, though a few have gone down. And twenty or more have been created there since the war and have "continued with uniform degree of success."

The high hope of the business world of today lies in these understandings or arrangements between nations. Plenty of Europeans look upon us as the chief lone-wolf industrial nation of the earth. At times we may deserve this description, though we are often misunderstood because of our extreme business earnestness and vigor.

Some years ago, in a large city in South America, a plumbing salesman got tired of not selling as many bathtubs and fittings as he thought he might. He vowed, with clenched fists and teeth, that his tubs would go into a large hotel that was being erected in his territory. The architect was a European. No use to talk to him, for he would naturally wish to use European tubs and fittings. Wherefore, the American went to the man who was putting up the money for the building.

"Señor," said the American, "will you put American bathtubs into your new building if it is proved to you that they are stronger and will last longer than these European tubs?"

"Yes."

A few weeks later the American invited the South American to a demonstration. It had been necessary for the salesmen to get a special permit from the police for this occasion.

From a third-story window of an office building he dropped to a specially prepared concrete pavement a European bathtub. It broke into many pieces. He dropped several other European articles. Then, from the window-sill, he pushed a large American bathtub. It cracked through in one place, but held together. And he got the contract—work for several hundred men for several weeks. But the final result was that European bathtubs sold thereafter in that district were of a far better quality than before.

One American firm, determined to sell its drugs in South America, asked the American government representatives there for the names of all South American physicians who had graduated from American colleges and universities. A list of such physicians was prepared and the young doctors were delighted to have the American drugs sent to their towns so that they might prescribe them.

Everybody Profits

For a little while salesmen from European drug manufacturers claimed that the Americans had stolen a march on them through American legations and consuls. But, before long, they, too, had secured lists of South American physicians graduated from European schools, and now South Americans are using the best of American and European drugs.

The best man or the best country wins in foreign trade as in domestic commerce. But world tariff alliances, such as are being planned by Aristide Briand in his "United States of Europe" or by the government of Chile, which is now proposing trade understandings, including tariff arrangements between all South American republics, serve to take the anarchy out of international business and give it rules that can be safely followed by nations in trade.

We always get some new and good ideas out of hard times—our postal savings banks, improved banking regulations, our Federal Reserve Bank, the idea that workers are also consumers and, as such, must not be crippled by wage reductions.

Perhaps the best and biggest benefit we'll receive from this present experience is that nations must work together not only governmentally, as in the plan for a one-year holiday for international debts, but also economically, in producing and parceling out the world's necessities.

The old idea in every country has been, "Oh, well, we'll raise or produce as much as we possibly can and if we have any left over we'll sell it to some other country."

It just happens this time that the other country, including most emphatically ourselves, stopped buying for one reason or another.

We're coming to the end of blind production, in the race of individual nations to corner the world's business for themselves. Maverick nations are out.

It will be something new in the world —law, order and certainty instead of world-wide business anarchy.

Tee off with golf balls your tooth paste pays for

Intelligent people, recognizing the remarkable cleansing powers of Listerine Tooth Paste at 25¢, buy it instead of dentifrices in the 50¢ class. The average saving is $3 a year. Spend it as you please. Golf balls are merely a suggestion.

The makers of Listerine Tooth Paste recommend
Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brushes

See teeth whiten!

Feel your mouth grow healthier!

EVEN those whose teeth are hard to whiten comment on how swiftly and gently Listerine Tooth Paste makes teeth gleam. This action is due to a new type of polishing agent.

Regular users assert that this dentifrice definitely improves mouth hygiene. With regular brushing, the gums grow firmer. The entire mouth seems fresher, exhilarated, and healthy.

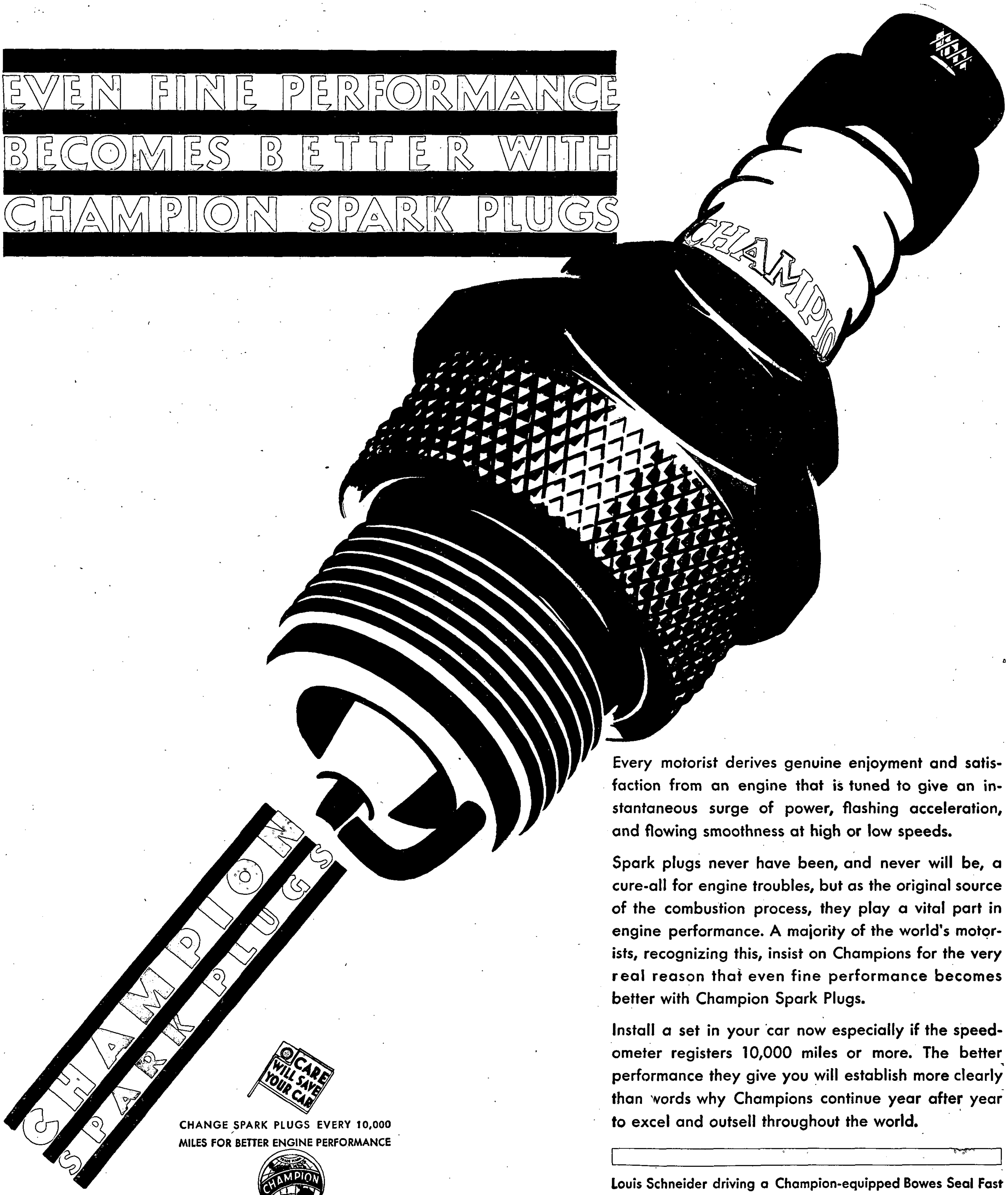
Buy a tube of Listerine Tooth Paste today and give it a thorough trial. Compare it with any paste at any price—and judge by results alone. After such tests, more than a million people have switched to Listerine Tooth Paste. We can think of no greater tribute.

Incidentally, Listerine Tooth Paste saves you about $3 per year over dentifrices in the 50¢ class. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

25¢
LISTERINE
TOOTH PASTE
LAMBERT
PHARMACAL COMPANY

LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE

EVEN FINE PERFORMANCE BECOMES BETTER WITH CHAMPION SPARK PLUGS



Every motorist derives genuine enjoyment and satisfaction from an engine that is tuned to give an instantaneous surge of power, flashing acceleration, and flowing smoothness at high or low speeds.

Spark plugs never have been, and never will be, a cure-all for engine troubles, but as the original source of the combustion process, they play a vital part in engine performance. A majority of the world's motorists, recognizing this, insist on Champions for the very real reason that even fine performance becomes better with Champion Spark Plugs.

Install a set in your car now especially if the speedometer registers 10,000 miles or more. The better performance they give you will establish more clearly than words why Champions continue year after year to excel and outsell throughout the world.

Louis Schneider driving a Champion-equipped Bowes Seal Fast Special, won the 500-mile Indianapolis Race on Memorial Day at an average of 96.629 miles per hour. The first 10 cars to finish were Champion-equipped. This is the eighth consecutive year this great race has been won with Champion Spark Plugs.

CHANGE SPARK PLUGS EVERY 10,000 MILES FOR BETTER ENGINE PERFORMANCE

CHAMPION

The New and Improved Champion Spark Plugs have a definitely increased range of spark plug efficiency and they make every engine a better performing engine. Better in power and flexibility. Better in starting, idling, and at top speed. Install a set in your car now.

CHAMPION SPARK PLUG COMPANY, TOLEDO, OHIO; WINDSOR, ONTARIO

Jungle Business

Continued from page 24

countries, particularly those dwelling in that tremendous stretch of marshy lowlands, with an area of several hundred square miles, that spreads out like a huge mud pie on the east coast of Borneo, south of Sandakan. Here one finds by the thousands the variety of non-poisonous fresh-water snake whose brownish dotted skin has been converted into so many novelties and so many ladies' shoes and bags. Whole native villages turned out, when the craze first started, to find the gold in them thar marshes. Some made their captures with nets made of jungle fibers, others used forked sticks, while the more primitive Borneans, disdaining finesse, merely banged Mr. Snake-skin-Bag-to-Be over the head with a club.

A Depression in Snakes

Beginning about six years ago, the natives found the snake business a most profitable source of revenue. Overproduction, which can even find its way to the marshy wastes of Borneo, dealt the snake-skin business a kick in the shins about two years ago, and, while this product of the swamps still gives the villagers an income, it is as nothing compared with the good old days.

When I was in that part of the world a few years ago I was offered a bale of 20,000 snake skins at twenty cents apiece by a Dutch trader who had begun to suffer from the prevailing overproduction. When I declined, explaining that I was interested only in live snakes, he was puzzled. Why should anyone want a live snake?

The trader, in an effort to make a customer of me, bought me a drink and beguiled me with stories of local snake-catching. His favorite tale—and one that has become a legend in the district—has to do with a boy and girl who at the height of the snake-skin boom were out gathering snakes in the marshes. Those were the days when children worked side by side with adults to help supply the sudden demand for this strange commodity.

The youthful pair—the boy was fourteen and the girl twelve—were sloshing through the swamps, in quest of better picking, when they came to deeper water. As they reached a point where it was necessary to wade knee deep, the boy slung his bag of snakes across his shoulder and gave his sister his hand so that she might step from rock to rock in the water.

As they moved along in this fashion, a crocodile suddenly appeared and, with one of those powerful blows capable of felling a 350-pound tapir, struck the little girl viciously with its tail, sending her spinning into the water. A few seconds later, with the child in its jaws, the reptile was heading for deep water.

The boy threw away his bag of snakes and went in pursuit. Quickly reaching the point where the crocodile was dragging his sister down into eight feet of water, he dove downward head first, while the agonized natives who were gathering snakes near by shrieked warnings and begged him not to attempt his sister's rescue, for that would only mean two deaths instead of one.

Somehow the boy managed to land on the monster's back and not many seconds afterwards the natives were astounded by the sight of the reptile rising to the surface with the boy's legs securely locked around its body and his thumbs gouging out its eyes. The crocodile, blinded, relaxed its jaws and let the little girl go. The boy dragged her out of the water and got her back to the compound. Though badly maimed, she survived.

The little boy became a hero, according to the trader, and, now a youth of about eighteen, was still the idol of the natives.

The orang-utan is one of the greatest aids to solvency to the natives along the north and west coasts of Borneo and up in the river settlements in the interior. There is always a trader who is willing to pay a good price for one.

When the orangs make their periodic raids on the durian and jackfruit trees that are invariable features of any settlement in those parts, the natives watch carefully for a mother and child of the species. The mother, in such a situation, is the victim of a blowgun or a spear, and the youngster is captured. If it is a babe it is placed under the care of one of the nursing mothers of the village. It is not an unusual sight in these primitive districts to see a mother nursing her own child at one breast and an infant orang at the other.

Orangs raised in a compound from babyhood are very tame and bring a good price. They grow up with the children of the village, who enjoy the zestful participation of these animals in their games.

Some years ago I turned up at a Dyak village in quest of a tame orang suitable for stage work in the vaudeville theaters. I had been tipped off about a fine tame specimen that had been raised from infancy with one of the native families. I located the Dyak who owned this animal and soon learned that I had not been misinformed. It was a fine, healthy young animal, about four or five years old, measuring in height about twenty-four inches in a sitting position.

During my negotiations for this orang with its Dyak owner, I stood where I could see the animal playing a game (a sort of Asiatic "tag") with a number of small children. The effect on the children was instantaneous when the Dyak father broke up the game by taking hold of the playful animal and placing it in an old shipping box which we had converted into a cage by adding a barred front.

The children knew something was wrong, although it took them a few minutes to grasp the full significance of what was taking place. When they realized that their little playmate was about to be taken from them they set up a great wailing.

Healing Broken Hearts

I wanted this orang but I had no desire to break up a happy home; so I asked the Dyak if he was quite sure he wanted to sell. He was amazed at what I said, obviously considering me silly for paying any attention to the children. He went on to remind me that we had closed the deal and that he didn't think it fair of me to back out now. Relieved, I paid for the animal and prepared to leave with it, aided by two natives.

Again the children crowded round; their father, now he had his money, had lost interest in me and gone about his business. I distributed new pennies, bright-colored beads and jackknives among them, with miraculous results. At once they were joyful, gleefully showing each other their presents. In fact, they forgot their orang-utan pal completely, dashing off to show another group of children their treasures.

(Continued on page 32)

M.A.ROSSER
RAILROAD TRAVEL
D.H.

A railroad ticket, please!

Where to?

Oh, anywhere!

IMAGINE buying a railroad ticket without saying where you want to go.

But that's just like ordering your car repainted without specifying what you want it finished with.

The probability is, you want Duco. Most people do. It's the finish used by most automobile manufacturers on millions of new cars, for its beauty, its wide range of colors, its lasting durability.

When time and wear and tear have dulled the appearance of your car, it's natural that you should want it refinished or touched up with Duco—perhaps in the same colors you've had—possibly in an entirely new combination of Duco shades.

But you want Duco—the genuine Duco—made only by du Pont. So be sure to ask for Duco. Don't say merely, "I want my car repainted."

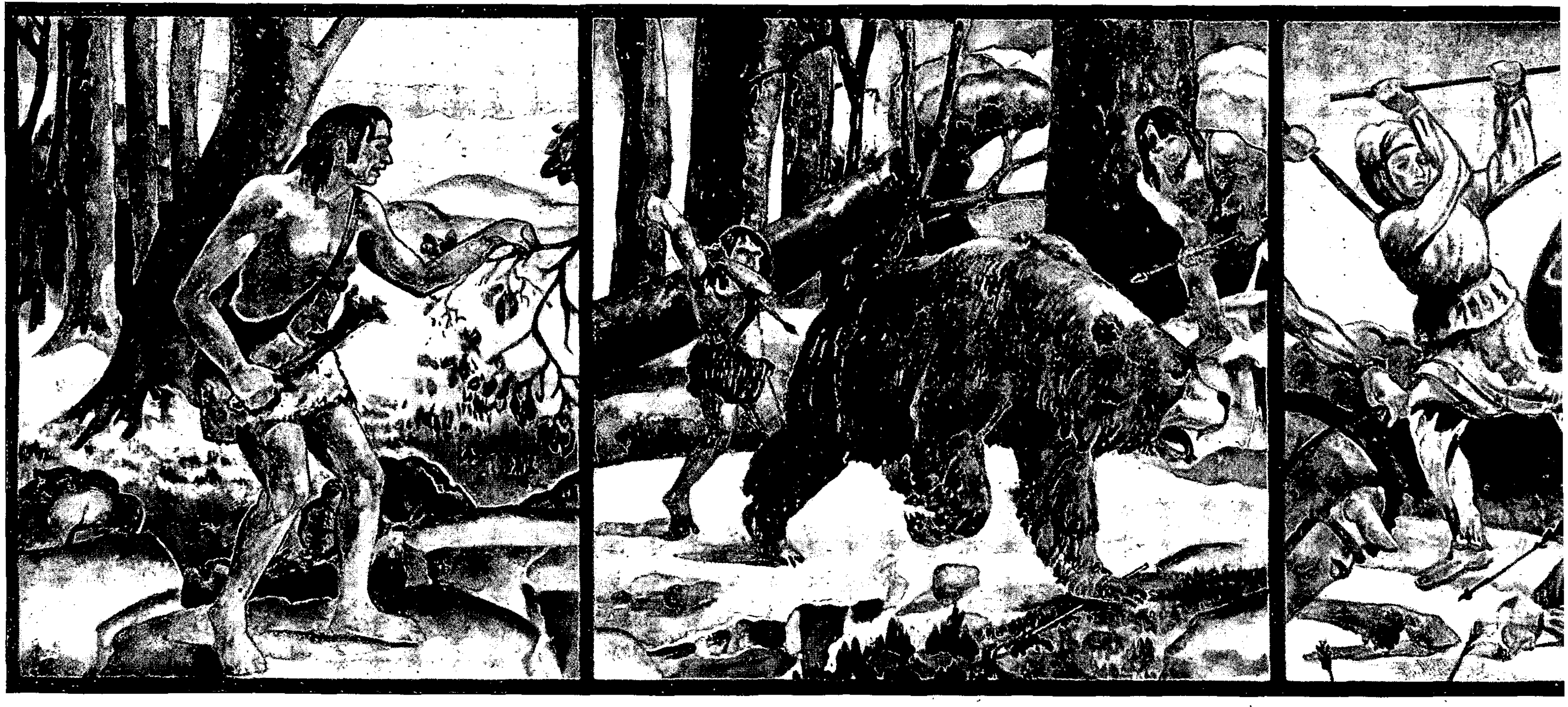
At the shop where you see the authorized Duco sign you may be sure of a genuine Duco job.

E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Co., Inc., General Motors Building, Detroit, Michigan. Canadian Industries Limited, Flint Paint and Varnish Division, Toronto, Canada.

DU PONT DUCO AUTHORIZED AUTO RE-FINISHING STATION

DUCO

MADE ONLY BY DU PONT



The Long, Long Road

The long, long struggle for personal power that ends with us at the wheel of our automobile.

"I've bought me a car," we say, quite casually. "I've bought me an automobile." And it never seems to enter our minds that at last we have acquired the substance of all the longing of all mankind since this first poor, shivering wretch hopped about in the tall grass, shuddering at shadows, so very long ago.

"I've bought me an automobile."

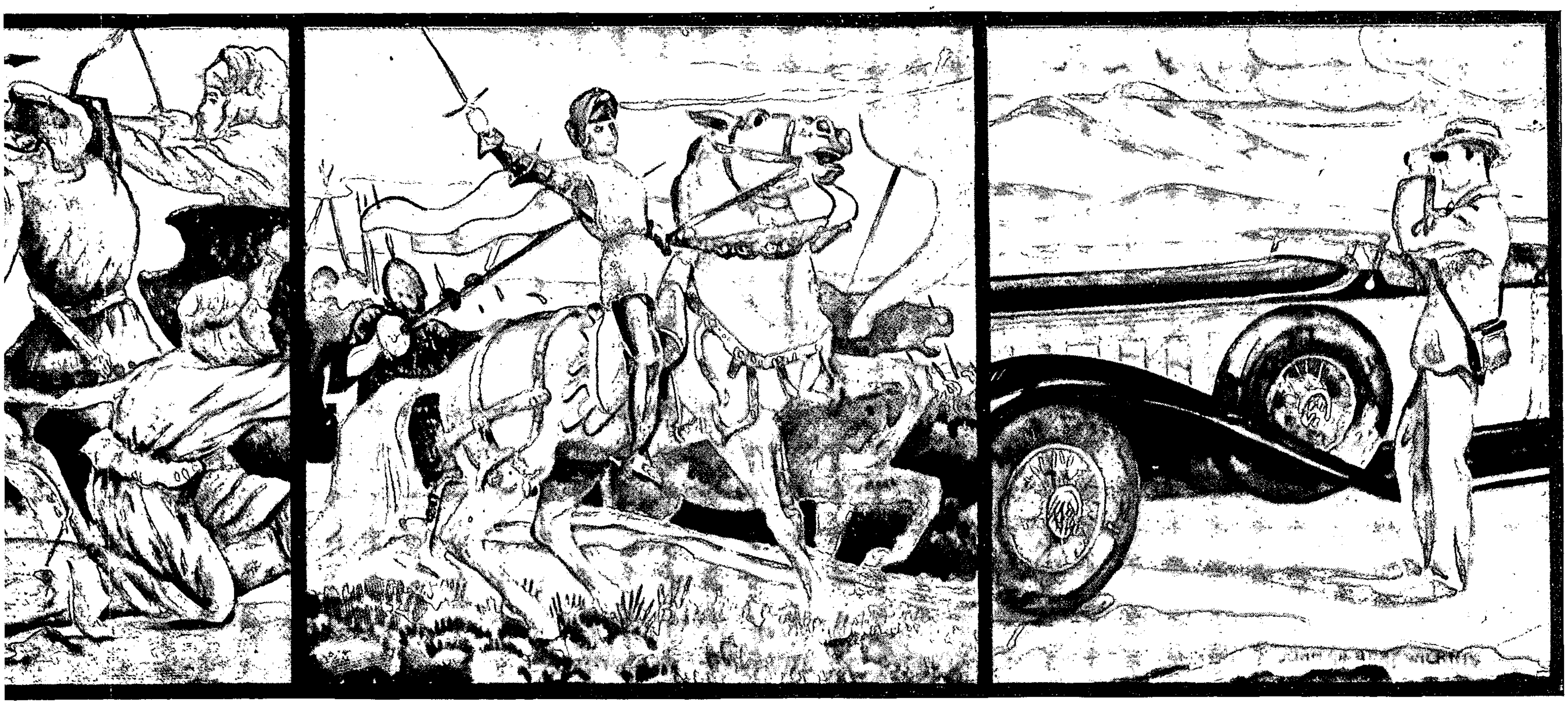
And what we are saying is, "I have acquired the highest form of personal power that has thus far been known to man."

* * * * *

Throughout the greater part of this long, long past you in your automobile might have ruled the world.

If you had been in early Persia, you might have led the vast army that invaded Greece, and there probably would have been no battle of Thermopylae. The Spartans would have fallen down before you in awe and fear.

If you had driven up to the Palatine Hill in almost any period of the



From Him—To You

Roman Empire, you probably would have been made Emperor of Rome.

If you had come in the later ages, the very kings bumping about in state in their gilded coaches would have envied you your speed and your deep-seated luxury.

You in your automobile have a personal power within yourself greater than any of these rulers of men ever dreamed of throughout the long, long past.

We must have sensed this thing from the start. We must have known that this was the thing the world had been striving for through all the centuries. Nothing else could account for the production of over forty million automobiles in a little over thirty years.

"I've bought me an automobile," we say in our colloquial way. Millions of other people have said the same. And what we are really saying is, "I have acquired the highest sense of personal power that has thus far been known to man. And in my automobile my age-old desire for personal power has been satisfied."

GENERAL MOTORS

CHEVROLET ▴ PONTIAC ▴ OLDSMOBILE ▴ OAKLAND ▴ BUICK ▴ LA SALLE ▴ CADILLAC ▴ BODIES BY FISHER

FREE Enough Hires Extract to make 8 BOTTLES of delicious HIRES ROOT BEER. Just mail the coupon below.

For growing children Doctors Praise

Hires Root Beer

THE increasing popularity of Hires Root Beer is Nation-wide. In hundreds of schools, teachers are urging children to drink Hires Root Beer and to avoid questionable beverages. Doctors, too, recommend Hires Root Beer as healthful and safe.

Careful mothers everywhere are urging their children to drink Hires Root Beer because it is delicious *plus* invigorating *plus* nourishing . . . and absolutely pure—free from artificial color and flavor.

Now, to win added friends, we offer a free trial bottle of Hires Extract—sufficient to make 8 pint bottles of Hires Root Beer.

If the trial delights you and your family, then for 30c at all dealers you can buy a full-size bottle of Hires Extract—it makes 40 bottles of Hires Root Beer, costing about 1½c per bottle, compared to what you usually pay.

Millions of families all over the Nation are enjoying this famous, thirst-quenching beverage, containing the juices of 16 roots, barks, berries and herbs—Nature's invigorating and appetizing ingredients.

Mail the coupon at once for free trial bottle of Hires Extract—or order a full size 30c bottle from your dealer. (35c in Canada.)

At Fountains and from Hires Kegs, you can get Hires Root Beer by the glass. Also it comes already bottled.

THIS BOTTLE OF EXTRACT MAKES 40 PINT BOTTLES OF
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
DELICIOUS
Hires
ROOT BEER
HEALTHFUL
(HOUSEHOLD FORMULA)
ROOT Hires BEER
Household Formula

THE CHARLES E. HIRES COMPANY,
Dept. M, Philadelphia, Pa. [3-7-25]
Please send me free sample of Hires Root Beer Extract.

Name..................................

Address..................................

City....................State..........

PLEASE PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS

Canadians may mail coupon to
The Charles E. Hires Co., Ltd., Toronto

Jungle Business

Continued from page 29

Then there are the hillmen of the United Provinces, northern Assam, and Sikkim, who make a living by providing the world with its best song birds—the shama thrush (finest of all songsters), the racquet-tailed dorango (greatest of all mimics, beside which our American mocking bird is a mere novice at imitating other birds), the golden-fronted green bulbul, the red-sided hill-tit, the white-headed laughing thrush, the blue whistling thrush and other accomplished whistlers and singers. I have dealt for years with these people, whose business is comparable to that of the Germans of the Harz Mountains who supply the world with so big a percentage of its fine canaries.

On account of the nature of my business, whenever I speak of a thrill my friends at once visualize a hand-to-hand encounter with a ferocious animal. Let me go on record, then, as saying that I know of no greater thrill than coming down the mountains through the gorgeous tea gardens of the Himalayan foothills—on the way to the junction where one connects for Calcutta—with a caravan of a thousand birds, many of them whistling and singing. The picture of the boys bearing on their carrying poles this lovely cargo—a sort of feathered pipe organ that fills the air with music—is an unforgettable one.

A Picturesque People

Another picturesque means of gaining a livelihood is that of the tribes that live in the section of the Himalayas where India and Tibet meet. Once a year these mountaineers come down to Calcutta with the most beautiful pheasants known to men—the Impeyan, the tragopan, the blood pheasant and other dazzling varieties that zoos and fanciers everywhere are anxious to secure.

A picturesque lot, the Tibetans. Enormous, wild-looking men, with long, matted hair. Dressed in their long, felt robes (made of hammered wool) they look strangely out of place. Even the phlegmatic Hindus follow them around and gaze at them in awe, wondering, perhaps, how much damage these giants could do with the big knives they carry.

There is one group of these strange people that always try to locate me when they arrive in Calcutta with their annual harvest of pheasants. Failing to find me, they try to reach Lal, my No. One Hindu boy.

Early one fall this particular crew descended upon the town with one of the most wonderful assortments ever seen anywhere. I was off in the interior at the time, having left Lal in charge of a collection of animals, birds and reptiles I had assembled for shipment to the United States. Needing a few more small animals, I had gone off to get them, announcing that I would try to be back in a week or ten days.

They Get What They Want

The Tibetans, deciding that the information Lal gave them about my return was too indefinite, sold their birds to a local Hindu trader. Later in the day they made up their minds that they had been cheated. Whereupon they advanced in a body on the dealer and, throwing on the ground before him the money he had paid them, collected their cages one by one and walked off with the whole lot without saying a word. Not a blow was struck, not a knife drawn. Those huge mountaineers command respect.

Then they sought out Lal again and announced they had decided to await my return. They stored their birds in an abandoned house on the outskirts of the city, putting two members of their party in charge. The others went back to Calcutta and waited for me in front of the Grand Hotel until my return, over a week later, sleeping right there on the sidewalks.

No more curious aid to a living is to be found on the whole Asiatic continent than that of the Bhutanese and "high-country" Tibetans who dwell in the highest habitable reaches of the Himalayas. Most of their problems are solved by the yak, which in great herds roams the plateaus of these mountain fastnesses—and it practically keeps these people alive.

This queer, hairy bovine serves as their beast of burden, it provides them with their meat, its skin becomes their leather, its hair is used to make the cloth of which their garments are fashioned, and its great fluffy tail—exported on a big scale—provides them with considerable revenue.

The yak tail is used principally to make fly-swishers. Flies have a habit of congregating in great numbers wherever food is served in India, a contingency which is met in the upper reaches of Hindu society with a yak-tail fly-swisher. It is not an unusual sight in India to see a Hindu aristocrat serenely eating his curry while a boy stands behind him discouraging ambitious flies with a gentle swish of a pink, green, blue or purple yak tail—a dyed version of the original.

Inevitably this discussion of yak tails reminds me of something that took place in the lounge of the Grand Hotel in Calcutta some years ago. I had been cornered by a chap who was in an advanced state of tipsiness. Having learned that I had just come in from Nepal with a pair of rhinos, he proceeded to tell me that he wished people would stop collecting such ugly brutes. How could anyone look at a rhino without shuddering? Why didn't I devote myself to catching something worth looking at, like a green yak? He went on to tell me that this was the most beautiful animal in the world. It had a lovely green tail and green skin and eyes to match. If I didn't believe him he'd be glad to show me the tail of one of these handsome emerald creatures that he had himself shot up in the mountains.

I assured him that I needed no proofs—that if he said there was a green yak there was a green yak; I was willing to take his word for it.

"Don't cont'adict me!" he cried. "I can prove it!"

"I'm sure you can!" I agreed.

"I can't, eh?" he continued. "Just wait and see!"

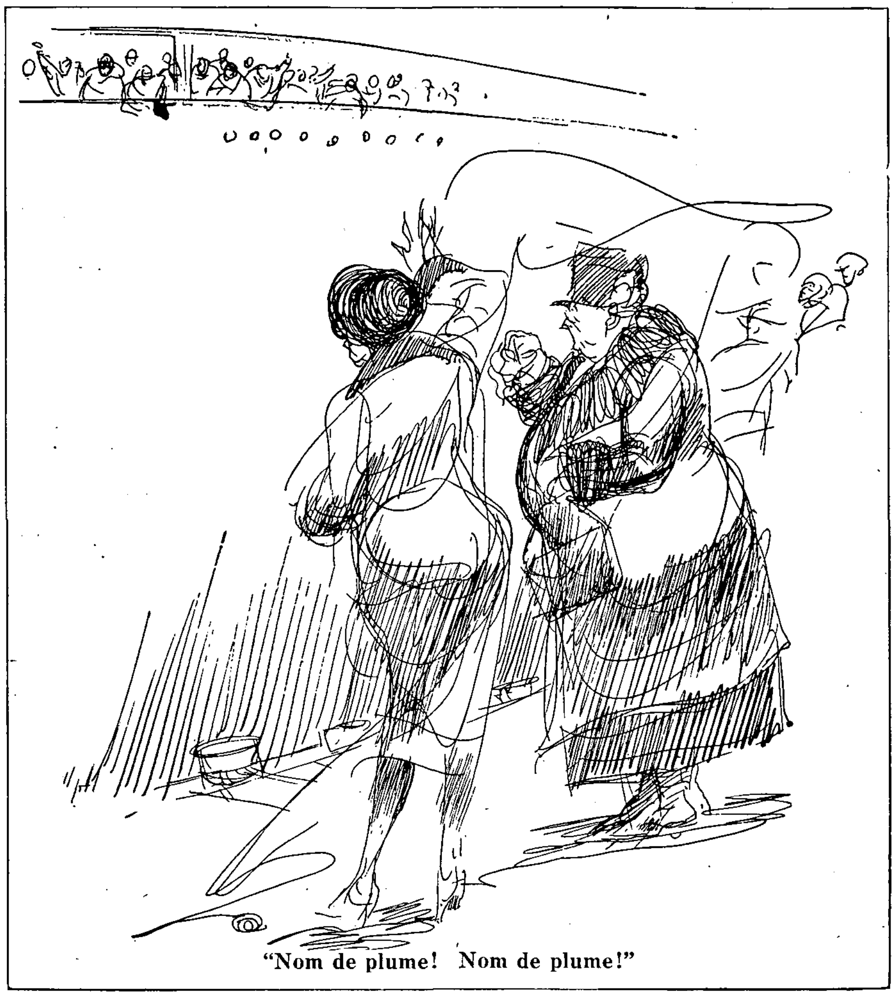
Irrefutable Evidence

My unsteady acquaintance walked off and I thought this would be the end of the discussion. My guess was wrong. He returned shortly afterwards with a green yak-tail swisher he had bought at the Bow Bazaar.

"When I say there's a green yak," he yelled, tossing the swisher at my feet, "I don't want any arguments, see?" With which he tottered off.

The subject of dyeing reminds me of one means of living off jungle produce practiced by certain natives that is not quite as honest as the others I've mentioned. This is what might be called the spice-finch racket, which at times is a fairly profitable game in Calcutta and other cities of India.

The spice finch is a plain little brown bird about the size of our American sparrow. Enterprising natives dye them all colors of the rainbow and sell them to gullible tourists as rare specimens.



"Nom de plume! Nom de plume!"

THE FAVORITE OF THE FOUNTAINEERS..

WHAT'S the malted milk America loves best? . . . What's the malted milk that nutrition experts recommend? . . . They're one and the same . . . *Borden's!*

When America sits up at the fountain and orders a malted milk for sheer pleasure, it's Borden's! 136,000,000 times a year! That's more often than any other two malted milks put together! America loves that creamy-rich Borden flavor!

Richer in Health Benefits, Tests Show

And when diet experts put malted milks to the test for health benefits, there again, Borden's scores. Recent tests in one of the most famous university laboratories in the land show that Borden's is superior in Vitamins A, B, and G! Considered as a vitamin source alone, Borden's is a food among foods!

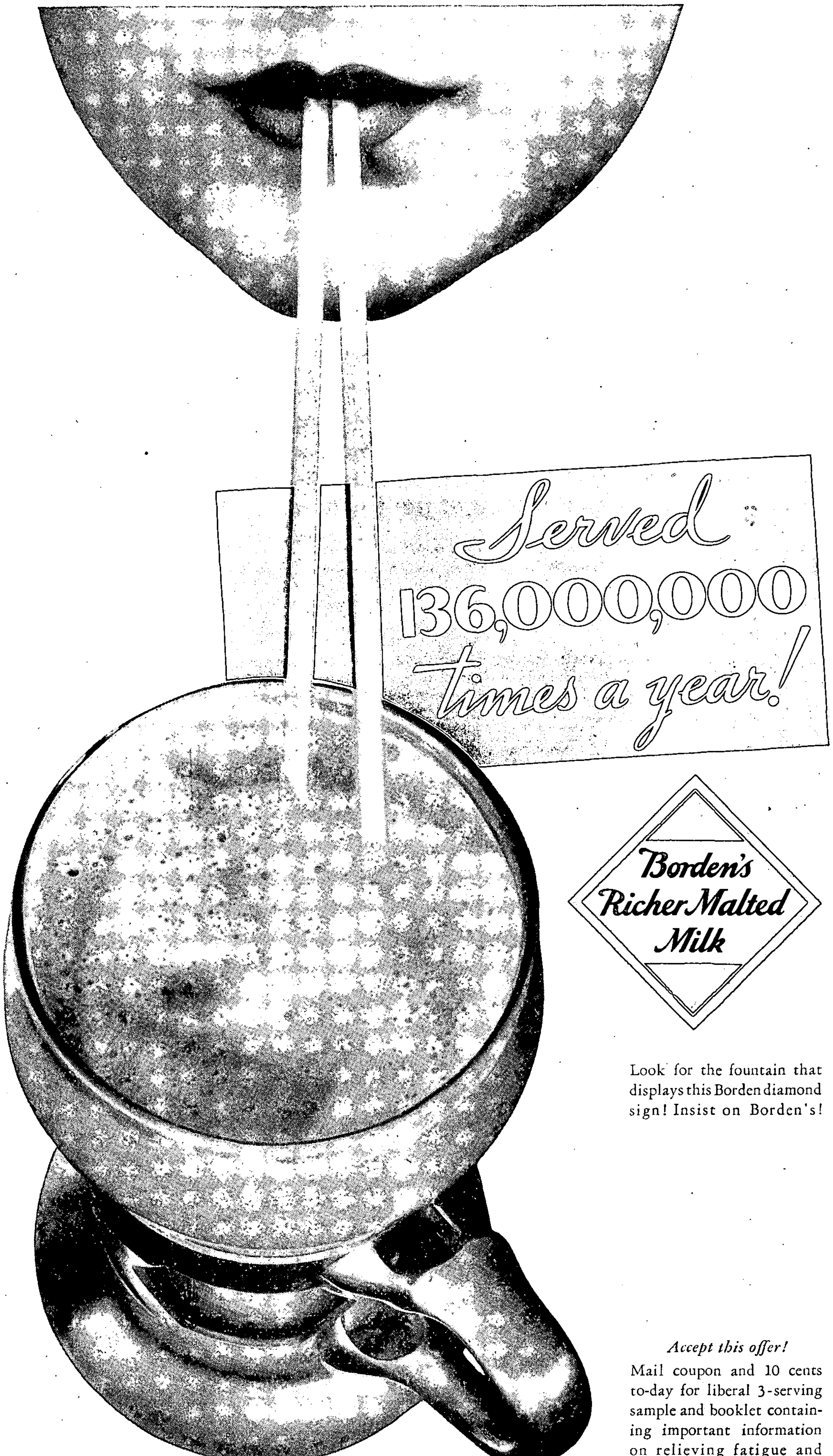
But vitamins aren't all! Analyses show that Borden's is rich in phosphorus and calcium, necessary to sound teeth and bones. And this marvelous health drink is rich, too, in proteins and energy elements—all in a form so remarkably easy to digest, that not even plain milk can quite compare!

For flavor *or* for health, Borden's is better!

Insist on Borden's for home use, too

When you buy malted milk for your home, make sure you get Borden's. It's better for undernourished children. It's better for invalids, nursing mothers, elderly people. It's better as a "pick-up," when you're dog-tired. It's better for a "nightcap," to send you off to sleep. It pays to buy Borden's!

Borden's
Richer Malted Milk

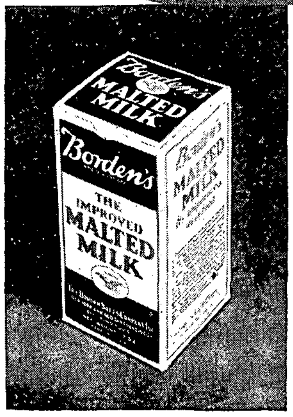


Borden's
Richer Malted
Milk

Look for the fountain that displays this Borden diamond sign! Insist on Borden's!

Accept this offer!

Mail coupon and 10 cents to-day for liberal 3-serving sample and booklet containing important information on relieving fatigue and building health.



Take home this package—accept no substitute. Get the malted milk with the most health in it. That's Borden's.

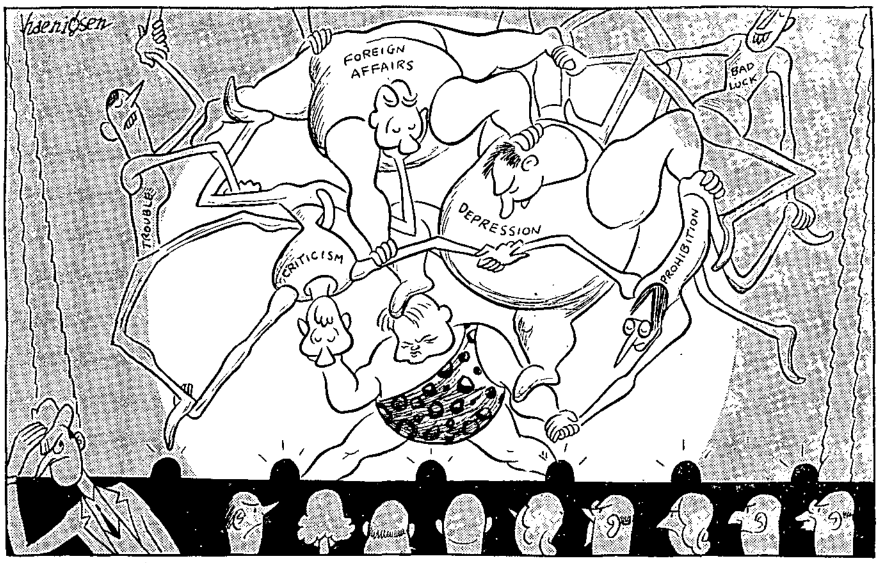
THE BORDEN COMPANY, Dept. C-5
350 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Enclosed is 10c (stamps or coin) for which please send me 3-serving sample of Borden's Malted Milk and booklet on building health.

*Name*________________________________

*Address*______________________________

*City*____________________ *State*__________



White House Work

By the Gentleman at the Keyhole

ONE must set down the recent municipal election in Baltimore as a sign of the times politically. The Maryland city is normally Democratic by ten or fifteen thousand. The mayor whose term was just ending was a Republican. The Democratic candidate for mayor in the election just held was a former mayor who in his time in office had mildly scandalized the city. He had no particular strength.

The Republican candidate was nobody in particular. Yet the Democrat carried the city by a 65,000 majority, a margin unprecedented in the history of Baltimore. Taken along with last November's returns, the result in Baltimore indicates grave popular discontent. It must be taken as a forerunner of 1932.

One can't help feeling a little sorry for President Hoover. So far as the will to do well by the country is concerned he hardly deserves the fate toward which the Baltimore election and many others point. No one ever tried harder than Mr. Hoover has. He is the busiest man that has ever been in the White House.

Calvin Coolidge used to find time to lie down and take a nap every afternoon. But naps are entirely out of the question with Mr. Hoover. President Wilson, in what was certainly a strenuous period in American history, found time to play golf. Mr. Hoover never does.

No Time for Vacations

At this writing it is understood that Mr. Hoover will not take a vacation this summer. He hasn't taken a summer vacation since he entered the White House. And with a campaign on his hands next year he probably won't take one then.

Then there is the matter of the telephones. Someone, "humanizing" Mr. Hoover, put out the information recently that more telephone calls had been made to and from the White House in the present administration than had been received and emitted from the White House in any previous administration. The total of calls was a tremendous evidence of executive activity, though one hardly needs any further evidence than that on every hand.

One of the steps toward modernizing the White House was the placing of telephone extensions in practically every room. In the old days the White House was like most humble residences, with only a single telephone instrument.

Mr. Hoover's political adversity is largely due to hard luck. No President is popular—and offhand I can't think of one who has been reëlected—who has permitted a grievous and lasting financial depression to occur in his administration. A Roosevelt or a Jackson would hardly have remained a popular hero in the present depression. Mr. Hoover entered office when a crash was inevitable. That was his hard luck.

Some people blame part of his political bad fortune upon his lack of political skill. They overlook the fact that one of the master politicians of this country had the same misfortune to enter the Presidency at the end of an era of prosperity and to have a serious depression occur during his administration. I refer to Martin Van Buren.

Another Van Buren?

Blaine called Van Buren the most skillful politician in the history of the country. And he has come in recent years to be recognized as a good deal more than that; as a statesman who contributed much to the development of opposition to slavery in this country. Yet with all his skill Van Buren could not avert the fate that hung over him. He could not be reëlected.

President Hoover, of course, hasn't much "it" politically. There is plenty of evidence that he has not learned the art that Mr. Coolidge knew instinctively.

Here is an interesting illustration of how politically slow Mr. Hoover is. F. J. H. Krocke, the Brooklyn Republican leader, recently visited the White House to see if some of the warships to be built in accordance with last year's London disarmament conference might not be constructed in the Brooklyn Navy Yard. Shipbuilding there would provide jobs for Brooklyn's unemployed.

It would have increased Mr. Krocke's popularity at home to bring back word that there would be a lot of building in the navy yard. Mr. Krocke brought back the word that one destroyer would be built in the Brooklyn Navy Yard.

A short time afterward a Democratic congressman, Thomas H. Cullen of Brooklyn, visited the White House to urge shipbuilding in the Brooklyn Navy Yard. Mr. Cullen was told that in all probability several destroyers would be built in the Brooklyn Navy Yard. Most Brooklynites now think that the Democratic congressman got the job for the navy yard.

There are times when innocence of politics seems engaging. But virtues are not quickly recognized in a bleak period. Maybe the future will be more generous to Mr. Hoover, as the passage of time has been to Mr. Van Buren.

Cook it Cold

Continued from page 18

exchequer. Here's one that you owe it to yourself to try sometime:

MAPLE PARFAIT

¾ cup maple syrup
1 pint heavy cream
3 egg whites

Boil syrup till it spins a thread, pour over beaten whites and whip till cold. Fold into whipped cream and freeze. Pile lightly in sherbet glasses and put chopped almonds on top.

But there are other delights that fill the dessert period without calling for cream at all, and these are even more apt to please the average woman in the thirties or forties who thinks of everything in terms of her figure.

FROZEN APPLE SNOW

1 large tart apple
Juice of ½ lemon
¾ cup powdered sugar
2 egg whites

Peel and grate apple and sprinkle with sugar and lemon juice. Beat egg whites stiff, combine mixtures and beat for 15 minutes. Pile lightly in trays.

FRUIT ICE

½ cup water
½ cup sugar
1½ teaspoons gelatine
⅔ cup fruit juice
1 or 2 tablespoons lemon juice
Few grains salt
⅔ cup cold water

Cook first two ingredients together 3 minutes and add gelatine soaked in 1 tablespoon of the cold water. Put in the rest of the water, the fruit juice (orange, pineapple or what you want) with salt and the lemon juice to taste, depending on how much sweetness is in the fruit juice. Beat once or twice during freezing.

Ice box cakes are the little sisters of the modern dessert sorority who sit outside the trays and get cold rather than frozen.

The trick is to line the bottom and sides of a loose-bottomed deep cake tin with lady fingers, rounded sides toward the tin. Some people say waxed paper is necessary between tin and lady fingers, but others don't insist on this. A filling is then made, cooled and a small quantity poured in, topped by lady fingers arranged as fancy dictates. And so the process goes on to the top. Next day—for an ice box cake is a leisurely thing—the rim of the tin is taken off and the result placed on a plate, to be covered with whipped cream, sweetened, flavored and decorated to suit the moment's mood. Suppose we try it as follows:

CHOCOLATE ICE BOX CAKE

4 eggs
½ lb. sweet chocolate
3 tablespoons water
3 tablespoons sugar

Melt chocolate in double boiler, add sugar, water and well-beaten yolks. Cook till thick, stirring religiously. When cool, add beaten whites. This much filling will take care of two and one-half dozen lady fingers.

But our refrigerator should never be told to hold off modestly until time for dessert. For a formal dinner, we may start out with something like a frozen fruit cocktail, or, if we like things piquant rather than sweet, we might try:

FROZEN CRABMEAT COCKTAIL

1 cup flaked crabmeat
1 teaspoon gelatine
2 tablespoons cold water
4 tablespoons tomato catsup
1 tablespoon lemon juice
1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
4 teaspoons French dressing
Paprika—salt

Soak gelatine in cold water, dissolve over hot water, add seasonings and fish. Freeze in trays or paper cups set in trays.

When we drop farther down the menu to the entrées at dinner or the main dish for summer lunch, we find such cold but not frozen delicacies as:

MOLDED LAMB WITH FRUIT

1 cup cold lamb, diced
1 cup mixed orange pulp and crushed pineapple
2 tablespoons gelatine
1 cup cold water
1½ cups boiling water
½ cup fruit juice
1 teaspoon salt
¾ cup sugar
½ cup mild vinegar

Cut oranges crosswise and remove pulp, add pineapple, drain and save juice. Soak gelatine in cold water, dissolve in hot. Add sugar, salt, vinegar and fruit juice. Chill gelatine mixture and when it starts to thicken, add meat and fruit and turn into wet mold.

Then there is another class of jellied dainty that really goes into the freezing tray, though it stays only two or three hours.

SEAFOOD MOUSSE

1 cup flaked seafood
1 tablespoon sherry
1 cup evaporated milk
Salt and pepper

Whip milk, season and fold in fish—lobster, shrimp or what you will.

FIG AND CHEESE BALLS

1 6-oz. jar preserved figs
½ cup heavy cream
Two 3-oz. packages cream cheese

Put figs through coarse sieve, mash cheese and combine with pulp and juice. Beat till well mixed. Whip cream, blend with fig mixture and freeze. Serve on lettuce—and experiment till you get the precisely right pickle to go with it.

But even when we forsake the realm of cold dishes, we aren't done with the refrigerator's part in making life pleasant. We can make enough pie paste for a week, keep it on hand, ready to roll out in a jiffy for strawberry tarts, apple turnovers, pigs-in-blankets (little sausages wrapped in thin oblongs of paste), to say nothing of all the straight-ahead pies that occur to us. Similarly, biscuits or cookies may be mixed up, put in covered dishes or wrapped in waxed paper, parked for tomorrow's breakfast.

ICE BOX BISCUITS

2 cups flour
4 teaspoons baking powder
1 teaspoon salt
2 tablespoons shortening
¾ cup liquid (milk, water or both)

Mix and sift dry ingredients. Cut or work in shortening with fingers. Add liquid gradually, making a soft dough.

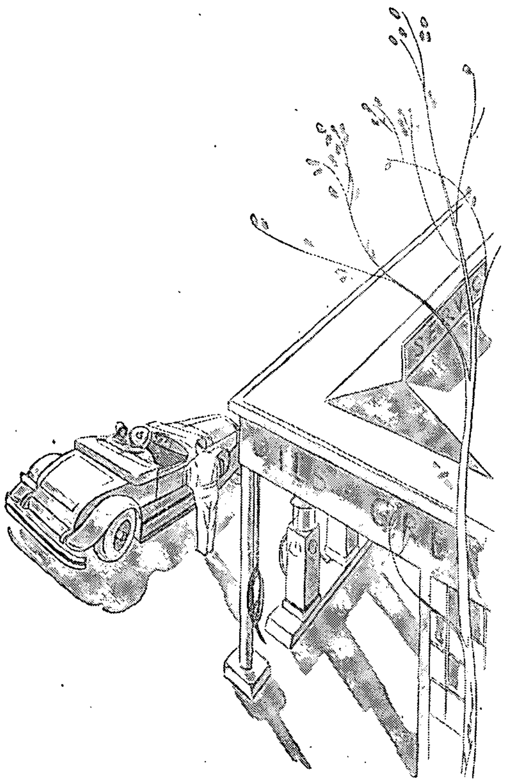
BUTTERSCOTCH COOKIES

1½ cups butter
2 cups brown sugar
2 eggs
3 cups flour
2 teaspoons baking powder

Cream butter, add sugar and beaten egg. Sift flour and baking powder and mix the whole to a dough. Shape in a roll, wrap in waxed paper and store till you feel like taking it out, slicing it thin and baking the result on a floured sheet or a big tin in a hot oven.

And now we can picture you going back over this article and cutting out the recipes that happen to appeal to you. There never was a woman with two eyes and a pair of scissors who didn't follow this procedure. Sometimes she tries them herself—perhaps she even adds piquant experimental ingredients of her own. Sometimes she hands them to the cook, who sniffs a bit. Sometimes she satisfies obscure domestic leanings by mailing them to Cousin Kate. But the first course of action is generally the best. Most of us can never be creators in the big impressive arts and sciences. But the woman who can sit her family down to a good dinner and look happy while doing it is the kind of creator men like.

He serves but one master...The A.M.P.*



YOUR Independent Gasoline Dealer or Garage Operator serves but one master. His selection of products is not determined by the production policy of a large corporation but solely upon the wants of the A.M.P. (*American Motoring Public). Consumer preference is his only master.

Without prejudice, the Independent selects from the best the market affords and then offers only those products which by their superior performance have created the greatest demand. Your car is his prime interest and each product he supplies has his personal endorsement before he offers it for your use. Modern equipment, a wider variety of products, broader service and personal interest enable the Independent to serve you better.

The emphasis placed upon quality explains the ever increasing number of Independents who are featuring HyViS, the completely super-refined 100% Pure Pennsylvania Motor Oil. This remarkable lubricant has the endorsement of motor car dealers and leading independent oil experts from Coast to Coast.

Motor oils are not manufactured . . . they are refined. Refining is strictly a separation and purification process and cannot impart lubricating qualities which are not inherent in the crude petroleum. The quality of any oil you purchase depends only upon the natural lubricating value in the crude and the skill, care and integrity of the refining company.

HyViS is 100% Pure Pennsylvania oil... selected from the choicest of the crude and *super-refined* by an *extra* process beyond the point of usual refining. This *extra* super-refining process removes from HyViS all of the materials which are not suitable for motor lubrication but which are found in ordinary oils. Thus every quart of HyViS is super-refined to a full measure of rich lubrication ...not thicker, not heavier but purer, "oilier," more resistant to heat and wear.

Go to your neighborhood Independent Service Station or Garage . . . ask them about HyViS, the motor oil car dealers use.

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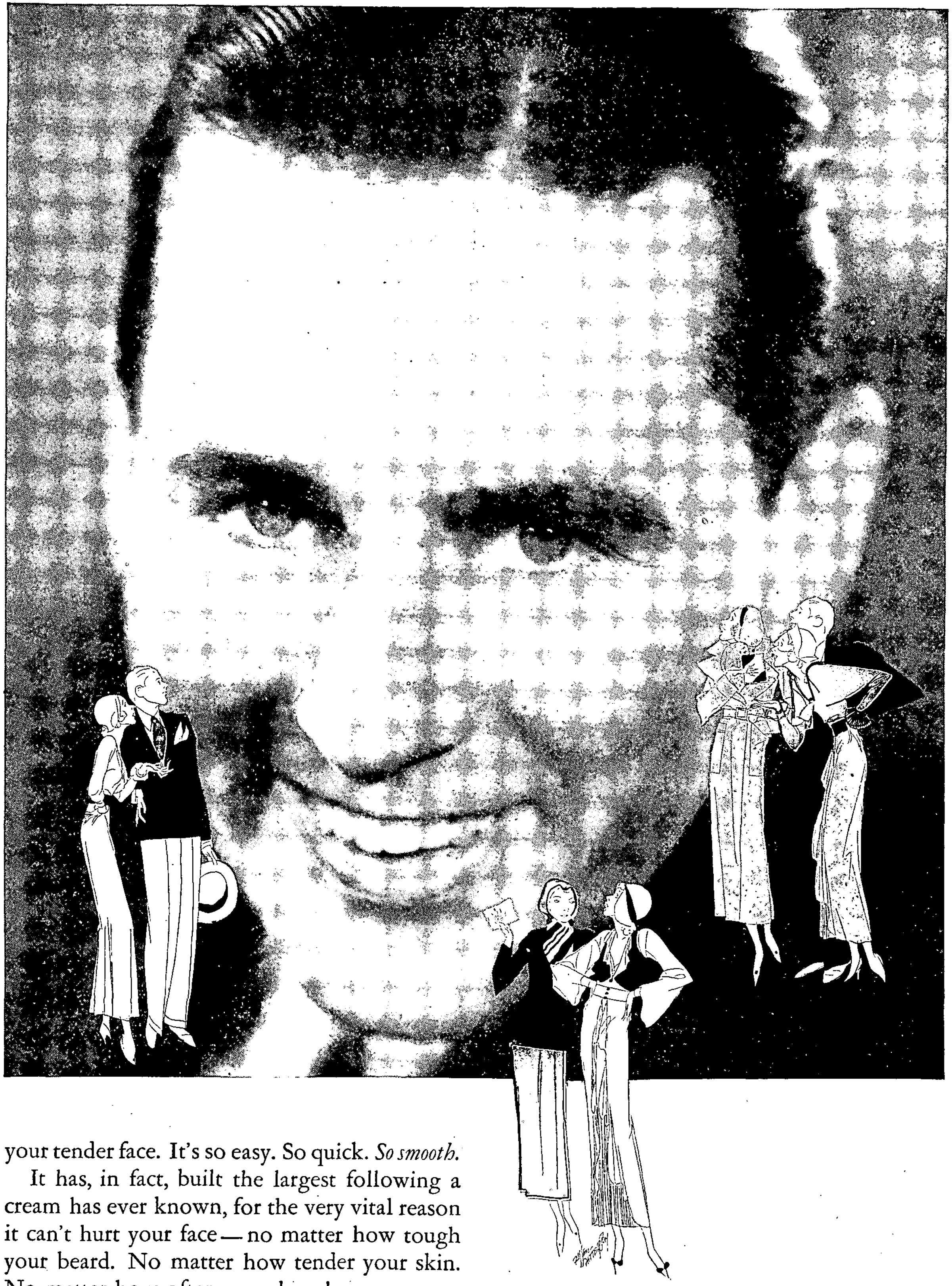
Popular faces are *shaved with* Barbasol



***"I'm a real fan when it comes time to take off whiskers in the morning. Barbasol does it so easy. So quick. So smooth. And it leaves my face feeling so fine that I find I can shave* twice a day with Barbasol—*and like it."**

—BEN LYON

Ben Lyon, that very likable fellow, who stars with Constance Bennett in "Bought" and with Barbara Stanwyck in "Night Nurse," Warner Bros. and Vitaphone pictures.

* *Barbasol testimonials are not paid for*

WHY punish your face and throat with shaving methods invented two thousand years ago?

Here's Barbasol. The modern shave. The shave that takes the curse from tender skin.

Don't expect Barbasol to bubble up with lather. It wasn't made to wash away dirt. It was created *solely* to soften hair, to hold it straight and firm while your razor sings through every whisker with a gliding ease that's proof against pull or scrape.

If you have never known the sheer delight of a Barbasol shave, get acquainted next time your whiskers need a trimming. No messing around with soap or brush. No latherous foam to rub in your tender face. It's so easy. So quick. *So smooth.*

It has, in fact, built the largest following a cream has ever known, for the very vital reason it can't hurt your face—no matter how tough your beard. No matter how tender your skin. No matter how often you shave!

Now use Barbasol right. *Follow these directions and you'll follow the crowd*

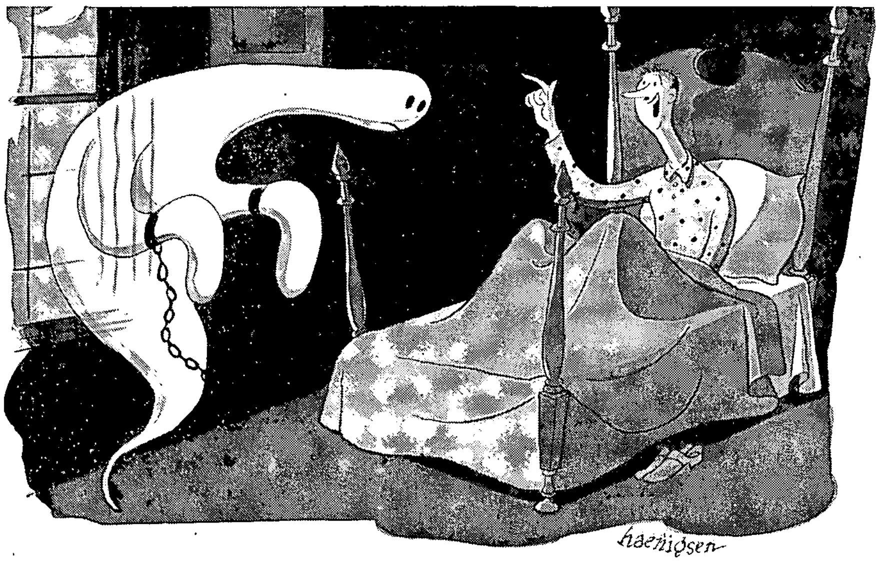
1. Wet your face and leave it wet... **2.** Spread on Barbasol. Don't rub it in—just be sure it's spread on *evenly* between the hairs... **3.** Wet a good blade and—SHAVE.

That's all you have to do to get the finest shave in the world. It's simple, easy, quick. Try it today. Generous tubes at all druggists', 35¢ and 65¢, will quickly make YOU a Barbasol Believer, too.

FREE A refillable Tefra Toothbrush, value 75¢, with your first name or initial on handle. Finest quality. Mail entire empty Barbasol carton (35¢ or 65¢ size, or jar) with your name and address. We will mail toothbrush absolutely free. The Barbasol Company, Department 36, Indianapolis, Indiana.

Barbasol
For Modern Shaving
Antiseptic Beard Softener
Barbasol
No Brush No Lather
No Rub-in

Listen to Barbasol Ben and His Boys—Laughs—and the songs you can't forget—the happiest entertainment on the air. Tune IN, every Monday, Wednesday and Friday evening at 8:15, Eastern Daylight Saving Time, Columbia Network: Stations WABC, WMAQ, WCAU, WXYZ, KMOX, WHK, WJAS, WNAC, WCAO, WKBW, WISN, KMBC, WCCO, WKRC, WFBM, WMAL, WEAN, WSPD, KOIL, WADC, WFBL, WDRC, WOKO.



"Get two of your buddies and we'll shoot a couple rubbers of bridge"

How would you play it?

By Milton C. Work

Author of Common Sense Contract Bridge

North
S. 10
H. A-J
D. Q-9-7-4-3
C. Q-8-7-5-3

West
S. J-8-7-2
H. Q
D. J-6-5-2
C. J-6-4-2

East
S. Q-9-6-5-4-3
H. 7-6-5-4-3
D. A
C. A

South (Dealer)
S. A-K
H. K-10-9-8-2
D. K-10-8
C. K-10-9

WITH the above hand, which appeared in last week's Collier's, South at Auction Bridge would bid one No Trump or one Heart. Either bid would be eminently sound; but with every suit stopped (quite a possibility that all will prove to be stopped twice) and the Heart holding only five to a King, No Trump seems to be the wiser bid. If it were made, West would pass, and North also would pass, as his hand is not strong enough to bid three and too strong to put in a two-bid, showing weakness. If there were any way for North to show five cards of each minor and give South a choice between the two, it might be well to do so; but no such showing would be possible unless North should bid two Diamonds and South follow with two No Trumps. North, in that event, could bid three Clubs to give the choice; but South might accept the two-Diamond bid as a weakness showing and pass.

However, the hand was played at Contract Bridge; and South, with every suit thoroughly stopped, a No Trump count of 17 with an extra Ten, two Nines and two Eights—certainly a wealth of intermediates—called two No Trumps. North, with a count of 11, felt more than safe in bidding three. That ended the bidding.

In the play West, much to East's surprise, picked the Deuce of Spades as his opening lead, selecting that suit in preference to Diamonds or Clubs because it was a shade stronger and also because it was a major. South won East's Queen, and then looked the situation over. He decided to establish first his five-card Heart suit, since he held all the high Hearts except the Queen; whereas in both minors, although he had a combined holding of eight cards instead of seven as in Hearts, the Ace and Jack were missing. With only a single stopper left of the adverse suit, he was in serious difficulty. If he could establish his Hearts without losing a trick, he would be going a long way toward extricating himself. However, when South led the Deuce of Hearts, West played the Queen and North won with the Ace, the situation cleared up.

It was evident that West's Queen was a singleton. It could not possibly have been played under any other conditions; and West, having led from a four-card Spade suit, must have held originally four Spades, one Heart, four Diamonds and four Clubs. Also, with four cards in each minor in the West hand, five in the North and three in the South, only one card of each minor could be held by East; and in each case, *that one card must be the Ace.* Had West held the Ace of either minor, he would have led from a four-card Ace suit in preference to a four-card Jack suit. From these deductions, the play became simple.

To trick 3 a small Diamond was led from dummy, and East won with the Ace—as it was marked that he would have to do. East of course now returned a Spade, and South took his last Spade trick. South, having been careful to play the Ten of Diamonds, not the Eight, on the first round, now led the King, which won, and then followed with the Eight, taking the trick in the North hand with the Nine, then being in position to drop West's Jack with the Queen. This was followed by a lead of the thirteenth Diamond from the North hand. South's two discards on the fourth and fifth Diamonds were somewhat canny; first he let go of the Ten of Clubs, and next the King of Clubs. His next play was the Jack of Hearts from dummy which he overtook in his own hand, and then ran the three good Hearts, leaving his closed hand with the Nine of Clubs and North with the Queen of Clubs. East, however, was not to be cajoled into discarding the Ace of Clubs. West was marked with the Jack of Spades and therefore East let all his Spades and Hearts go and took the thirteenth trick with the Club Ace, Declarer making five-odd.

Next week's hand is given below; determine how you would bid and play it before reading next week's description.

North
S. Q-J-10-3-2
H. K-Q-6-4
D. A-2
C. A-Q

East
S. K-8-6-5
H. 8-2
D. 10-8-6-5
C. K-7-4

West
S. A-7-4
H. 5-3
D. 9-7-4-3
C. 10-8-5-2

South (Dealer)
S. 9
H. A-J-10-9-7
D. K-Q-J
C. J-9-6-3

Du Pont, maker of DUCO, *says*

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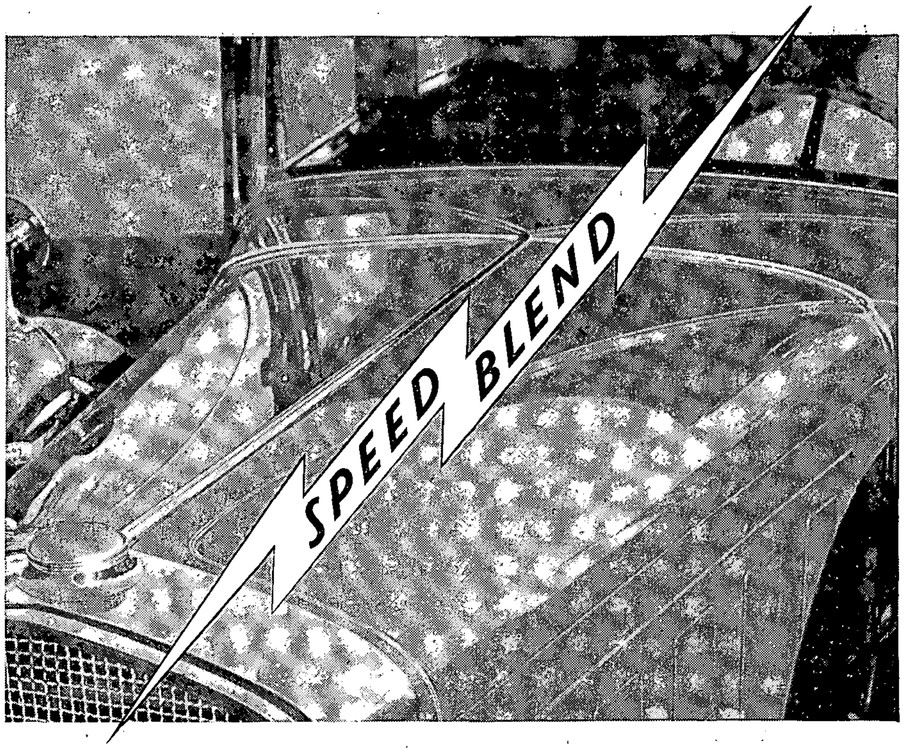

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***TRAFFIC FILM**—Oily, sticky dust and grime, baked by the sun into a hard film which soap and water can't remove. Speed Blend takes it off—quickly—easily—safely.

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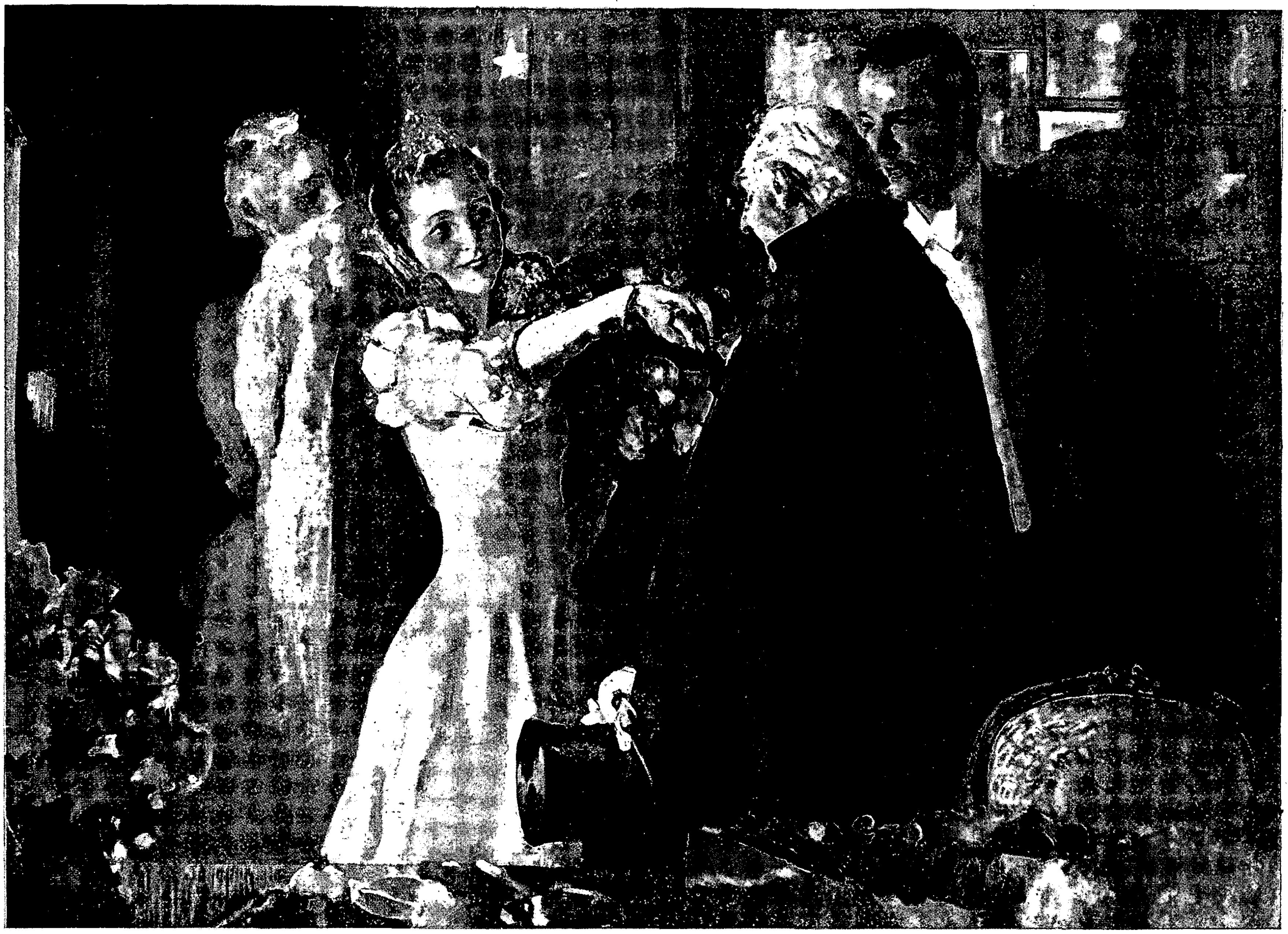

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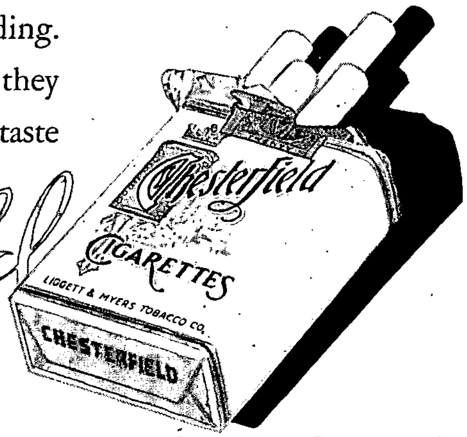
Chesterfield
Cigarettes
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Chesterfield

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"MILDER—haven't I always said so!"

The Night Bird Flies

Continued from page 13

chanting. "Sure, it was at the rising of the moon the power came on him. It was out of Damascus where the winds wisk through the hills. The wind came strong behind us, and it put a slight upon the horse, to feel it passing him.

"He stretched out, speeding faster and faster, but still the wind passed him. Then he took longer leaps and the power came upon him. He leaped high, over the trees without touching hoof to ground. Faster he went, until he left behind him the clouds of the sky, and he felt the wind on his nose. Then he was satisfied and drew himself in and came down gently."

Silence fell upon the table, and Bryn waited in vain for a man to laugh or cap his tale with another.

De Ferrand sighed, and smote his fist on the board. "Enough!" His small eyes glared at the wanderer. "Will ye tell of those other night rides of yours?"

"Nay," said Bryn, "for I have another thing in my mind to do this night."

THEN Hugo laughed under his breath, but De Ferrand spoke hoarsely: "Art weary of life? Then give ear to this true recital of what took place on this island within the year—although you know it well.

"First," said De Ferrand, "there was the death of Viterbo, the merchant riding toward Venice. He came to his end upon the road within sight of the ferry. He was alone, going in haste at night, bearing, it seems, some moneys. The blow that slew him came out of the air, and he fell from the saddle with his skull shattered."

"A pity," said Bryn.

"*Sancta Maria!* 'Twas more a pity when the young Seigneur d'Estampes met his fate. He also was crossing the road of the island alone after sunset. Some woodcutters heard him chanting a love *lai* as he passed by their cabin. Deep in the shadow of the forest he went, when *It* came upon him. The louts heard his song end, and then a scream and a beating of hoofs that went away. After that they heard, far off, the scream of a horse. It was a day before we found the body of D'Estampes, and his nag. They had fallen from the high cliff and they lay there on the stones with their bones a-broken."

Leaning back in his chair, De Ferrand faced the crusader. "Now this Seigneur d'Estampes had a hardy soul in him. He was riding to seek a woman that night, and what could have driven him mad with terror within a moment, so that he drove his charger from the cliff?"

"As to this lord—God rest him—I know not," responded Bryn. "But no man could make a horse take such a leap."

"True!" cried the Burgundian. "To my thinking the youth did not lose his head. It was the horse, crazed with fear, that rushed over the cliff before the rider could see what was there and throw himself from the saddle. And the proof of this we found. In the sand of the road where it passed through the wood we found the tracks where D'Estampes' charger plunged into a gallop. A spear's cast behind this place we found fresh tracks of a beast shod with iron that came from no road. It had come down from the air. And these tracks did pursue the others to the cliff's edge, where all ended."

Fingering the gold chain at his throat, De Ferrand sighed. "The third death was the worst. A fair wanton from the village was found in the spot where the merchant Viterbo met his doom. She was lying alone in the road, her skull crushed."

"Nay," rumbled Hugo, "the worst of it was the *mark*. Upon the foreheads of the merchant and the girl lay the prints of the iron hoofs that struck them down."

The pallid monk laid down his quill and got to his feet. "It is clear to us all," he said, "that the island of Ferrand hath been visited by the powers of darkness."

"Brother Jehan," muttered the master of the château, "hath a rare knowledge of Satan's brood. He is a very skilled witch finder."

"A foul fiend," resumed the monk, "a messmate of such vampires, infests this poor island. At certain times he has been seen. Once he appeared in the shape of a black, winged thing, flying over the tops of the trees."

Bryn felt a chill run up his back. He had a healthy dread of the powers of darkness. None the less, he wanted to go down the road to seek for the girl of the tower—

"Have you naught to say?" demanded Brother Jehan.

"Messires," Bryn yawned, "such things be, but they do not keep me abed o' nights."

"*Par Dex!*" exclaimed De Ferrand. "'Tis you who are charged of these slayings. Read, Brother Jehan!"

Taking up his parchment sheets, the monk repeated in his high voice, "*Item*—Rigolt the ferryman hath testified that, after bringing the man known as Bryn across the river, the aforesaid man shouted loud that he and his horse could fly over any river without need of a boat. *Item*—Jacques and Picard, being serving men of the castle, testify that they were walking in peace along the highroad when the aforesaid man, who had hidden himself from sight, whistled in a diabolical manner and thereupon the black horse rushed at them. The said horse did strike the worthy Jacques with his hoof, breaking his bones sorely, and seizing Picard in his teeth to his great hurt. *Item*—As they fled to save their lives, upon this very spot where the merchant Viterbo and the wanton died, they saw the aforesaid man in talk with the forest girl Alaine, suspected of being a witch."

BROTHER JEHAN took up a fresh sheet of parchment and read his fourth item. This was Bryn's tale of his night ride near Damascus.

"Upon this testimony," the monk cried, "is this man calling himself Bryn Briogan charged of night flying and commerce with Satan, and murder, and now is he and the black horse subject to the mercy or punishment of my lord Renault de Ferrand, govern—"

A shout of laughter drowned his words. "Rare and good, Brother Jehan," cried Bryn. "'Tis a grand hocus, this of yours—'twould shame a Gascon jester!"

He laughed alone. The monk's eyes blazed with wrath, and in a moment Bryn understood that this was no jest.

Putting his hands before him on the table, the crusader thought quickly. He read only fear and curiosity and hatred in the faces about the table. Witch-burners, these Burgundians were; and he knew that his doom was at hand. They would put him to the question, soon, under the water sack or upon the rack. And he would not have that.

So he kicked his chair behind him, hearing it strike against the legs of a man. He leaped away from the table

(*Continued on page 40*)

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(*Continued from page 39*)

to the wall where he had set his sword and belt. Seeing a shield, he caught this up, smashing it into the face of a servant who sought to grapple with him. Turning with his back to the wall and his sword bare in his hand, he shouted above the tumult, "Come on, ye hearth cats—will ye taste good steel?"

"Have done!" De Ferrand commanded. "I will speak with this man alone, and do ye leave the hall."

When the last of them had vanished through the hangings—Bryn heard them muttering and arming themselves outside—the Burgundian came close to the crusader. He had not unsheathed his sword. "I grant you a truce," he said softly. "You were mad to draw weapon like this."

"Say what you will," Bryn answered, leaning on his sword, "I will not yield me to the rack and question. If I am to meet my death, I will have it here."

"Fool! A cross-bow bolt in the ribs will put you down. Mark you, I am governor i' the Duke's name, with the right of hanging miscreants. You have set your head nicely i' the noose—"

"Lies and weird tales have done for me."

De Ferrand pulled at his ringlets thoughtfully. "I am not sure. For I may pardon you."

Bryn waited in silence.

"You are a bold fellow, Bryn—a nimble fellow with a good sword hand. I do not think you are the night rider that hath ravaged the roads. Nay, I suspect another."

HE glanced over his shoulder, lowering his voice to a whisper: "These slayings do not bear the mark of a bold fellow like you. But a young witch haunts the wood by the ferry. Ay, she flits about in these bright nights. Now who would slay a village wanton but another woman? And who could beguile D'Estampes like a fair woman? This wild thing they call Alaine is a witch, who serves Satan."

"Nay," growled Bryn, "is it like that a girl's arm could shatter a skull?"

"She hath unholy weapons to her hand."

"What bargain will you make?"

Again the seigneur looked up and down the hall: "You were seen in talk with Alaine. She will be afoot a night like this, and I doubt not you could find her by the wood. Your horse will be given you. Bring her with her limbs bound to the tower postern—it leads to my chamber—before sunrise, and you shall go free. I swear it, by the saints."

"And if I do not?"

"All boats on the island are locked and guarded until sunrise. And after that I will make sure that you do not gain a ferry. If you do not bring yourself to the château by high noon, Bryn, you will be hunted down by dogs and bows."

Bryn mused a while, and nodded. "Fetch Malik to me, saddled."

They left the hall by a small door that led into an empty passage. Bryn strode close behind his host, wishing to keep him within sword's reach.

But they met no one at the foot of the tower stair, and De Ferrand opened a postern with a key. Bryn peered out into the darkness beneath the trees and saw the white blaze upon Malik's forehead. He heard the other's voice at his shoulder: "Remember you have sworn—"

"To seek for the girl Alaine," murmured Bryn, "and to find her if I may."

CAREFULLY the crusader set his trap. Near the tower, he loosed Malik; then settled himself to watch.

Slowly the clear moon settled toward the castle ridge behind him. Then a whistle sounded.

Keeping out of the patches of moonlight, he made his way through the trees.

Ahead of him the horse stamped restlessly. He could make out the loom of the black body and the gray form of a girl, motionless and listening. In two long leaps Bryn was upon her, even as she sprang away.

SHE twisted and strained like a wildcat in a net.

"Faith," he said, "methought you had changed into a troll. Now will you be still and listen to a Christian word?"

Steadily she looked at him, as a child looks at a strange thing.

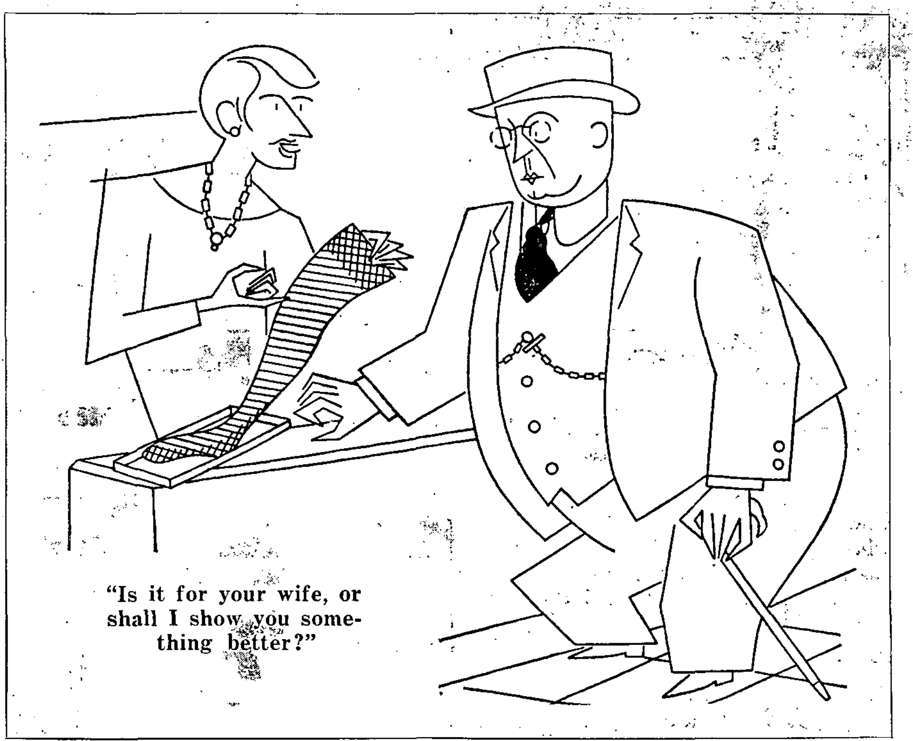
"Is your name Alaine?"

She nodded, without speaking.

"And they do tell in the hall how you are a witch—"

"May God shrivel their tongues! 'Tis a black lie."

Her soft voice rose angrily, and Bryn grunted assent. "They are a loutish lot, these Burgundians. They have written down that I am a foul fiend—" he laughed, and told the attentive girl of the scene in the castle hall, and his bargain with De Ferrand. "Faith," he awaits us in his tower. Now, Alaine, I hold you and I can bind you within my mantle and carry you—"


"Is it for your wife, or shall I show you something better?"

"Try! I will get away."

"Well, that is to be seen. I think it likely you are an elf-child and belike a witch who can vanish from mortal sight."

"Then," cried Alaine, "why did you come after me this noon?"

Bryn rubbed his chin and glanced at the lowering moon. "For the reason I have caught you this night—sure it is, Alaine, my eyes have never seen so fair a maid. If I cannot take you with me to my homeland, I will be forever alone and sorrowing."

"Sir Bryn, how could you leave the island? They have guards at the ferries."

He laughed, running his fingers through the coils of her hair. "Oh, I can find my way over the water, but you could not without me. Now let us be making a bargain between us. Not for gold or salvation would I take you to the castle—and, faith, I doubt if De Ferrand would hold to his word if I did—but you must bide and talk with me until the first of the sunrise. Will you do that?"

Quickly she looked up at him. "Ay, I will do it. But first, your horse—*where is he?*"

Springing to his feet, the crusader whistled, and heard a faint stamp of hoofs under the shadow of the ridge. Putting on his mantle and steel cap, he hastened forward with the girl running at his side, entered the gloom of the ridge and stepped out upon the highroad. Here Malik stood, docile enough.

Then the breath caught in his throat and he stared, voiceless, at the black line of the ridge above him, where the summits of the trees stood stark against the moon's glow. Above the trees, across the sky, leaped a phantom.

Clear against the silvered clouds Bryn saw the great black horse, and the rider with wings beating behind him, swooping toward him! Bryn flung himself into his saddle, while Malik stamped and reared and a girl's scream pierced the night.

Malik, mad with excitement, danced and reared. Bryn turned him to face the thing that leaped out from under the trees and crashed upon the road. He had no shield, but he leaned forward and struck at the onrushing shape. The steel blade clanged against metal, and as it did so something struck Bryn's head. A roaring filled his ears, and yellow flames sprang before his eyes. He rolled from the saddle and fell—blood filled his nostrils, and he felt earth under his hands.

Hoofs thudded near him, and Malik's battle scream rang in his ears. His sword was under his knee and he caught it up as his head cleared and he was aware of monstrous shapes rearing over him. His helmet had been knocked off and warm blood trickled down his face.

SOMETHING lashed down toward him and he moved aside, springing to his feet and gripping the black form of the rider of the sky about the waist. The rider twisted, lifting his right arm for another blow, when his horse swerved and he came down.

Again Bryn was struck, and again a glancing blow on his shoulder; but the impact of heavy iron sickened him. The panting breath of the other through the slits of his closed helmet beat against his wet face. "If he is a devil," Bryn thought, "he is mortal, and one of us will have our death here."

As they strained on staggering feet, Bryn felt the huge strength of the man in mail. He saw a long arm rise against the sky, holding a weapon that seemed to be a war club or smith's hammer. But swiftly Bryn released his grip—flung up his right hand and caught the handle of the weapon.

Putting forth all the strength of shoulder and arm, Bryn bent back the weapon. With a curse, the man in mail let go his grasp and clutched at something in his belt.

As he did so, Bryn set his feet and swung the massive weapon. It crashed against the steel of the helmet, and the steel crackled and snapped. Again Bryn lashed out, and the face of the helmet shattered as the man reeled back. And Bryn struck a third blow that crunched upon bone and flesh. The dark figure fell prone in the road, stirred a little, and became a still shadow against the white dust.

THEN a light flamed before Bryn, a voice cried out: "He is slain!" and Alaine knelt beside him.

" 'Tis the devil is dead, not me," muttered Bryn. "For love of God, bring me water."

Catching up his battered helmet from the road, the girl darted away, and Bryn limped over to look at his enemy. The great body in black and blood-streaked mail lay sprawled on its face. To the broad shoulders a pair of long swan's wings had been attached by straps. Now the wings were crumpled and broken. Bryn turned him over with his foot and bent to look into what had been his face.

Bryn pondered the broken countenance. "'Twas Hugo," he said at last. "Ay, the Genoese captain."

He heard Alaine returning, and he drank deep of the cool water she brought in his helmet.

"That, there, was Hugo," he said, "but what is this?" Upon his light steel cap was the mark of a massive hoof.

"Look at the weapon in your hand, Sir Bryn," she responded.

The head of it flared out into the shape of an iron hoof, with even the marks of nails upon it. Bryn let it fall beside the body.

"Why did he do this?" Alaine whispered.

Sure, Bryn thought, the Genoese had robbed upon the highroad in the guise of a fiend, and sure he had slain here his own light o' love who had left him for De Ferrand. But what of tonight? Hugo had tricked him at the table into boasting about Malik—had not known that he, Bryn, would be here upon the road this night. Then why had the night rider come?

Suddenly Bryn laughed. Why, Hugo had sought the girl for himself, spying down from that ridge behind the trees. And he had seen her come to the road with another man. . . .

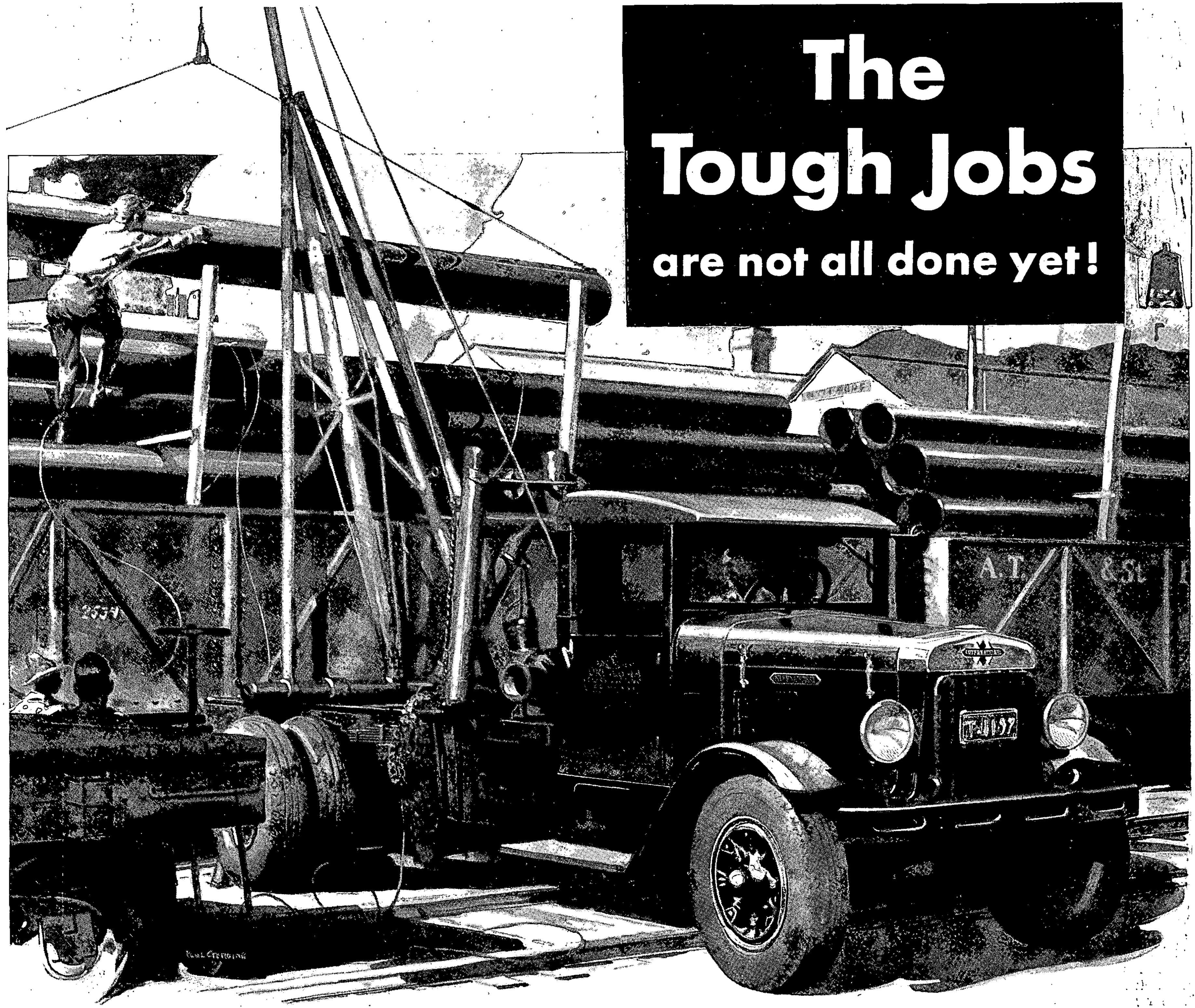
Bryn picked up his sword from the road and sheathed it. Then he bent down and lifted the girl in his arms. She lay quiet against his shoulder, and a slim arm encircled his neck. He pressed his cheek against the heavy mass of hair, and lifted his head to whistle to Malik.

"Faith, Alaine," he whispered, "ye have had wooers a-many, among lords and devils. But now, girl, ye'll have only one, a poor churl of a soldier without service who'll carry you to his own land."

AFTER that day the tongues of the good people of the island wagged long and loud. For, they said, the captive crusader had vanished like mist from his cell, and the witch girl Alaine was no longer to be seen.

But two tongues said nothing. The seigneur, De Ferrand, brooding in his tower, looked at times down upon the gibbet where hung the long body of Hugo with the hammer-hoof tied to its neck, after a just trial that had proved the corpse guilty of theft and murder and black magic and treason to its merciful and noble liege lord, the Seigneur Renault de Ferrand.

The Tough Jobs are not all done yet!



Internationals are a boon to the pipe-liner; Roy Parkhill owns 72, and Oklahoma Contracting owns 98

The Pioneer Spirit is far from dead, and the tough jobs are not all finished. Tom Jones and Roy Parkhill will tell you that.

These men, respective heads of the Oklahoma Contracting Co. and the Parkhill Truck Co., will tell you that it's a man's job to lay the pipe lines that carry some of the country's great natural resources. They will tell you that a Pipe-Liner must dynamite the hills . . . cross under and over great rivers . . . plow through forests and swamps. No easy roads for him; in fact, no roads at all.

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The Oklahoma Contracting Co. owns 98 International Trucks. The Parkhill Truck Co. owns 72. Pipe-Liners, Drillers and Trucking Contractors from coast to coast prefer them. And *wherever* these Internationals go, *Service* is always in the field before them! International Harvester maintains 183 Company-Owned Branches in the United States and Canada, and there are dealers everywhere.

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Keep Up with the World

By Freling Foster

U. S. Army airplanes are able now to photograph large areas at night through the use of a new 3,000,000-candlepower flashlight powder bomb that is dropped from the plane at a height of about 1,500 feet.

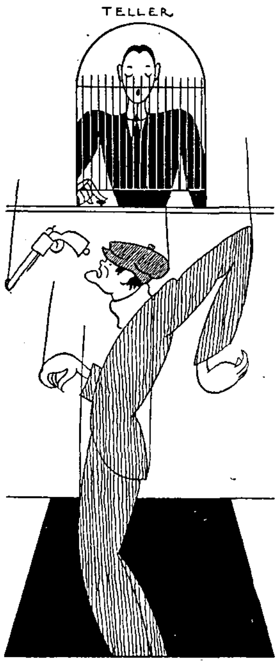
Ethiopia has a law which permits lenders to have their debtors chained to them until the obligation is settled.—*By Betty C. Krauss, New York.*

Kashmir, in northern India, is notorious for its frequent fires, many of which are caused by the small braziers of live coals that the natives wear under their clothes to keep them warm.

Electrical recording instruments show that New York traffic noises are 10% louder than those of London.

A new Broadway musical comedy theater has its stage and auditorium lights controlled through a miniature switchboard installed in one of the orchestra seats so its operator may have a front view of the stage and produce certain ingenious lighting effects at the proper moments.

More dogs develop hydrophobia—or "go mad"—in the winter than in the summer.



New inventions: A button-operated trapdoor—with cage below—for installation in front of bank tellers' windows to capture holdup men; an ink-eraser attachment for fountain pens; and an auto device for reflecting bright lights back into oncoming cars so their drivers may know of the blinding effect.

Cotton is the most valuable crop produced today in the United States.

Countless Hindu girls have given birth to 6 or 7 children before reaching 18 years of age.

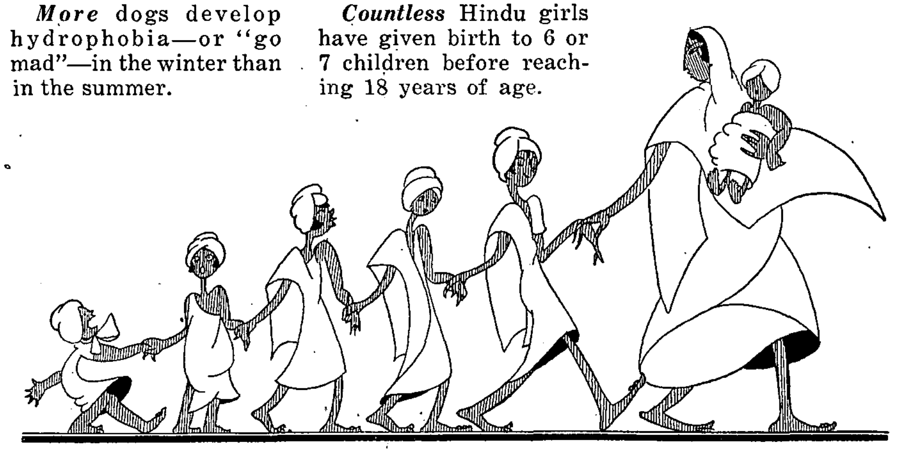
Before the World War, 75% of Canada's foreign capital came from England, 20% from the U. S. A., and 5% from other countries. Today 35% of it is from England, 61% from the U. S. A., and 4% from other countries.—*By T. G. Seale, Bastrop, La.*

Hearts increase in beats as they decrease in size: For example, during each minute, the heart normally beats 25 times in an elephant, 75 times in a man, 90 in a child, 140 in a newborn baby, 150 in a rabbit and 175 in a mouse.

Although ships of 24 different nations carry passengers to and from the United States, the liners of Great Britain carry almost half of them.

The cost of drilling an oil well ranges from $20,000 to $250,000, and more than 7,000, or about 30% of the new ones drilled each year are found to be dry. The resultant annual loss is approximately $200,000,000.—*By K. N. Cundall, Berkeley, California.*

Collier's will pay $1 each for unusual facts accepted for this column. Give precise source of information. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.



The Medicine Girl

Continued from page 17

was what he had been hinting at!

"Did he specify that you were to come beetling in at midnight?" he inquired.

"I came directly I got the telegram. It sounded interesting."

"Oh?" Lord Tidmouth pondered for a while. "Well, welcome to the manor and all that sort of rot," he said.

Lottie was very bright and animated. She flitted about the room like a humming bird.

"This looks a pretty good sort of place," she said. "I can see myself in a place like this. Who are all these?" she asked, indicating the portraits.

"Just ancestors," said Lord Tidmouth. "Bill's. Bill's ancestors."

"No beauty chorus," was Lottie's comment, after she had made her round of inspection. "Talking of Bill, is he expecting me?"

"No, he's not!"

"Oh? Then I shall come on him as a surprise."

"Surprise," said Lord Tidmouth, with feeling, "is *right!*"

"Listen," said Lottie. "Do you know why Sir Hugo wanted me to come here?"

Lord Tidmouth was embarrassed. He did know, but he could hardly impart the information.

"I couldn't tell you."

"I'm telling *you,*" said Lottie brightly. "I thought it all out on the train. Bill has discovered that he can't get on without me. I knew it would happen. He's pining for me. Yes, sir, that's what that boy's doing—pining for me."

"Well . . ."

"It stands to reason," argued Lottie, "he must be pretty crazy about me to make his old uncle wire for me in such a hurry."

LORD TIDMOUTH closed his eyes. He seemed to be praying.

"Full information," he said, "will no doubt be supplied tomorrow by the aged relative. But, if you'll take a pal's advice—if you'll be guided by one to whom you once stood in a sacred and tender relationship, *viz.,* marriage," explained Lord Tidmouth, "you will biff off at the earliest opportunity."

"What!"

"At the very earliest opp."

"What are you talking about?"

Lord Tidmouth groaned in spirit. He was feeling unequal to the situation. At any moment now, he told himself, that lady doctor of old Bill's would be breezing in, and naturally the last thing the dear old boy would wish was to have the place congested with extraneous females. Sir Hugo Drake, that preëminent dodderer, had made a proper mess of things.

"You just tuck yourself away somewhere till tomorrow morning," he urged, "and then we'll smuggle you off."

Lottie stared. She had never had a very high opinion of her former husband's intelligence, but she had never known him to descend into such abysses of lunacy as this.

"I think you're cuckoo," she said. "What do I want to go away for? Bill's in love with me and can't live without me."

"Absolutely," said Lord Tidmouth. "Of course. Quite so. Yes. Beyond a question. Indubitably. Only . . ."

"Well?"

"Nothing, nothing. You see that room at the top of the stairs? Technically, it's mine, but you can have it for tonight. Not the one to the right. That's Bill's. The one to the left. Accept it with my hearty good wishes."

"What'll you do?"

"Oh, I'll doss somewhere. And in the morning . . ."

Lottie eyed him sharply.

"Listen!" she said.

"Hullo?"

"Is anything the matter?"

"The matter?"

"You're acting sort of mysterious, it seems to me, and I'm wondering if there's any funny business going on. Are you trying to keep Bill and me apart?"

"No, no."

"Well, you better hadn't, that's all," said Lottie decidedly. "If I find you're pulling any smooth stuff, I'll murder you. Nothing could be fairer than that, could it?"

"Absolutely not."

"Well, good night, then."

"Good night!" said Lord Tidmouth.

ALONE at last, he found in the confused welter of his thoughts one thing clear—that he had not yet had that drink and that he wanted it now more than ever. He moved to the table, and began the ritual again. He had barely completed it when once more a voice spoke behind him.

"You still up?" It was his old friend, Bill Bannister. There was surprise in Bill's voice. Also irritation and peevishness. "Why the devil don't you go to bed?"

"Why don't *you?*" rejoined Lord Tidmouth, not unreasonably.

"I'm restless," said Bill. "I can't sleep."

Lord Tidmouth eyed him pityingly. The non-sleeping his old friend had done so far would, he felt, be a mere nothing compared to the non-sleeping he would do when he heard the latest.

"Bill," he said, and his tone was the unmistakable tone of a man who is going to break something gently, "I've a piece of information to impart."

"Keep it for the morning."

"But it's serious. Bill, we have a little visitor!"

"I know. I know."

Lord Tidmouth was relieved.

"Oh, you *know?* I thought you didn't. But how do you know?" he went on, puzzled. "She only just . . ."

"Stop babbling and go to bed."

"Yes, but, Bill . . ."

"Shut up."

"Lottie . . ."

"Don't talk to me about Lottie."

"I was only saying that Lottie . . ."

"Stop it."

"I just wanted to mention that Lottie . . ."

"Will you get out!"

Lord Tidmouth gave it up.

"Oh, all right," he said resignedly. "I think I'll take a stroll in the garden. Well, bung-oh! And I came down here for a rest cure!"

BILL ran quickly up the stairs and knocked at Sally's door. The conclusion of their recent conversation had left him in a nervous and disordered frame of mind. Though she had plainly shown herself of the opinion that all had been said that needed to be said, he was unable to adopt this view. He was full of talk and considered that in their late interview he had but scratched the surface.

"Sally!" he said in a choking voice.

A voice from within answered:

"What is it? Who's there?"

"Come out. I want to talk to you."

Sally emerged. She was wearing a pale green wrap.

"Well?" she said.

(Continued on page 45)

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The Medicine Girl

Continued from page 42

Bill did not answer immediately. The sight of the wrap had had a stunning effect. He had not supposed that this girl could look prettier than when he had seen her last, but she had accomplished this stupendous feat with ease. His legs shook, and he leaned against the banisters.

"Have you got everything you want?" he managed to ask at length.

"Yes, thank you. I find that you have given me your room."

"Yes."

"Where are you going to sleep?"

"I shall manage."

"Oh? Well, it's very kind of you." She paused. "Was that all you wanted to say to me?"

"No," said Bill urgently.

"Well?"

"DON'T stand in that doorway. Come out here."

"Just as you like. Well?"

Bill gulped.

"I've been walking about in the garden," he said.

"Yes?"

"Thinking."

"Yes?"

"Trying to get a grip on myself."

"I hope you were successful," said Sally politely.

"I wasn't."

Sally smiled indulgently.

"Too bad," she said. "Well, good night."

"Come back."

"Sorry," said Sally, returning. "I thought you had finished."

"I haven't begun." He moved to the head of the stairs. "Come on down. We can't talk here."

"Do we want to talk?"

"I do."

"Oh, very well."

She followed him down the stairs.

"Now," said Bill, "we can begin."

Sally had perched herself on the arm of a chair. She eyed him coolly.

"Don't you country folk ever go to bed?" she asked. "I had no idea you wandered about the house all night, knocking at people's doors and dragging them out for cozy talks."

Bill scowled.

"You seem amused."

"I am," said Sally.

"Oh? Well, let me tell you," said Bill, "that we have now finished with the amusing part of this business. I now propose to call your attention to the fact that this little farce, which seems to entertain you so much, has a serious side. I'm going to have it out with you here and now."

"Proceed. You interest me strangely."

"Don't laugh at me!"

"What else do you expect me to do?"

BILL ground his heel into the carpet. "In the first place," he said, "I'll admit that I did get you down here by a trick."

"A contemptible trick."

"That's as it may be. Anyway, you're here, and you've got to listen to me."

Sally yawned.

"And to cut a long story short . . . ?"

"I'll make it short enough. Three words will be sufficient. I love you."

"This is wonderful news."

"That's right. Laugh! Listen. You think you can play the fool with a man as much as you please—hold him off with a raised eyebrow when he becomes too pressing—keep him under control with a laugh. . . ."

"Why, this is eloquence! The Boy Orator!"

"Oh, you may sneer, but you know in your heart you're afraid."

Sally stiffened. The smile faded from her lips. She froze.

"Afraid? You flatter yourself."

"I may not be your match at fencing," said Bill, "but the bludgeon is quite as handy a weapon as the rapier."

"From the insight you have given me into your character tonight," said Sally, "I should have thought your favorite weapon would have been the blackjack."

"You and I are going to settle things tonight. You have known right from the start that I loved you, and from our first meeting you have fought me. All right! Tonight shall decide which of us two is the strongest."

"*Stronger*. Didn't they teach you that at school? Even when insulting a woman, always be grammatical."

Bill glowered.

"So I'm insulting you? By offering you my love?"

"No," said Sally. "By suggesting that, if I refuse it, you will employ force. For that is what you are suggesting, is it not?"

"Yes. It is."

"Good," said Sally. "Then excuse me for a moment."

She got up.

"What are you doing?"

"I was merely going to fetch my bag and prepare a soothing hypodermic. I should think two centigrams of morphia would be sufficient."

Bill seized her wrist.

"Stop fooling!"

"Oh!" Sally could not restrain a gasp. "You're very strong."

"I'm glad you're beginning to realize it."

"Let me go."

"I WON'T!" said Bill. "Never again. Well?" he said. "Here you are, in my arms. How do you like it? Now try to be aloof and superior. Now try to hold me off with your matter-of-fact-ness."

"You beast!"

"Beast, eh?" Bill laughed. "I'm improving. Just now I was only a poor fool—just something to laugh at. Laugh at me now—if you can."

Sally suddenly ceased to struggle.

"Oh, well!" she said. "They always warned me it was dangerous to be a doctor. Do you know, the last man who treated me like this was a lunatic. In the violent ward of an asylum. But he was more decent than you. He merely wanted to murder me."

She felt the arms that were holding her unclasp. She sank onto the sofa. Bill was looking away from her, out of the window.

After a moment, he spoke.

"All right," he said. "You win. I beg your pardon," he said formally.

Sally was herself again.

"Don't mention it," she said. "You might just as well apologize for having rheumatism."

"What!"

"It wasn't your fault. The thing was purely pathological. But I shall have to cure you . . . I'll write you a little prescription."

Bill started.

"For God's sake!"

Sally went to the desk, and took up a pencil.

"*Kalii bromati* . . ." he heard her murmur. "*Natrii bromati . . . Grammata quinque*. . . . " She got up. "Here you are," she said amiably. "One powder three times a day after meals. Any druggist will make that up for you."

(*Continued on page 46*)

Irene Rich

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(Continued from page 45)

"You're very kind!"

"In addition there will be hygienic regulation of your mode of living. Avoid excitement and mental strain."

"Thanks," said Bill. "That's a great help."

"Take plenty of fresh air, do setting-up exercises every morning, and eat plenty of vegetables. Good night!"

She stroked his face softly, and he quivered. He looked up amazed.

"Sally!"

"What's the matter?"

"You stroked my face."

"Yes."

"Gently."

"Yes."

"Almost—lovingly."

"Yes."

Bill blinked.

"Then . . ."

"OH, DON'T jump to conclusions," said Sally. "The gesture was purely automatic. We doctors often stroke our patients' faces when they have passed the crisis."

"Oh! So you think I have passed the crisis?"

"I think so. You see, you had the sense to call in a good doctor. Good night."

She walked composedly up the stairs. And, as she did so, the door of Lottie's room opened, and its occupant came yawning into view.

"Squiffy!" called Lottie, who, thinking things over in bed, had decided that what was needed to induce sleep was another of her erstwhile mate's scientifically blended glassfuls.

Her eye fell on Bill, gaping below, and she gave tongue cheerily.

"Hullo, Bill!"

She perceived Sally.

"Hul-*lo!*" she said.

Sally said nothing. She walked on towards her room. Bill, standing as in a trance, heard the key click in the lock.

Bill came to life. Dashing past Lottie, he rushed at the door. He shook the handle.

"Sally!" he cried. "Sally!"

There was no answer.

SIR HUGO DRAKE had passed a restful night, undisturbed by dreams of foozled mashie shots. Morning found him sleeping like the little child of Lord Tidmouth's description. Waking as the sun crept over his pillow, he yawned, sat up, and perceived that another day, with all its possibilities for improving a man's putting, had arrived. He donned his favorite suit of plus fours and, taking putter and ball, went down to the hall.

He had just grounded the ball and was taking careful aim at the leg of the sofa when from the recesses of that sofa two clenched fists suddenly rose in air and an unseen someone uttered the gasping sigh of the newly awakened.

"God bless my soul!" exclaimed Sir Hugo.

It was his nephew William. That much was plain from the tousled head which now appeared. Sir Hugo drew nearer, to observe this strange phenomenon.

"Oh, hullo, Uncle," said Bill drowsily.

Sir Hugo was a man who always went to the root of a problem.

"William!" he cried. "What are you doing there?"

"Eugh!" replied Bill, stretching. He blinked. "What?" he asked sleepily.

Sir Hugo was not to be diverted from his theme.

"That's what *I* said—'What?'"

"What?"

"Yes, what?"

Bill rubbed his eyes.

"What what?" he asked.

Sir Hugo became impatient.

"Good God, boy, wake up!"

Bill rose to his feet. He inspected his uncle uncertainly.

"What did you ask me?" he said.

"Have you been sleeping there all night?"

"Yes," said Bill. "Oo, I'm stiff!"

"But why?"

"Well, wouldn't *you* be stiff if you had slept all night on a hardish sofa?"

"I'm not asking you why you're stiff. I'm asking you why you slept on that sofa."

Bill was awake now.

"I gave up my room to a lady."

"You gave up your room to a lady?"

"Yes. I . . . Oh, heavens!" said Bill peevishly. "Need we do this vaudeville cross-talk stuff so early in the morning?"

"But I don't understand. Did a lady arrive last night?"

"Yes. Soon after eleven."

"Good God!" Like Lord Tidmouth, he felt that Lottie had not wasted time. "Did you see her?"

"Of course I saw her."

"I mean—you spoke to her? You had a talk—a conversation—an interview with her?"

"Yes."

Sir Hugo probed delicately for information.

"What occurred?"

"How do you mean, what occurred?"

"Well—er—did you come to an understanding?"

"No!" said Bill.

"Did you—ah—how shall I put it?—did you shower her face with kisses?"

"No, I did not!"

Sir Hugo looked like a minor prophet receiving good news about the latest battle with the Philistines.

"Capital! Excellent! Precisely as I foresaw. When the test came, you found you were a Bannister, after all. I knew it. I knew it."

BILL regarded his rejoicing relative sourly.

"Uncle," he said, "you're gibbering."

He spoke with feeling. The one thing a man does not want to meet, when he has slept all night on a sofa and has not had breakfast, is a gibbering uncle.

"I am not gibbering," said Sir Hugo. "I repeat that you have proved yourself a true Bannister. You have come nobly out of the ordeal. I foresaw the whole thing. Directly you saw this woman in the home of your ancestors, beneath the gaze of the family portraits, the scales fell from your eyes, and your infatuation withered and died."

Bill would have none of this.

"It did not wither," he said emphatically.

Sir Hugo stared.

"It did not wither?"

"It did not wither."

"You say it did not wither?"

Bill gave him a nasty look.

"Damn it, Uncle, you're back to the cross-talk stuff again."

"You mean to tell me," cried Sir Hugo, "that, even after you have seen this woman in your ancestral home, you are still infatuated with her?"

"More than ever."

"Good God!"

"And I'm not going to rest," said Bill, "till I have made her my wife."

"Your wife?"

"My wife."

"Your—?"

Bill held up a warning hand.

"Uncle!"

"You want to *marry* her?"

"Yes."

"But . . . Good heavens, boy! . . . Have you reflected?"

"Yes."

"Have you considered?"

"Yes."

"Have you gone off your head?"

"Yes. No," said Bill quickly. "What do you mean?"

"You—a Bannister—want to marry this woman?"

"Yes. And I'm going to find her now and tell her so."

Sir Hugo gazed after him blankly. He mopped his forehead and stared gloomily into the future. He was feeling that this was going to put him right off his game. He doubted if he would break a hundred today—after this.

He was still brooding bleakly on this lamentable state of affairs when the door of the room to the left of the stairs opened and Lottie came out, all brightness and camaraderie. Her air of sparkling-eyed cheerfulness smote Sir Hugo like a blow, even before she had come within speaking range.

"Hello, Doc," said Lottie amiably.

"Good morning," said Sir Hugo.

"You don't seem surprised to see me."

"No. I heard that you had arrived. I have just been talking to William, and he has told me the appalling news."

Lottie was puzzled.

"What news?"

"He is resolved to marry you."

A SLIGHT but distinct cloud marred Lottie's shining morning face. She looked at her companion narrowly, and her hands began to steal towards her hips.

"Just what," she asked, "do you mean by 'appalling news'?"

"It is appalling," said Sir Hugo stoutly.

Lottie breathed softly through her nose.

"You think I'm not good enough for him?"

"Precisely."

"Listen!" said Lottie, in a spirit of inquiry, "what's the earliest in the morning you ever got a sock right on the side of the head?"

For the first time Sir Hugo became aware that something he had said—he could not think what—had apparently disturbed and annoyed this woman before him. He did not like the way she was advancing upon him. He had seen tigresses in the zoo walk just like that.

A swift thinker, he took refuge behind a chair and held up a deprecating hand.

"Now, now, my good girl! . . ."

"Don't you call me a good girl!"

"No, no," said Sir Hugo hastily. "You're not, you're not. But, my dear Miss . . ."

"Mrs."

"My dear Mrs. . . ."

"Higginbotham is the name."

"My dear Mrs. Higginbotham, cannot you see for yourself how impossible this match is?"

Lottie drew in her breath sharply.

"Honest," she said, "I owe it to my womanly feelings to paste you one."

"No, no, be reasonable."

"HOW do you mean it's impossible?" demanded Lottie warmly. "If Bill's so crazy about me . . ."

"But William is a Bannister."

"What of it?"

"And you . . ." Sir Hugo paused carefully. He realized that infinite tact was required. "After all—in the kindliest spirit of academic inquiry—who *are* you?"

"*Née* Burke. Relict of the late Edwin Higginbotham," said Lottie briefly.

"I mean, what is your family?"

"If anybody's been telling you I've a family, it's not true."

"You misunderstand me. But the whole thing is impossible, quite impossible."

"How do you mean?"

Sir Hugo drew a deep breath and eyed Mr. Higginbotham's widow severely.

(To be concluded next week)

The Wrong Wife

Continued from page 19

them that maintain that love was merely a matter of reaching that age which for the particular individual was the marriageable one. These argued that any woman, practically, who encountered a man at that age, could win him, provided she didn't have too many disadvantages of looks or manners or disposition.

Had he, then, fallen in love with love, and would one object for his affection do as well as another? He wouldn't believe it; it robbed life of romance, made us all mere unwitting servitors of nature.

He felt a sick shame at the idea which he refused to accept. Little Deborah deserved the best; she deserved an ardency of the spirit, not merely of the flesh. Well, he would do the best he could; he would try, with all sincerity, to love her, and to forget Del.

To forget Del? Ah, that would be an impossibility. Forever he would carry in his mind the image of her face; his ears would ring with the sound of her voice. . . .

"And here we are, mister and missus," said the grinning taxi man, "and may all your troubles grow up to be presidents and generals."

He accepted the generous tip which the red-faced Cordova bestowed upon him and drove gayly off to his own favored speakeasy, to drink the healths of the bride and groom.

Deborah, who had offered no objection when Cordova gave his address to the taxi man, now looked inquiringly at her husband.

"We've got to talk things over," he said easily, "and find out where we're going. Do you know, my dear, that we haven't decided on where to go for our honeymoon?"

They ascended to his apartment, and the elevator operator grinned knowingly at them. What was it, Cordova asked himself, that so plainly marked newly married couples? He supposed it was self-consciousness.

WEBBING admitted them at Cordova's ring. He bowed low before them.

"Welcome, Mrs. Cordova," he said.

Cordova stared at the man. In the years that Webbing had served him, he had never suspected the man of any weaknesses; in fact, he had frequently doubted Webbing's humanity, so machine-like he was. But if his eyes and ears had entered into a conspiracy to deceive him, his nostrils had not joined the plotters. And he smelled liquor. Further, Webbing's gravity was today preternatural; the very stiffness of his pose as he stood upright was proof that something other than bones and muscles inspired the rigidity.

"You've been drinking, Webbing," he said.

"And why not, sir?" retorted the man. "Have you been married before? Is it likely, considering your present good fortune, that you'll be married again? Why shouldn't I drink a small toast to your bride and you, sir?"

Cordova could think of no adequate reply. After all, Webbing was not intoxicated; he was merely slightly elevated.

"Wishing you all happiness, Mrs. Cordova, and the same to you, sir," went on Webbing.

"Thank you, Webbing," said Cordova. Deborah, too, thanked the man.

Webbing bowed low; he walked, like a ramrod, from the room. Deborah turned amused eyes to her husband.

"I think he's a dear, Dick," she said. "You mustn't be angry with him."

"I'm not," said Cordova. "I'm just surprised. Sit down, my dear."

She sat down, by that window where he had discovered her last night. The afternoon sun picked out unsuspected glints of gold in her brown hair. He noticed, with an approval that surprised him, how self-possessed she was. He pulled up a chair opposite her, sat down, and glanced at his watch.

"It's only four-fifteen," he said. "We have time to make up our minds as to where we want to go—for our honeymoon," he added.

She met his eyes fairly.

"Where would you like to go, Dick?"

"Europe, the South Seas—lots of places, my child, that can't be visited by us for some time to come. I've a job on my hands. I must be back at my desk on Monday morning, and this is Friday. So we can't go very far, Deborah. Atlantic City, Washington, Niagara Falls," he grinned. "Or we might stay in New York."

HER eyes slipped away from his for a moment.

"We couldn't go to—Warumkeg, could we?" she asked.

He stared at her in surprise.

"Why—of course we could," he said.

"I—think Uncle would like it," she stated.

"I wonder," he said and smiled wryly.

"I'm sure he would," she said. "And I've thought of something else. If—if it looks like an elopement—"

"Do you care?" he interrupted.

She shook her head.

"Not for myself. But—I've just been thinking—about you. There'll be publicity, of course. If we go right down to Uncle's camp, that will stop it."

He was vaguely bewildered by this, but there seemed no valid objection. He rang for Webbing.

"My bags ready?" he asked.

"Yes, sir."

"Get me two rooms on the evening train for Maine. Stone's Landing," he added.

"Yes, sir. The seven o'clock, sir?"

"That's it. And you might be at the station with the bags."

Webbing retreated from the room with the automatic stride of a German soldier. Cordova looked at his wife.

"Any little shopping to do?" he asked.

She shook her head.

"I ought to phone Jennie, though. She's been in fidgets since I left, I know. And she could pay my bill, and have my things at the train for me."

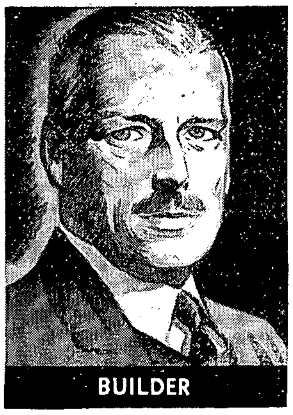
She reached for the telephone as she read assent in his glance, and got her hotel.

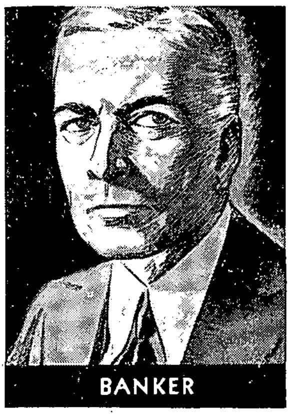
"Jennie? This is Miss Deborah—Mrs. Cordova." There was a long pause, and Cordova, studying her as she listened to the maid, noted that her gray eyes could be gentle, as well as gay and alive. "That's sweet of you, Jennie," she finally broke in. "Now, do this for me. Pay my bill, and have my bags at the Grand Central in time for the seven o'clock train. Yes, we're going to Warumkeg. But we'll be back on Monday morning." She turned to Cordova, and her face went crimson. "What will our address be? I mean—shall we be here, or—at some hotel?"

"Why—here," he stammered.

"We'll be at Mr. Cord—at his—at our apartment, Jennie," she said. She gave her the address. "Now, don't be silly, Jennie. Of course you'll work for me. How could I get along without you? You have plenty of money with you? Then get a room at the hotel—keep the

(*Continued on page 48*)





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*Compared to cost of best grade of rustable pipe

TIME HAS PROVED THE DURABILITY OF COPPER, BRASS AND BRONZE

(*Continued from page 47*)

one you have if they'll cut it off from my rooms—and stay there until I return. You won't be lonesome? You'll have a good time? That's fine, Jennie. Don't forget—the seven o'clock train."

She hung up.

"Jennie's fond of you, isn't she?" said Cordova.

"Of course," she replied. "I love her. Oh—"

She rose and walked across the living-room. She tried a door and opened it.

"Is this your bedroom?" she asked.

He nodded.

"What other rooms are there?"

"A dining-room, a kitchen, and Webbing's room," he replied.

"Oh, it won't do at all, will it?" she exclaimed.

"It was meant as a bachelor's establishment," he smiled.

"Of course. But—there must be a room for Jennie, of course. And we'll need at least three other servants besides Webbing. Can he buttle?"

"Superbly," he laughed.

"Cook, cook's helper, parlor maid—three others won't be enough. And we'll want a much—oh, a *much* bigger place than this. I wonder if this isn't a good season to look for apartments?"

"I own a couple of buildings," he said. "I think we might find something—"

"And the landlord couldn't refuse to remodel if I asked him, could he?" she asked.

"I don't see how he could refuse you anything," he said.

"Anything? That's a large order," she said thoughtfully. "I wonder."

"Try me," he said confidently.

"Perhaps I will. But not this minute," she replied.

SHE sat down again by the window.

"Tell me things about yourself," she said.

"They wouldn't be accurate," he said. "They'd be biased."

"I won't mind. I'd like to know what you think of yourself."

"It would be more fun knowing what you think of me," he parried.

"But I love you. You know that," she said, simply.

Involuntarily he moved toward her; then he stopped, and covered a queer confusion by pretending to fill his cigarette case from a box on a table near her.

"And I love you," he said.

"Of course," she said. He thought he caught the faintest tremor in her voice, but her eyes were calm as he looked at her.

He looked again at his watch.

"Like to go for a drive? Or to a movie? Or anything?" he asked.

"A movie? Haven't seen one since we went to the camp," she said. "I'd like that."

He watched her as she entered his bedroom; through the open door he saw her adjusting her hair before the mirror. She had taken off her hat, and dropped it on his bed. There was something about the easy intimacy of her movements that was exciting.

"Your hairbrushes are all worn down," she called to him. "Can't you afford new ones?"

"Not possibly," he replied.

"I can," she said. "I think that would be a nice present to buy you." Over her shoulder, patting at a tendril of hair behind one ear, managing—as only a woman can manage—to look in the mirror while also she looked at him, she went on: "I want to buy you a present. And when I get such an urge, never try to thwart me."

"You wouldn't ever buy me handkerchief cases, would you?" he asked in mock alarm.

"Do I look like the soulless sort that would wish such atrocities on the man she loved?" she demanded severely.

"W-e-ll"—he pretended dubiety—"what about little cloth cases for shoes?"

"I consider them effeminate," she returned.

"I once knew a man," he said solemnly, "whose fiancée gave him a gadget that had a corkscrew, manicure scissors, and a two-colored pencil in it. It was solid gold, and his initials were tricked out in diamonds."

"He broke the engagement, of course," she said, in tones of horror.

"No, indeed," said Cordova. "He married her and bought all her dresses and selected the curtains for their home."

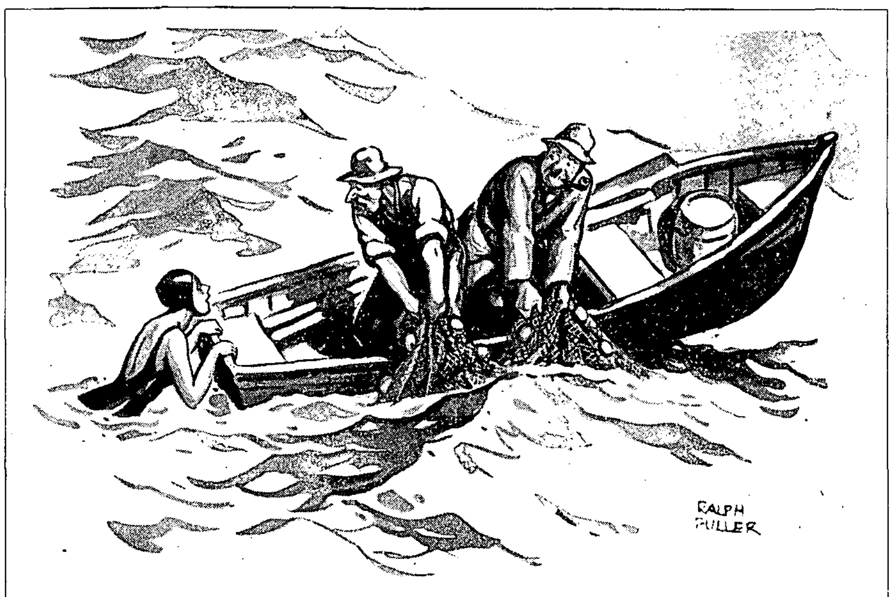
"Served her perfectly right," said Deborah.

SHE had finished those rites of make-up, which take up the time women used to expend in adjusting the dozen petticoats they wore beneath their outer garments.

"Let's go shopping," she suggested.

He stood in the doorway of the bedroom and watched her approach.

She was gay; the past minute proved that. Oh, it hadn't been brilliant wit, but it had been *play*, and a woman who couldn't play was too dreadful to imagine. He realized that he had been smiling, that his lips were still twitching with quiet mirth.



"Might I trouble you for a cigarette?"

Also, he realized that he had forgotten—for the past few moments, at any rate—her cousin Del. For a man whose heart was irremediably broken, he had been doing quite well.

Could it be possible that the fun he had just been having with her, the thrill he had received from her kiss, the genuine pleasure he had known just now in watching her, in listening to her, meant that he was by way of falling in love with her, had already fallen in love with her?

He stood, blocking the door, as she reached it. She looked up at him shyly.

"Is there any reason why I should not pass you?" she asked.

"This," he told her. And now, without faintest reluctance, she gave herself to his embrace.

They went, of all odd places, to a news-reel theater, to kill time after Deborah had selected, at a shop on the Avenue, a pair of military hairbrushes. She designed the initials herself, and displayed, Cordova thought, a pretty talent with the pencil. He himself was possessed of ten thumbs, and anyone who could even write legibly possessed his admiration and respect. But Deborah manipulated a pencil with quick certainty.

"Was ever a less romantic bridal gift?" she asked. "But I'll bet there are dozens of things you need, Dick Cordova. I think you've been needing a wife to look after you."

"The idea has suggested itself to me," he smiled.

They were silent through the hour that the newsreels used up, save for occasional comments, and Cordova had time to think. He was in love with Del, but an honesty of thought compelled him to admit that he was not going to be too unhappy with Deborah.

She loved him. Of that there could be no doubt. She was pretty—he was beginning to think her lovely—charming, gay, and he sensed that she possessed a homely practicality which was no disadvantage in a wife.

He thought, with a certain guilt, of the rapturous embrace that had occurred before they left the apartment. It had been, unquestionably, his duty to kiss his wife, to hide from her the fact that there existed in all the world any person whose caress might seem more delightful. He couldn't give Deborah his name merely. Whatever he had started must be gone through with—to the bitter end!

At the conclusion of the news reels, they left the theater. It was now six-thirty, and Cordova reminded Deborah that she had not yet sent a wire to her uncle. So they stopped on Forty-second Street, and over her shoulder Dick read the telegram she composed:

"Dear Uncle Dan: Dick and I were married today and will arrive at Stone's Landing tomorrow noon. I love you.

"Deborah Cordova."

He liked the spontaneous way in which she had added the assurance of affection. Also, he laughed at the careful punctuation.

"Don't you know that that colon will go the way of all punctuation when the operator gets hold of it?" he asked.

"Is that any reason why I should be careless?" she retorted.

THEY paused at a news stand in the Grand Central, to buy an armful of magazines, and Cordova's own name leaped from a headline. He snatched at the paper.

RICHARD CORDOVA WEDS
Senator Carmichael's Niece
Marries Millionaire
Assistant District Attorney

Over his shoulder Deborah read, too.

"The newspapers think you're more important than Uncle Dan," she laughed. "Your name is in bigger type."

"Well, what do you think?" he asked.

"You ought to know," she replied. "And I—I'm not even a person. I'm the girl you married and Dan Carmichael's niece. Oh—well, they have the decency to mention my name *somewhere,* don't they?"

In the third line of the account, her maiden name was mentioned. They read the story hastily. It was a routine matter, giving the name of the minister, the place of the marriage, and stated that the bride was the niece of the senator. And there was half a column, equally divided between the achievements of the senator and the wealth and lineage of Cordova. They left it on the news stand.

Webbing was waiting at the train gate. Also, there was a tearful woman who cried out at sight of Deborah, and immediately enveloped her in two sturdy arms.

"Now, Jennie, you mustn't weep because I'm happy," said Deborah. "Webbing, here, isn't weeping because Mr. Cordova is married."

Webbing, still as unnaturally rigid as earlier in the afternoon, nodded at Jennie.

"Marriage," he pronounced, "is a very beautiful thing. I think we ought to take in a movie after the train leaves."

Cordova smothered a gasp and then hid a smile. Well, Webbing had served him many years without a lapse. He was entitled to a let-down today. Porters took their bags from the servants; the train guard examined their tickets; they followed their impedimenta down the platform. A beaming porter ushered them into their stateroom and compartment and threw open the door between.

"Like to have dinner served in the compartment, madam?" he asked.

THERE had been no rice, no send-off at the gates. And certainly the porter knew neither of them. Yet Cordova—and Deborah, too—knew that the colored man was as aware of their newly married status as if he had been present when Dr. Beadlestone gave full vent to his chest tones.

"Would you, Deborah?" asked Cordova.

"I think that would be much nicer," she said.

"I'll send the steward right down here," said the porter.

The train creaked; it gathered momentum. The porter, having arranged their bags, slipped from the room. Cordova, alone with his bride, took her in his arms. She seemed suddenly very young, and almost frightened. Tactfully, he released her in a moment, and when the steward, as they paused at the station at One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street, knocked at the door, they were seated opposite each other, glancing at magazines.

The dinner finished, the dishes cleared away, the porter asked permission to make up the drawing-room. Finished, he interrupted a game of backgammon to ask if they wished the compartment also made up. They sat together on the narrow couch of the drawing-room while the porter made up the lower berth in the compartment.

Cordova tried to chat on various subjects, but her monosyllabic replies discouraged him. He felt conscious, suddenly, of a terrific tension in her, of something that bordered on fear. And when the porter bade them good night, and the compartment door closed behind them, she stood up abruptly, and her shoulders seemed to be ridding themselves of a burden.

"Dick," she said, "this afternoon, you said you couldn't refuse me anything."

(*Continued on page 50*)

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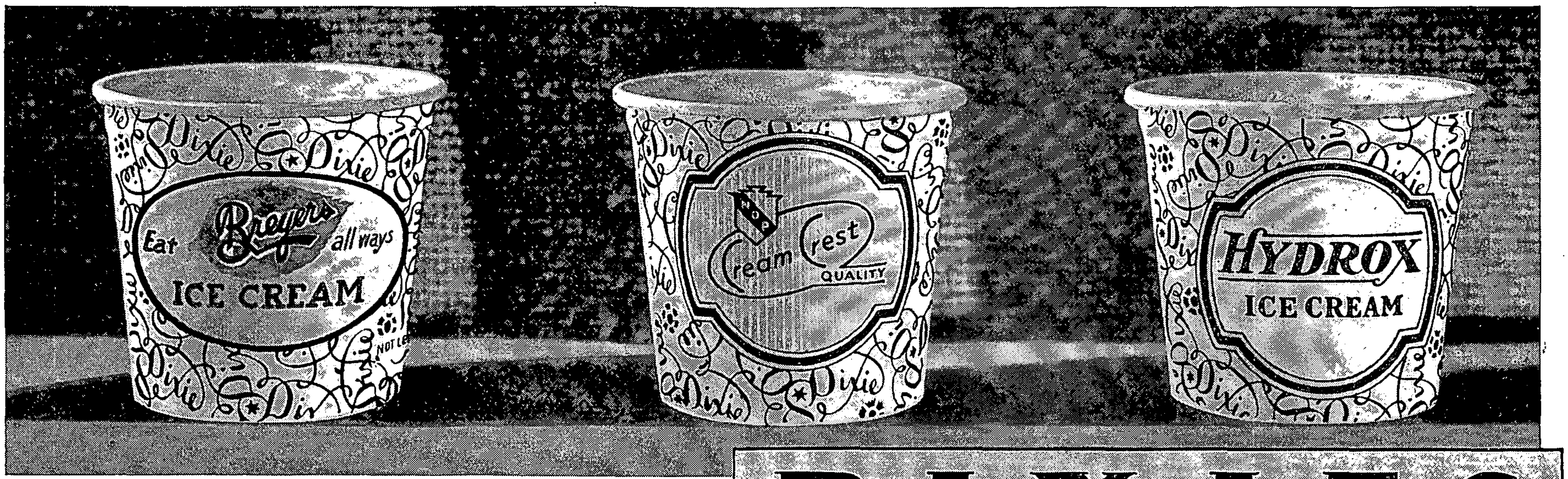

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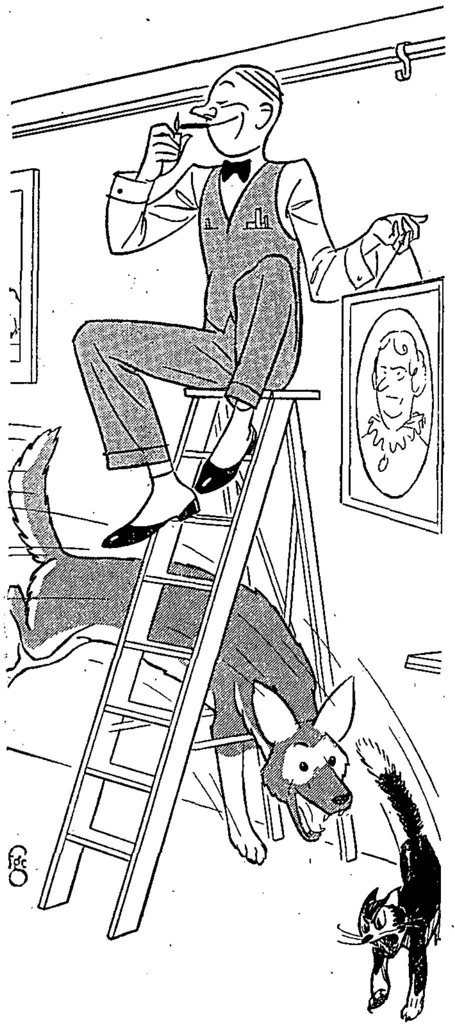

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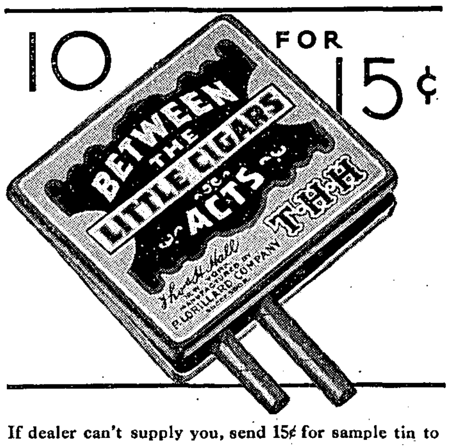

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The Wrong Wife

Continued from page 48

"And I also said, 'try me,'" he laughed.

"Suppose I asked for your forgiveness?"

"Forgiveness? For what, my dear?"

"You're sweet," she said. "Your voice sounds as though the very idea of my asking for forgiveness is ridiculous."

"But isn't it? We've been married a few hours. It—has been pleasant—delightful, Deborah. What on earth could you have done that requires pardon?"

"Suppose I'd done something before we were married?"

He looked at her, appraised the candor of the gray eyes.

"Did you once kiss a little boy?" he smiled.

"I've been kissed. What girl hasn't?" she returned. And he felt a quick pang of jealousy toward that juvenile wooer whose name he would never ask. "I've even *let* a boy kiss me. But I never kissed any man until—last night," she said.

"Then what on earth can this dreadful offense be?" he asked. Amusement was in his eyes as well as his voice. He wondered what Deborah would consider a wrong.

"You won't laugh, Dick," she said. "You—you'll hate me, I think."

"Now that," he said, "is the silliest, most ridiculous thing I ever listened to. Hate you? Deborah dearest, I love you."

As he uttered the words he almost meant them.

"Not yet," she said. "Oh, you will. That is, I could have made you care."

"*Could* have made me?" His voice expressed a bewilderment that held a hint of alarm. "My darling, didn't I love you the moment I saw you? Aren't we married?"

"Because you're the most chivalrous gentleman that ever lived," she told him. "Oh, Dick, I'm a fool. Anyone that can't stick to a course is a fool. It doesn't matter what the course is—once you've adopted it—stick! But I can't. Dick, why do you suppose I wanted to go to Warumkeg?"

"Because it was the kindly thing to do—for us to visit your uncle," he replied.

Her eyes were tender as she looked at him.

"You'd give me the best of it, wouldn't you, Dick? Because I did it, you'd assume my reasons were nice."

"WHAT other assumption could I have? Being you, what you do must be lovely, Deborah."

"Even marrying you—that was lovely?"

"The loveliest thing that has ever come into my life—or ever can come into it," he replied.

"But not the loveliest you had imagined?"

"How could I imagine anything one half so beautiful?" he demanded.

"Because you did," she said.

"Now what on earth do you mean by that?" he asked.

"Dick, I want to tell you all about me."

"And next to making the charming discoveries myself, nothing could be sweeter than having you tell me of yourself," he said.

"The discovery won't be charming," she said.

Her voice was cold as ice, and her eyes had taken on hardness now.

"You're very mysterious, aren't you?" he smiled.

"I liked to think so," she replied. "I liked to imagine myself as someone enigmatic, unreadable, unfathomable. I wonder if we don't all think of ourselves that way, especially if we want to find excuses for our meannesses. I've always considered myself mystic. I've told myself that no one could possibly understand me and that, by reason of my unknowableness, I knew more about people than they could know about themselves. I felt that way about you the moment I saw you."

"About me?" he asked.

"I saw you—and was in love with you from that moment, Dick. I'll always love you. And I loved you because of the things I instantly knew about you. Your chivalry—I wasn't deceived about that."

"HAVE you been deceived in something else?" he interrupted.

"Deceived in my own self-knowledge. Deceived in thinking that I could go on with a meanness, a—a cruelty to you."

"A cruelty? To me?" Vaguely, as in the far distance, things began to be clearer.

"Because I dared tell myself that, knowing you, I knew what you needed, what would make you happy. Dick, I dared play God to you. I dared take over your life."

"Don't all women play God, don't they take over their husbands' lives, when they marry?" he asked. But his effort at lightness was strained.

"That is all right—when their husbands love them."

"But I love you," he protested.

"Oh, if you really did," she cried. "If—Dick, I suggested going to Warumkeg because—well, I thought that by tomorrow you would be so much in love with me that seeing Del would mean nothing to you. Feeling that I knew you—oh, better than anyone ever had or ever could know you, I thought that just being married to me would make you forget you had fallen in love with Del."

"In love with Del? Now what do you mean by that?" he cried bewilderedly.

"You hardly looked at me last week at the camp," she said. "You were obsessed with Del. Anyone could tell that. Del knew it. I knew it. Uncle knew it. So did Mr. Martine and Mr. Grenfell. It was too obvious. But I thought that it would be best if you saw her at once—if you could compare her at once with me. I felt confident—oh, I know now that if I hadn't told you—you'd care for me."

"Hadn't told me what?" he demanded harshly.

"What I can hardly find words to confess. Dick, I asked in advance for your forgiveness."

"What do you want me to forgive?" His voice sounded unnaturally hoarse to himself. He wet his lips with his tongue.

She shrugged despairingly.

"Guessing what it is—you can't grant it?"

"I don't want to guess. I want to know what you are driving at," he said.

"You want me to put it in words? When you already know what I mean? That I took your letter to Del, opened it, knew it was for her—and made up my mind that I'd pretend I thought it was for myself and—rely on your chivalry for the rest."

HE STARED at her. "You—you did that?" he asked.

"Because I loved you," she said.

"Loved me?" he jeered.

"And thought you'd love me," she said.

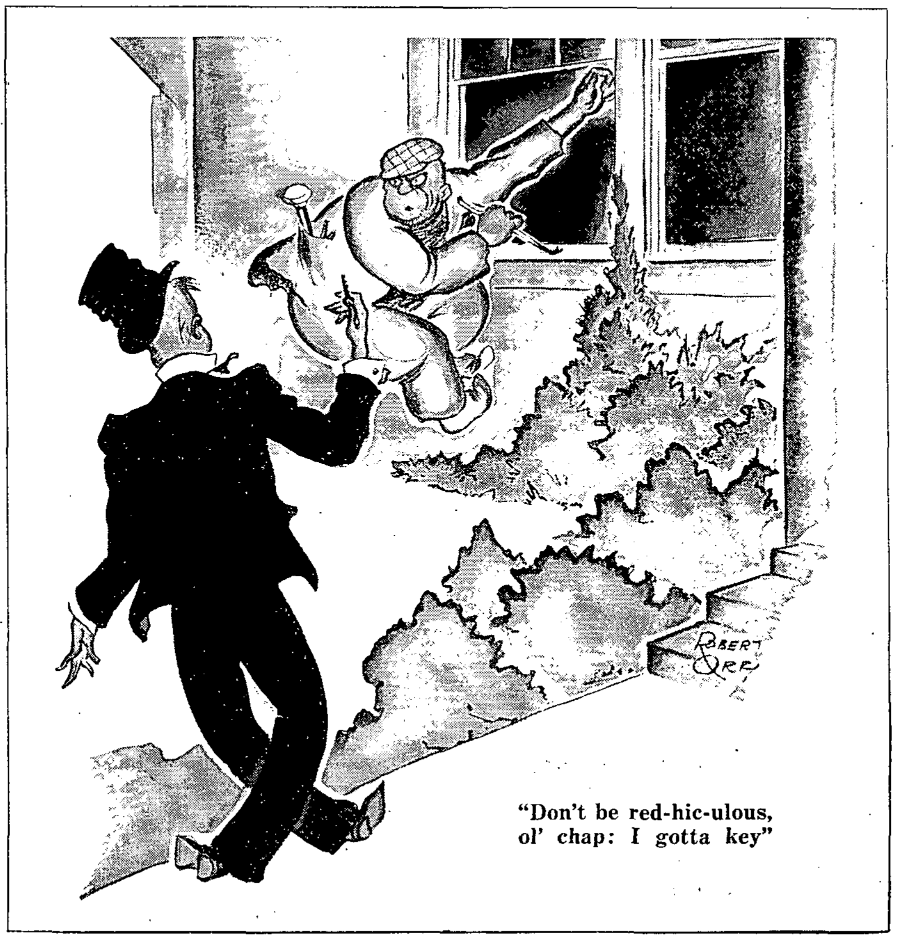
"And what do you think love is?" he cried. "Something to be evoked by a kiss, a caress? You—you did that to me?"

"And want you to forgive me," she said.

"Forgive you?"

He walked into the compartment, and she saw the door shut, and heard the latch click.

(To be continued next week)



"Don't be red-hic-ulous, ol' chap: I gotta key"

Take My Chair

Continued from page 15

two members of the attacking forces dropped limply out of action with looks of dazed surprise upon their faces. The rest of them yanked their violently resisting victim finally into a luxurious A-deck suite and pitched him headlong on the bed.

Before Bill quite realized where he was, Miss Wister had his shoes off, and his collar unfastened, but he absolutely refused to surrender his shirt.

"Oh, please, Mr. Chadd. . . ."

"Please what?" He was aware that a tear gleamed on the lashes of one of Miss Wister's big blue eyes. "Very well," he said. "I'll go to bed. But I won't be put to bed. You'll have to clear out first. You will all wish you had never laid eyes on me soon enough, and when I catch that Chadd . . ."

Miss Wister shook her head sadly. "Bad as I needed a case and bad as I wanted to get back to America, Mr. Chadd, if I'd known you had hallucinations I wouldn't have come. I'll wait outside for ten minutes. Then, if you are not in that bed, I shall have to call the stewards."

"Let 'em come," said Bill.

WHEN the door closed he sat down on the bed to think things over. It was all perfectly clear. This Chadd fellow had stolen his papers, his bag—everything!—and skipped ashore. Well, he'd have to wait, that was all. He couldn't very easily swim back to Gibraltar. He was suddenly aware that he ached in almost every bone and muscle and that the bed felt soft and inviting. Such a pair of blue silk pajamas as he himself would never have presumed to own he found under the pillow. Five minutes later he was in them and between the fresh cool sheets.

Miss Wister came in, thrust a thermometer into his mouth and put her little palm on his forehead. He didn't like the thermometer but he liked the little palm. The faint blue veins of Miss Wister's wrist made her seem strangely human and intimate. "Of course," she said, shaking down the mercury, "—of course you have more fever. Now what have you gained by it all, Mr. Chadd?"

"Oh, go away," said Bill. "What time does the doctor come? But I suppose he's as crazy as the rest of you."

Long after his supper of clear soup and blanc mange she sat beside him reading aloud. The romance she chose stirred a very genuine feeling now and then and after one such moment she glanced up and found him staring at her. "You weren't listening, were you?"

"No," admitted Bill. "I was looking. Your eyes are too big for your face, Miss Wister, but you are pretty."

"We won't talk about that, Mr. Chadd. It is not professional. We can be friends, though, and if you wish, you may call me Shannon. Shall I call you Irving?"

There was a soft knock, a doctor's knock, at the door before he could reply. Ferrand, the ship's doctor, let himself in quietly, his broad, neckless back and his bald spot appearing first. He took off his eyeglasses, and squinted owlishly over the top of them.

"What you do here, Monsieur? What you do in Monsieur Chadd's bed, in hees very pajamas, and with hees nurse? Will you explain that? And where is Monsieur Chadd with hees fever?"

"I wish I knew, Doctor," said Bill. "He's got my business papers and passport and I intend to have him garroted, guillotined or hanged for it, when I catch him."

Dr. Ferrand reached wildly for the doorknob. "*Tiens!* I go to the *capitaine.* It is my reputation at stake." He squeezed through the doorway but thrust his head in again with a warning: "But if it is a plot by you, Monsieur. . . ." He made a motion as if he had a scalpel in his fat fingers. Then he came back into the room altogether. "And for you, young womans, it is a beeg finish. I report this. You will be a nurse again not in such a quick hurry, I think."

The door banged. Bill got into a dressing gown and some slippers and considered the pillar of salt which had once been Shannon Wister. "Next time, young womans," he mimicked, "maybe you will listen to reason."

She put her hands in front of her pale little face and swayed a little. "What shall I do? Oh, how could you? How could you let me make such a mistake? Don't you see you have destroyed my livelihood?"

"To say nothing of what you've done to mine," said Bill. "If I'm not at Nice with those contracts signed in three days, I'm out. Not that I care about that. I can't explain that but it means more than losing livelihood or fiancée or . . ."

"What do I care how many fiancées you lose?" said Shannon. "You got me into this and you've got to get me out."

It was one of those ideal arguments which has infinite possibilities for endurance. It endured for nearly two days, at any rate, and outlasted the passage of many miles of water and no few miles of the highroads of southern France. It was healthily in progress as Shannon sat beside Bill in the front seat of a big car which he was pushing over the road from Perpignan to Beziers at a speed which was an outrage to the age and old-fashioned dignity of the only car available for hire at Port Vendres, north of Barcelona and just north of the Spanish border, where they landed in the middle of the night.

Their hopes were based upon a jocular, unsigned radiogram which had arrived on the Patrie for Mr. Holderness the morning after Mr. Chadd's escape. "Hope you enjoy cruise. Thoroughly enjoying your business and have signed splendid agent at Barcelona. Shall sign Chabat Frères at Avignon."

"Chabat!" The name had meant enough to Bill to almost topple him over the Patrie's deck rail. "But that's the wrong list! Chabat Frères are our competitors and are underlined on the list I was supposed to avoid. If that business genius, Irving K. Chadd, ever gets to Avignon and sees him, my old man's pet scheme is a washout."

AT PORT VENDRES Bill had received another radio, forwarded from the Patrie and unquestionably from the errant Chadd. "Perfectly willing to handle your business but cannot be responsible for girl."

"Girl? What girl?" Bill was mystified. "You're the only girl in this mess and, God knows, one is enough. What does he mean?"

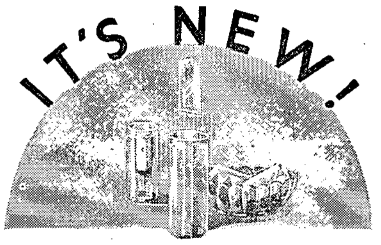
"Perhaps he means your precious fiancée. She may have motored part way from Nice to meet the conquering hero."

"Arlene? Not a chance. She wouldn't come farther than Avignon anyway . . . because that would involve an overnight stop on the way back. She isn't that sort of girl."

"In other words, she is not a trained nurse, you mean. She sounds as though she'd take a chaperon on her honeymoon."

(Continued on page 52)

IT'S NEW!



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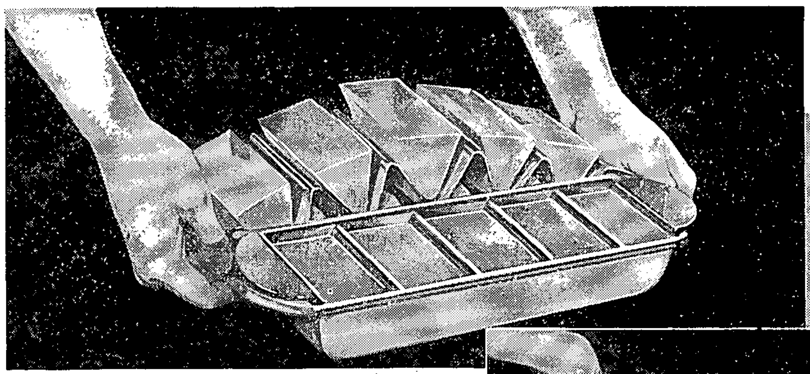

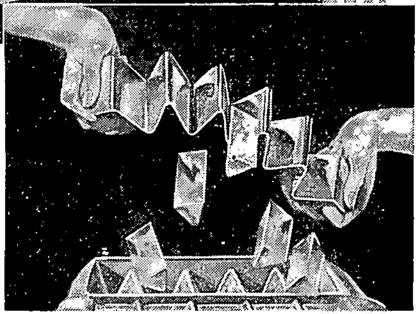

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(*Continued from page 51*)

"You don't have to like her," said Bill. "She's not your fiancée."

All along the coast road, skirting the great lagoons by way of Florensac and Meze, rising again into dune foothills, they dashed through orange groves, the dead green of olive trees against the warm blue of the sea, the land of flowers and every beauty but the beauty of grass. At Meze and again at Montagnac they picked up information of a fleet gray Talbot. Only an hour ahead of them. They would catch him at Montpellier.

"And none too soon," said Bill. "He'd be at Avignon by tomorrow evening . . . and that is where he intends to present the advantages of our plan before the sharp eyes of Chabat Frères."

"And none too soon for me either."

BILL glanced at her, his first thought that the past forty-eight hours might have been something of a strain for a girl, a none-too-husky girl at that. Her eyes in fatigue seemed quite as big and quite as blue but her small felt hat was awry and her cheek was smudged and there was a wobegone little pull at the corner of her mouth; she looked like a child ready to fall asleep on one's shoulder.

But he was going to be ruthless. All successful men were a little ruthless and maybe that was why he had never been successful. Well, he was now reformed. "You've been a fairly good sport . . . so far," he said. There now, that was pretty ruthless. What he'd meant to say was: "You insisted upon tagging along and it's your own damn' fault."

Night came upon them with surprising suddenness about five kilometers outside of the town. It took Bill the best part of an hour to get the headlights working well enough to proceed, and they gained the faint illumination and the cobbles of Montpellier about seven o'clock. At the end of the main street they found the post inn under the name of Hôtel de l'Univers. "You jump out, Shannon, make your own arrangements, and wash your face. I'm going around to the garage people to see if Mr. Chadd has interviewed them yet. I ought to be back for dinner by seven-thirty."

"Aye, aye, sir," said Shannon with a mock salute. "Shall I order dinner, sir? And how do you prefer your veal, Mr. Holderness?"

Bill was a little late getting back, a longer walk from the garage than he had thought. But he found Shannon with the smudge still on her cheek and almost in the exact spot where he had left her. Her eyes were delft-blue saucers. "He's here, Bill. I've seen him. He doesn't look so much like you but I know it was he."

"Yes, I know," said Bill. "He'd already been to the garage people. They have several good cars for hire and he signed them to a contract. He's stopping at the Hôtel du Monde et de l'Angleterre."

"But I actually saw him. Just as I was getting my hat off. Through the shutters of my room. I literally fell down the stairs. I shouted, 'Mr. Chadd . . . Mr. Chadd!' He gave one wild glance at me and then the gray car shot forward and around that corner up there. Do I look like a trained nurse, Bill? Essentially, I mean? And, Bill, do you know what? He has a girl with him!"

After two hours of fruitless search and at the last forlorn gasoline pump on the road out to Nîmes and Avignon they learned that a man driving a gray car had inquired, only a few minutes ago, if he could reach Avignon comfortably before midnight.

That last ride through the darkened countryside held a thrill of its own, and neither Bill nor Shannon said very much. They plunged ahead into the white spread of the headlights. There was no moon but there were many stars. Finally, after nearly two hours of it and well beyond Nîmes, a long hill rose ahead of them, black as the night itself. Near the top of it hung a tiny red star, the red spot of a tail light, and for the next half hour it was their star of hope. Then they lost it.

"We'll have to go faster, Bill. Is this as fast as it will go?"

"Maybe you'd like to get out and push," said Bill. His foot held the throttle to the floor and the old car, judging from the clamor, was breaking its leaky but valiant heart. Bill was more puzzled by the disappearance of the fleeing Talbot than she was. "Unless they have spotted us following and taken to cover, we should be able to see them from here."

They had reached a high point of ground, beyond Remoulins, from which they could see all the way to the great bend of the Rhone and the lights of Avignon low on the night horizon. Descending, he slackened speed, noticing every farm dwelling which they passed near the road, a crossroads, a dark lane. The road bent around a thickly growing clump of trees and beyond was a little café, or *bistro*, its windows still alight. Bill stopped the car, got out, and went to peer through the windows.

He seemed satisfied when he returned. "I want to leave you here for a few minutes, Shannon. I believe we must have passed the beggar and I want to drive back about half a mile and have a look at that lane. It's just the sort of place . . what's the matter? What are you afraid of?"

She had jumped down beside him, clinging to his coat sleeve. "Afraid for you, Bill. You don't know how crazy he is. Maybe he has a pistol!"

"Stop that," said Bill. "If I weren't an engaged man getting nearer and nearer and nearer to the arms of his betrothed, I'd make you stop it." He caught her hands on his coat lapels. He picked her up and kissed all the places he could find to kiss on such a little face. "Now go on, Shannon. I haven't any time to waste on you."

She waited at the door of the *bistro* while Bill turned the car about and started down the road. Then she went in. None of the little, dark wood tables was empty but there was a place at one next to the window.

A GIRL was sitting there. Very much to Shannon's surprise she seemed American. She was ash blond and pretty. "May I sit down here? You're American, aren't you? How strange!"

"Do sit down," said the girl. "I'm just waiting here for a friend, my fiancé, in fact. We're driving on to Avignon."

"That's funny," said Shannon. "I'm waiting for my fiancé too. At least I hope he is after . . . he is if he's a gentleman. We're driving to Avignon too." While her coffee was being served she had a chance to examine her companion and her next question carried an edge of suspicion. "Where is your fiancé now?"

"As a matter of fact," said the blond girl eagerly, "he left me here and took the car back to a little lane we passed. Somebody is following us. I'm supposed to watch until they have gone by. It's thrilling."

Shannon laughed. "It's not only thrilling, it's miraculous. Is your fiancé's name Holderness by any wild chance?"

"It most certainly is not. After the way he treated me? I came all the way from Nice to Avignon to meet him and, when he telegraphed for me to come on to Montpellier, I went. He wasn't even there. Someone much nicer was there, however. My fiancé's name is . . ."

"Chadd!" completed Shannon. "And he is not nicer and he is a lunatic and a thief and . . ."

Any consequence of this outburst was held in abeyance by a crashing sound which brought both the girls and several of the men in the room to their feet; a sort of dull, ominous crash which reverberated through the still night air. "I knew it!" Shannon's voice was thin and high with terror. "They've killed themselves. Oh, Bill . . . Bill!"

"What do you mean?" Arlene Seabury joined the rush through the door. Shannon was already outside, running with the men along a short-cut path which led behind the clump of trees in the direction of the lane. A great flare of white flame, like a beacon, guided them over a fence, across a plowed field until, after perhaps ten minutes or more, they arrived on the lane road. The fast disappearing remains of two cars lay in a flaming mass in the ditch.

BILL had driven the old car into the lane road at fair speed, as good speed as he could make running without lights. Mr. Chadd was coming out of the lane road at an even better speed, considering the handicap of driving in the dark. Neither of them wanted to be seen and they weren't. The two cars almost leaped at each other and met head on with a crash like the explosion of a bomb.

Its very violence was salvation. Everything flew out. Bill flew out. After a minute or so, he found that he was lying in the middle of a road. He didn't know what road nor how he got there nor very much about anything but he felt very well content with himself. Somebody was trying to help him to his feet and he resented it. "I don't need any help," he said. "Who are you?"

The man looked at him vaguely. "I don't know who I am. I feel as if I'd just dived on another rock."

Bill stood up shakily. "I know you. You're Chadd and there was something I was supposed to do to you. You ran off with . . . Oh, I've got it now." With almost slow-motion deliberation he drew back and hit Mr. Chadd on the chin.

Mr. Chadd sat down in the road, his expression more vague than ever. Then Mr. Chadd got up and, as he got up, he brought his fist up.

While Bill was sitting in the road, he thought the thing over. He gradually gained his feet again. "That didn't seem to get us anywhere, did it? But I know a place where we can get a drink."

They started down towards the main road, arm in arm, weaving and unsteady as if they already had had many drinks. Bill tripped over something and stopped to swear at it properly. "You might bring that," said Mr. Chadd. "It's your bag anyway, and I think it's full of contracts. There may be a few collars of mine in it, too. I seem to have forgotten something important, don't you?"

Everybody stared at them when they entered the little *bistro* but they didn't care. They didn't even notice. They found an empty table for two near the window and ordered a couple of cognacs. "I must have known you an awful long time, Bill," said Mr. Chadd. "Bill is your name, isn't it? Mine's Irving."

"Yes, I know," said Bill. His eyes were fastened on the doorway where the pallid, tear-streaked faces of two girls who had just entered met his gaze. There was something about those faces which startled him. In the first place they were pretty faces, which always had a certain effect upon Bill. But there was something else. "Do you know something, Irving?" he said. "I've just remembered what it was that we forgot."

A Captain's Life

Continued from page 22

the sharp, however, that his victim has stopped payment on the seventeen thousand five hundred check by radio. There's almost a fist fight. And while I'm calming these two my door bursts open and a wild-eyed, disheveled man from Pittsburgh rushes into the room and thrusts a revolver into my hand:

"Shoot me, Captain," he shouts, "for God's sake, shoot me! I married the wrong girl."

I take his revolver and shut this man in a closet until I get rid of the card sharp and his victim. I inform the latter there's nothing I can do about the seven thousand dollars in cash he lost—that was partly his own fault, anyway. But I promise him I'll see that the sharp doesn't work any physical harm upon him while aboard ship, because of the canceled check. Then I haul the Pittsburgher out and discover to my relief that he was talking only figuratively about the wrong girl—what he meant was that he and his bride had discovered on their honeymoon that they were not meant for each other. I tell him to get a divorce when he goes home, and dismiss him but keep his gun.

Talent in Abundance

So my day goes. We come along now to the concert which is held aboard ship on the evening before making port.

This is the last social event of a voyage, and the last chance for—well, as Chauncey Depew, who crossed with me many times in the old St. Louis days and was always selected as chairman of the concerts, used to say to young people: "This is the night of the privileges."

There have been recitals aboard my ship which no promoter ashore would have the money or tact to arrange; McCormack, Werrenrath, and the Duchesse de Richelieu have sung from the same platform the same night, and Kreisler and Heifetz have played. I have never heard McCormack, however; something has always kept me on the bridge those nights.

This trip you're taking with me we have Secretary of State—now Chief Justice—Charles Evans Hughes, and Will Rogers aboard. They are great friends and great wits. Slick as Will is with his tongue, however, he is no match for the Secretary, who is one of the wittiest and pleasantest men who ever crossed the ocean on any captain's ship. He is famous on the Leviathan for his constant and wonderful smile.

Here you are back on the bridge with me and we've left Quarantine. The U. S. Customs boat has put the newspaper reporters and customs men aboard and we are proceeding up the lower bay. Who is this distinguished looking gentleman coming upon the bridge, which at this of all times should not be invaded by laymen? He has spats, a cane, and a jaunty, assured air about him. He bows low: "Captain—" "Yes," I say, hastily, "yes, yes, to be sure—I'll be glad to talk to you. But not now, please, I'm busy." "I understand perfectly," he says, with another bow, but he remains upon the bridge, surveying the scene. I explain as courteously as I can, wondering whether he's a senator or an ambassador, that I'm sorry, but he can't remain upon the bridge: won't he please go and make himself comfortable in my cabin until I can be free to join him. "Very well, Captain," and he follows the officer I've detailed to show him to my quarters.

Later, I learn from my room steward that the distinguished gentleman shaved with my razor, took a bath, then crossed the corridor and entered the quarters of Chief Officer Higgins. Mr. Higgins had been suddenly called out by some happening or other, and had left his untasted breakfast on its tray. The strange gentleman helped himself to that.

We find out, upon investigation, that he is the father of one of our bell boys, who merely came to visit his son, and had bluffed the customs boat guards with as much brass as he had used on us.

But it's a long time before I'm able to laugh at that, because the distinguished stranger has no sooner left us on the bridge than an officer comes running to report that one of the passengers has committed suicide. The newspaper men put me through a third degree and what with submitting to them and the confusion of the suicide, and the papers I have to sign, it's five hours after we are safely in dock before I am able to go below and say howdy to Mrs. Hartley, who awaits me there.

To complete the picture, you'd better turn around and sail out with me. We have five days in port in New York with the Leviathan; three in Europe. On the last day, just before sailing time, I go to the Customs House and get my clearance papers and when I fetch these aboard we're ready to cast off. I pause a moment in my quarters before going to join Pilot McLaughlin on the bridge, and scan the raft of letters on my desk. Most of them, I know, are letters of introduction and letters or lists from the office, commending certain people to my special attention. These letters are the bane of an American captain's life. British masters are not bothered thus, but it seems that every one of you who intends crossing on one of your own boats thinks you have to have a letter of introduction in order to be well looked after. Let me assure you it isn't so. You'll be treated just as well if the captain doesn't even know you're aboard the ship.

From these letters I shall make up a list of people I have to see and then invite them, in turn, during the voyage to visit me in my room for a word or two. There's a constant stream of these visitors between Ambrose Light and the Lizard. To show you how embarrassingly mechanical the thing is, let me tell you this one:

Worrying Mr. Ziegfeld

I had just entertained Mr. and Mrs. Flo Ziegfeld in my cabin on one crossing. Next down my list was the name of Miss Billie Burke. She was invited up for tea. In came Mrs. Ziegfeld again. We enjoyed a good laugh when the mistake was explained, but I was told later that Mr. Ziegfeld spent a few uneasy moments wondering what the captain had to say to his wife that he couldn't hear.

Another trip I had a stack of letters big enough to fill a sea chest, about a lad on board; these were mostly from very prominent people, up and down in official importance from Senator McKellar. Thinks I, here's a noteworthy young man who must sit on my right; and so informed the dining-room steward. Two mealtimes passed and the distinguished youngster had not put in an appearance. We investigated and found him pushing a deck broom. He was a member of the crew.

We get the big girl clear of her dock

(Continued on page 54)

Just missed him—

....but next time?

BY midnight tonight, 85 of today's motor accidents will have proved fatal. Before you finish reading this message, 2 more people will have been injured by automobiles. If "next time" it should be *your* misfortune *not* to "miss him"—*and you are sued*—will you have a great insurance company behind you? Or merely the sleep-robbing knowledge that a judgment may not only seize every form of property you own *today*, but may even snatch away anything you may own or acquire *for years to come!* An Ætna Combination Automobile Policy not only covers every insurable motoring risk but can be written with Liability limits of *any* amount needed to protect you against high damage awards. Further, an Ætna Policy is *acceptable* evidence of your financial responsibility in every state in the Union. Canada, too. What's more, Ætna service covers the country from Coast to Coast through

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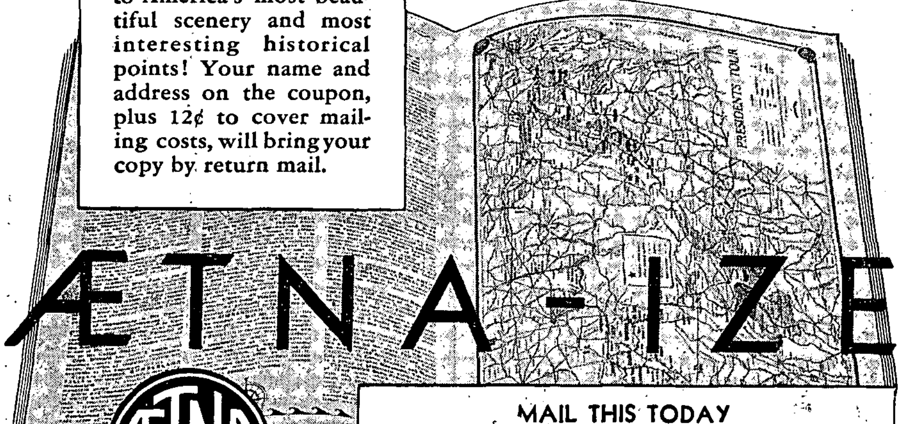

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(Continued from page 53)

and her prow downstream. Her bulk helps us a bit in scaring harbor craft off, but we must proceed with great caution, for you can't stop this tonnage as you'd brake an automobile. Our only hope of missing anything that blunders onto our course is to turn away and we can't turn far in so crowded a waterway. However, we get through as always.

This is the time when the dining-room steward generally brings his lists and diagrams up so that I can select those people I want to have placed at my table. I have the sole word and the office never goes further than "suggesting" people—to my care, never to my table. But at that my first selections at least are pretty hidebound. Hello, here's a telegram from a passenger.

CAPTAIN HARTLEY:

IF THERE IS A MAN AT YOUR RIGHT, ALL RIGHT. IF THERE'S A WOMAN, IT'S MY SEAT. COUNTESS DI BRAGANZA.

There you are. It isn't only a matter of whom you seat, but how you seat them. Washington people suggested that I use the Social Register for a guide. But, I've been disloyal enough to the peppery traditions of Captain Jamison, and, by thunder, I am not going that far. If a sailor can't trust his common sense, but has to depend upon a book, we'd better open the seacocks of the whole American merchant marine. I make my selections; first from prominent officials, then from my friends.

The table of the staff captain rates next to the captain's. Staff captain is a rank only used on the biggest liners—there aren't half a dozen on the oceans. Next in rank comes the chief engineer's table; then those of the purser and the doctor. If I have an overflow I might ask one or more of those officers to help me out, but usually they make their own selections, after I've made mine, from the lists I've sent them of prominent passengers and from among the old travelers.

All right, the seating lists are completed; what's next? Plenty—here's Clarence Chamberlin preparing to take off on the first ship-to-shore delivery of mail. A special runway has been built for him on the bridge deck. Clarence has a cup of coffee with me before he climbs into his plane; he's a fine chap. I turn the ship so that his plane is heading into the wind, and off he goes.

It Worked Both Ways

See that rug you're standing on in front of my desk? That's my marrying rug. I've married nine couples on the high seas and I always stand them on it. The first time I performed a marriage I got stage fright and almost spliced my chief officer, who was a witness, to the bride. I told Peggy Joyce, when she stood on it, to watch out—that the rug worked both ways. Whereupon she rubbed her feet on it, and two weeks later she was divorced again in Paris. Dear old Nora Bayes was one of the victims of my rug. So were Bud Fisher and Countess de Beaumont, whom I introduced on one trip and married on the next. At the end of the third trip they were divorced. Nevertheless I still consider it a "successful" marriage: the Countess got $25,000 a year alimony, so I heard.

We've always an assortment of honeymooners on the Levi. Look—there's a happy pair right now, who happen to be famous also—Ellin Mackay and Irving Berlin.

I become so fond of honeymooners and marriages that I try my hand at matchmaking. I introduce General Pershing to Mrs. Loose, the widow of one of the founders of the Loose-Wiles Biscuit Company, which some funny man has referred to as the most dissolute name in commerce. I seat them together at my table and secretly warn each that I've set the other to work, but it doesn't succeed. This becomes a great joke among us three. The general is as shy as he is charming. Mrs. Loose is one of my dearest friends and the dearest of women; seventy years old, she outdances and outvamps any deb aboard.

Everybody's Secret

Thus it goes, all the way to Southampton. There two high officials come aboard, the doors and windows are bolted and shuttered, and I'm told a secret of state: I'm to carry Queen Marie to the United States on my next trip. "You are the only man in the world who knows this, Captain. Don't breathe it!" "But you are two," I protest. "Ah, but no—we two are one." I go around the ship hoping nobody will notice the guilty look which betrays the fact that I am burdened with and staggering under a momentous confidence. The ship's barber comes cheerily in and while lathering my face he says:

"Well, Cap'n, hear the latest? Queen Marie is going to be with us on our next trip west."

Ah, but we two are only one!

I spend that whole round trip writing and rehearsing a speech of welcome I am going to deliver when I put on all my brass and tinware and stand like a Christmas tree at the gangway to welcome royalty. The beautiful woman steps up, flashes a smile at me and extends her hand and I forget every word of my speech.

Mrs. Woodrow Wilson is aboard, also; she is at my table with the Queen. Her birthday comes along in the voyage and I arrange a banquet in her honor. There are two private dining-rooms on the Levi; one named the Roosevelt, the other the Wilson. By some inept oversight the banquet to honor Mrs. Wilson is laid in the Roosevelt room and just when we are ready to march in there, I discover the horrible *faux pas.* Stewards fly; the air is clouded with cutlery and napery. As we sit down in the Woodrow Wilson room shortly afterwards I am smiling and telling Marie: "You may be Queen of Roumania, but Mrs. Wilson is Queen of America." All the while, however, I'm wondering whether killing a dining-room steward who can't tell a Republican from a Democrat would be considered murder.

That night Mrs. Wilson tells us one of the most charming stories I've ever heard about her husband, the great President. He was traveling south from Washington. Also on the train was a man, who said to him: "Mr. President, I want to ask you to do me a favor. Something that won't mean much to you, but it will mean a great deal to me. We'll be passing through my home town, Culpeper, Virginia, soon. The train stops there for a minute. There will be a big crowd gathered. I want to ask if you will just go out and stand on the observation platform with me. I want my fellow townsmen to see me standing beside the President of the United States."

The President said that he would, and when the train began to slow down for Culpeper he walked out and stood with the gentleman on the observation platform. The train stopped. There was a long freight train, also stopped, on the adjoining track. Nothing else was in sight.

"Where," asked the President, "is Culpeper?"

"There," said the gentleman, pointing ruefully over the freight train, "is Culpeper." The passenger train began to pull away. There was an old Negro drowsing in the sun against a post; he didn't even trouble to raise his eyes. The freight train hid every other sign of Culpeper.

This story has a sequel. Four years later in Washington I repeat it to a gathering of good fellows. A sheepish voice pipes up: "I was that Culpeper man." It is Admiral Cary Grayson.

When I take the Queen down to the stokehold she is impressed with its cleanliness, the ship being an oil burner, and remarks: "But the stokers on the coal burners must have a hell of a time."

My associations with Roumanian royalty don't end here. Months later, a startling example of the troubles of a sailor, I am to be called upon to make peace between the Hohenzollerns and the Vanderbilts. Gloria Vanderbilt, Reggie's widow and an old friend of mine, is engaged to Prince Hohenlohe. Jealous court circles abroad attempt to blacken her with his family. Princess Ileana, Marie's daughter, writes to me for a character recommendation of Mrs. Vanderbilt, which I furnish.

So it goes. I could read to you from my old passenger lists for hours the names of celebrated people who have made the Leviathan their home on the deep, and its skipper their friend. There was Vincent Astor, who presented me with a magnificent painting of my old schoolship, the Saratoga; John N. Willys, now our Ambassador to Poland; the late Nicholas Longworth and his wife, Alice Roosevelt, who made their honeymoon trip on the old St. Louis with me.

The Unwritten Log

I've got hundreds of passenger lists to read from, but I'm not forgetting that I promised you a peep into that other log, the unwritten log of a sailor's heart: and of a friend humbler in the world's eyes, but not in mine, than those of my Leviathan days.

A year after I had resigned the Leviathan's command I made my first crossing of the ocean as a passenger. I was a guest of my old line. I found that on the return voyage we were to make Southampton a port of call and anchor down the bay. There wouldn't be time for me to go up to the town. I wired a group of my former shipmates who have retired to quieter lives ashore; would they come down to see me and bring my old friend Mrs. Needham?

I watched eagerly as the tender hove in sight, and there they were. Mrs. Needham, ninety years of age, with her quaint little pigeon-toed walk and her shiny old black silk cloak and the queer little hat perched atop her snow-white head.

We talked, she and I, of many things that only the two of us know. Too soon it was time to part again. I hung over the railing with the other passengers. My shipmates on the tender below sang old songs to me. There was a big lump in my throat, so I looked away and tried to bear in mind that I am a hard-boiled old merchantman. I saw that Mrs. Hartley and many of the passengers, who didn't know either of us, were crying. The old songs had touched their hearts.

When I looked down to the tender again and shouted farewell, I saw a faded, tired little figure in black waving to me. She could not see me, for she is almost blind now. But her love picked my voice out of all the hubbub and the little hand that sewed on my first stripe was waving wanly in my direction. It came to me that we might never see each other again in this world. And because I know that—I, a stern old sailor, who had taken his fights and his frolics and his friends where he had found them, was not ashamed to let everybody see that I, too, gave away to my feelings.

The Queen's Elephants

Continued from page 8

other ideas. After thirty minutes Mr. Childs stopped trying and paid Whinney his fifteen. He then purchased the aquarium, eel and water for twenty-five dollars and caused it to be removed to the Roscommon Inn.

Omar Gill returned at noon and found his partner in the hotel lobby, offering to bet money. There was only one bet made and Harmony lost it, for even an eel can become exhausted. Wagering ten dollars, the local baggage-master seized the fast-weakening eel and removed him without difficulty. Omar surveyed the scene with disgust, seized Harmony and led him to his room.

"It's getting so you can't be left alone," he said bitterly. "Go in there and take a hot bath. Change your clothes and be sober in fifteen minutes, because we have a luncheon engagement with Hortense and her husband."

"Nobody can blame a man for getting crocked in this town," Harmony retorted. "That eel thing would be a swell racket if the eel could stand it."

"A hot bath and no more gin," said Omar.

"Corn it was, and first-rate corn."

SOON after midday Mr. Childs was sober again, or partly so, and clad in fresh garments. A man took the eel away and Omar led Harmony down to the rented limousine and placed him inside. They started for the Rockwell home to begin the rehabilitation of Mr. Gill.

The Rockwells lived, when in America, in a large, rambling brick house with an impressive lawn, iron deer and two stone walks. It was an old-fashioned estate, reminiscent of the gay nineties, obviously the home of solid and substantial householders. Omar led the way, with a dash of nervousness in his manner, for he had not laid eye upon his sister in years, and on the last occasion he was being led off by the local chief of police for questioning.

A servant admitted the birds of passage, took Omar's name and disappeared, and they waited, holding to their silk hats. It was Hortense who came first and Harmony looked at her as she approached. She was fifty, tall, angular, sinister, and not like Omar. She had large buckteeth and a grim smile that was partly scowl.

"Sister," cried Omar, "greetings. I have returned after many years. Meet Harmony Childs."

Hortense Rockwell stared in astonishment at the shining hats, spats, canes, boutonnières and frock coats. Harmony announced in a bass rumble that he was glad to meet the lady.

"And if you want to go on the radio, sister," Omar said, "Mr. Childs can arrange it, as he is president of the Northwestern Broadcasting Company of Chicago."

"Well, I must say," said Omar's sister, thawing slightly in the presence of prosperity.

"I am permanently in Wall Street," Omar explained. "I buy options. Whenever you hear of anyone buying an option in Wall Street, I probably did it."

Hortense refrained from asking him what an option was, but continued to thaw and it was apparent in a few moments that she did not intend to order her scalawag brother from the house. "My car," he said casually, "is waiting. Is there any place my chauffeur can take you?"

In the former years, Omar had usually drifted into town on the back-end of a freight train, a vagabond, causing the neighbors to talk, but, as Hortense could see, dissolute days were ended and the man before her was a man of means. The conversation was interrupted by the arrival of Mr. Rockwell, who came down the stairs at a slow trot.

"Leander," said Hortense, "this is my brother, Omar, and his friend, Mr. Harmony Childs, president of the Northwestern Broadcasting Company of Chicago."

"Pleased," said Leander in a hearty voice, striking the first human note that had been struck in Leesburg. "Come right in and have lunch with us. Don't argue about it, but put down your hats and enter the dining-room."

This was stepping the speed up faster than Hortense intended, for she was still staring at Omar as though only half convinced. In Leander's mind there was no gnawing doubt and he proceeded to act the jovial host, personally taking the hats and sticks of the visitors. He slapped Omar on the back and was plainly glad to meet him.

Leander was a large, rosy man with very little hair. He wore glasses and peered through them anxiously as though he felt bits of life were escaping him. He had a faint wisp of mustache and a row of secondary chins that had long since buried the original. He had a commanding voice, but his manner of speech was cheerful and he chuckled. Omar wondered how he ever married such a severe woman. During the lunch that ensued, Leander chatted freely, Omar looked dumb, and Harmony assumed a fixed smirk to cover any trace of recent intoxication. Hortense stared at Omar like one who is forced to believe something against her judgment.

"Yes," said Omar in a lull, "I may say that we have done fairly well, Harmony and self. In my Wall Street career, I have probably bought more options than any man alive today."

"You were not hit hard in the recent smash?" Leander queried.

"Not a couple of smart lads like us. We knew what was coming, didn't we, Harmony?"

Mr. Childs grunted.

When the meal was ended Omar again invited his sister to ride in the limousine, but she had other business and went grimly on her way. Harmony announced that his head hurt and that he craved a short hour's slumber, so he started for the Roscommon Inn, Omar giving him a word of warning.

"I won't," Harmony promised. "But I can only stand this place one more day. Remember that—one more day."

HE WENT glumly into town behind the liveried chauffeur and Leander took charge of Omar and showed him through the house. It was a dwelling of many rooms, the home of a world-traveler.

"Very interesting," Omar said in his company voice.

"Yes, it is," Leander agreed. "Hortense and I have traveled a bit, but we still like Leesburg; not as well as London, but we like it. Come in here and see my curios."

They entered a room filled with spears, deer heads, leather saddles, ironmongery, walrus teeth and glass ducks from Japan.

"Omar," said Mr. Rockwell, "my wife makes me angry at times. Do you know she had actually prejudiced me against you?"

(*Continued on page 56*)

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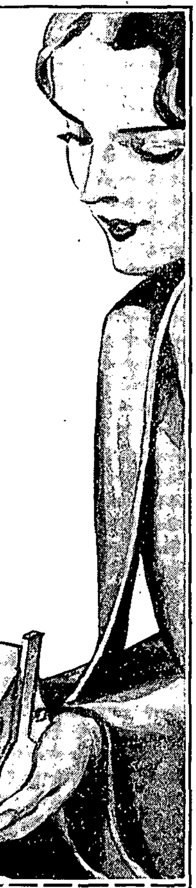

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(Continued from page 55)

"Hortense always believed I was no good. I guess she's changed her mind now."

"Why, you're a fine fellow, Omar. You astonish me. It makes me ashamed of myself when I think how I formerly felt toward you. You are one chap in a thousand and I like you."

"Thanks, Mr. Rockwell."

"No, don't call me Mr. Rockwell."

"Thanks, Leander."

"I like you a heap, Omar; and I jolly well feel ashamed of the past. I feel like making up to you for the harsh things we have said and, dammit, I will."

"That's very kind of you, Leander. My sister has always been wrong about me. After all, this is my home town and I wouldn't like to have the folks think I was no good."

"You are leaving tomorrow?"

"On the four o'clock flyer. Tickets in my pocket. Big business matter in Chicago."

"Then, by heavens, I shall work fast. I'm going to do something for you, Omar Gill, to make up, if I can. Darned if Hortense doesn't make me angry at times."

"I guess she would make any man mad at times," Omar said mildly.

"Always telling me what a low character you are. . . . It makes me furious."

WHILE speaking, Mr. Rockwell removed the metal cover from a mohogany chest, a chest of rich carvings and great age. He plunged into it, hauled forth silks and satins, Chinese brocades, opium pipes, Buddhas, and finally a striking piece of black ivory, heavy and mysterious, a foot long and a foot high.

It was in the form of an elephant, with a queer tail which, strangely enough, was curled into a double loop. Rockwell dusted the elephant with a silk handkerchief, handling it with great care, and held it up for Omar to see.

"There," he said, "is something for the human eye to rest upon. You are looking at something, Omar."

"An elephant?" ventured the little man, feeling he could go that far.

"Yes, but what an elephant! This, and you may never believe it, is the elephant of Queen Sadakichi."

"Well," Omar said politely, "that's quite an elephant."

"Probably the name Queen Sadakichi means nothing to you, Omar?"

"Never heard of her."

"You've heard of India?"

"Sure."

"And the long line of ancient Indian queens?"

"No."

"You've heard tell of the Ishmali dynasty?"

"Not me."

"To make a long story short," said Leander, lighting a one-dollar cigar and handing Omar one, "Queen Sadakichi was the first monarch of the Ishmali line, all of whom have been dead for thousands of years. She had an emblem, same as a king has a coat of arms today. That emblem was the sacred elephant. That elephant I now hold in my hand."

"No," said Omar, leaning over to look.

"Yes. It was dug up in the ruins of Delhi during our last visit. Passing by at the moment when a native dug it up, I bought it from him. It is seven thousand years old and worth a dollar for every year of its age."

"Seven thousand dollars," Omar murmured.

"Yes, and because I like you, Omar, because you are a fine fellow and my wife has done you wrong, I make amends. You are now a half owner of the Queen's Elephant, sacred in the land of India and worth plenty of money in any land."

"Oh, no!" Omar said, aghast.

"Oh, yes. And before you move a single step, please let me show you something else that will open your eyes. Just a moment. Look here."

He drew a booklet from a case in the wall, a catalogue of art objects and antiquities, showing conditions and prices paid at Sotheby's in London, England, for everything beginning with the great Kohinoor diamond and running down to the spats worn by the Kaiser the night he took the train for Holland.

"Right there," said Leander, sliding his thumb down the page, and Omar saw listed Queen Sadakichi's elephants, ten thousand pounds for the pair.

"Why, that's fifty thousand dollars," the little man said in an awed voice.

"Yes, and maybe fifty-five thousand."

"You have only one of them?"

"Only one."

"Where's the other one?"

"That," said Leander, "is what I meant when I said I was going to make up to you for the past brutality of my wife. The other Sadakichi elephant is here in Leesburg."

"No!" said Omar.

"Yes. It's in a shop on the main street, an ordinary pawnshop, run by a man named Chocker Cole."

"Would he know about this London joint and the prices in the catalogue?"

"I don't know. Any expert can tell you the value of the Sadakichi sacred elephants, because books have been written about them. What I say is, let's go down the street and maybe we can sell him this one. From now on, you're a half owner."

"That's kind of you, Leander," Omar said and Mr. Rockwell rang a bell and sent for a taxicab. Carrying the ancient elephant in a bath towel, the two rolled into town and pulled up before an unimpressive pawnshop with fiddles in the window.

"Don't let on," warned Leander, entering Chocker Cole's place of business. "He may not know anything."

Mr. Cole, a very fat man with blue eyes and a pugnacious nose above a more pugnacious chin, not only knew all about the ancient Sadakichi elephants of the Indies, but was coldly suspicious.

"My name is Leander Rockwell," said that worthy man.

"I know it is," replied Pawnbroker Cole. "What do you want to know about these elephants and why?"

"You are apparently aware—"

"Yes. There is one of them in the world and it belongs to me. I have it here in my safe, and it's worth plenty of money—oh, plenty."

"Would you be willing to sell it?" Leander inquired.

"Sure," said Mr. Cole, "for six thousand dollars and not a cent less."

HE THEREUPON produced the Sotheby index to prices and Omar examined it as though he had not seen the same thing within the half hour.

"Let us look at your elephant," he said, concealing a growing excitement, and Mr. Cole immediately opened his safe, pushed drawers and came up with the twin to Leander's Sadakichi. It was identical. There was no doubt. Omar examined the ancient bit of ivory from end to end.

"They think," said Mr. Cole, relenting a trifle, "that some day somebody will find the other one, but you'll never make me believe it. This is the only one there is, in spite of the catalogue."

"Let us walk outside," suggested Omar, turning to Leander. "I want to talk to you about something."

"Very good," replied Leander, and Mr. Cole stared at them suspiciously and said he would always be glad to do business with gentlemen.

"Would you," Omar asked, pausing at the door, "care to buy the other twin to your elephant if it was to be had?"

"Would I!" answered Chocker Cole chuckling. "To be sure I would. But at a price where I could make some money. I'm telling you there is only one and here she is." He tapped his Sadakichi gently.

"Come over here in the Park," said Omar to Leander and they rapidly crossed and sat down upon a green bench hard by the municipal fountain.

"NOW," said Omar excitedly, "let's look this over. Do we buy or do we sell?"

"Omar," said Rockwell smilingly, "I like you. Buy or sell, you take half the profits."

"Yes, but we only get six or seven thousand for your elephant if we sell to this Cole person, whereas we get fifty thousand in London for the pair. We will walk right back there and buy this man's elephant. Then we own 'em both."

"Just as you desire, Omar. The whole thing will be just as you wish."

Conference being over, they returned to the pawnshop and bought the elephant. Omar fished three thousand dollars from inner recesses and counted the bills carefully. Mr. Rockwell did likewise.

"Just make out a bill of sale, please," he directed. "Might as well have everything regular." Chocker Cole obligingly scrawled the information that he had just sold his Sadakichi elephant to Messrs. Gill and Rockwell for the sum of six thousand dollars.

"And that's that," Omar said with a smile. "Shall we tell him, Leander?"

"No harm to tell Mr. Cole."

The pawnbroker was thereupon informed that there were actually two Sadakichis in the world and Omar unwrapped the bath towel and displayed the Rockwell ivory.

"Well, I'll be damned," cried Cole. "You two are a couple of slickers. I thought there was something odd about you."

"It's just modern business," said Omar modestly. "You learn to be smart after a while."

On the way back to the Rockwell house, Leander impressed upon Omar the need for complete silence and secrecy.

"Better say nothing to anyone until I leave for London," he warned. "People start talking about such deals, and if this gets out, it may affect our London price."

"You can bet I'll say nothing," Omar cried fervently, "not even to Harmony. When do you start for England?"

"I wasn't leaving for several weeks yet," said Leander thoughtfully, "but now, perhaps I'd better go immediately. The minute I get there, I'll turn the pair in to Sotheby's and mail you your check, or would you prefer a draft?"

"Either is all right. You been very nice to me, Leander. Mail the check to the Winslow Hotel in Chicago."

Mr. Rockwell placed the twin ivory elephants in his big safe and that night Omar and Harmony were escorted by the Rockwells to a lawn fête in Leesburg, where Leander took Harmony to one side.

"Mr. Childs," he said, nibbling at a piece of cake, "I am mighty glad Omar has you for a friend. Hortense and I were talking about it. We both think it was pretty nice of you to visit our little town, which must seem dull to a man of the world. I'd like to do you a trifling service."

"Well, well," said Harmony, pleased.

"Can you meet me tomorrow about ten in the morning?"

"Sure I can."

"Your train goes at four, doesn't it?"

"That's right."

"Then meet me at ten and don't mention the matter to Omar. Wouldn't want to hurt his feelings, you know."

"I'll be at the house at ten," said Harmony, wondering, but not thinking of Omar's feelings.

PROMPTLY at ten on Tuesday, Mr. Childs, having disposed of Omar by the simple device of leaving him in his pajamas at breakfast, met Leander, who led him straight to the curio room.

"Here," he said, opening his safe, "we find an interesting bit of rare old ivory known as the Queen's Elephant." . . .

Twenty minutes later Mr. Cole was wrapping up his Sadakichi elephant for the second time in two days and Harmony was wetting his thumb the better to peel off bill after bill. Bearing the two elephants out to the car, Harmony said: "You better step over to London and get that fifty thousand right away, Mr. Rockwell, because I'm going to be a little short of ready cash."

"Leave here without delay," replied Leander, writing down Harmony's address with a stub of pencil, and they drove hastily to the Rockwell home, where the Sadakichi treasures were placed within the large, black safe. Harmony hastened to the hotel and found Omar in a sulky mood.

"Where have you been all day?" the little man roared. "I wanted the car."

"I have been attending to a private affair, a matter of business," said Harmony. "Anyhow, we have nothing to do but catch the afternoon express."

"And make one more call on Hortense," Omar said grumpily. "She'll be sore if I leave town without saying farewell."

"I wouldn't think so. She'll be all right if she never sees you again."

"I have established myself and my reputation in this town, haven't I?"

"Don't know. Anyhow, I haven't done myself any harm. This is a sort of lucky town."

They turned back the liveried chauffeur to the company, handed over the closed car and looked at their watches. Hortense, the sister, made a kindly gesture by sending her own car down to the hotel, Leander driving, to see if there was any last courtesy the Rockwells could administer. Leander smiled significantly at the departing guests.

"Sure, we'll go up to the house," Omar said heartily, and packing their silk hats into the bags and the bags into the car, they made a final call. It was formal. Tea was served on the closed veranda and Hortense informed her brother she was happy to see he had turned over a new leaf. She said, too, she was glad to meet the president of the Northwestern Broadcasting Company. Everyone was polite to everyone else and at three-thirty Leander said that, much as he hated to hurry anyone, they would better be getting started if they wanted the four o'clock cannonball for Chicago.

"It has been a great joy to see you, Hortense," Omar said, shaking hands with the stern woman, who unbent to say she would go with them to the railway. Leander drove them down to the station, a porter appeared, seized the bags and faded towards the train shed. "Leander," said Omar, stepping out, "I am mighty glad I met you."

"Thanks," said Leander.

"I am, too," said Harmony, looking hard at Mr. Rockwell, who merely smiled.

"Boys," he said, getting from behind the wheel, "we bid you farewell and a happy trip to Chicago and points west. Hortense and I will depart presently for London, where certain matters will require my attention. Your visit to Leesburg has brought us both great satisfaction and I am particularly pleased. I guess you know that."

They nodded.

"And now," continued Leander, "before you go aboard yon express, let me give you this trifling train-present, a little personal gift. Do not open the package until you are aboard train, as it is a surprise and should be opened only when the train is moving westward."

He handed Omar a paper box, wrapped in tissue paper, the kind of box the caterer uses to house chocolate layer cake.

"Thanks a great deal," Omar said. "Good-by, sister, and now we will trot along lest we miss the Chicago flyer. It has been nice to be in Leesburg."

"So long," said Harmony, and as Leander waved briskly and Hortense sat in motionless dignity on the rear seat, the soldiers of fortune hurried after the porter and their bags. A moment later, they were standing beside their section in the Pullman and the wheels began moving.

"That's all of Leesburg," said Harmony. "Thank heaven. Let us walk forward to the club car and have a good smoke."

"Yes," said Omar. "Isn't Leander a swell bozo?"

"The salt of the earth," cried Harmony, leading the way.

They staggered through two coaches and sat down in the smoking coach.

"Go on, open that package," Omar urged. "It might be something good to eat."

Harmony untied the strings, removed the paper layers and disclosed both of Queen Sadakichi's elephants. He said nothing for a moment, but continued to look at the black ivory pieces as though wondering. Omar's countenance turned a light shade of gray-green, and when he spoke, his voice was vibrant.

"That's a new one, ain't it?" he asked hoarsely.

"Why?" asked Harmony, turning slowly upon him. "Are you in it, too?"

"Sure. Three grand. Are you?"

"Yes, and that makes six grand. That guy is a thinker, isn't he?"

Omar looked at the moving scenery beyond the windows. The fields were lovely with the green of early spring and the afternoon sun painted the distant hills of Leesburg.

"Have you got any money?" he asked in a faltering voice.

"About forty dollars. Have you?"

"Less than that. . . . But we still have the elephants."

"Them and our health."

"Take one of them back to our car," Omar suggested, "and hide it."

"What for?"

"We may as well start to work again. And when you pass that man in the end chair, the one with the beard, hide the elephants."

HARMONY CHILDS did as Omar requested and was absent for ten minutes. When he returned to the smoker, Mr. Gill was in amiable conversation with the bearded traveler. He was a kindly-looking, elderly man, with a full, round face and gentle eyes. He radiated a geniality that embraced mankind and Omar was saying, as Harmony passed by: "That's very interesting, Mr. Moody, and furthermore, it reminds me of the Queen Sadakichi Elephant from India. I suppose you heard about the Queen and her elephants?"

"No," said the stranger. "I'm afraid I haven't."

Omar lowered his voice slightly and Harmony could tell by the attitude of Mr. Moody that he was rather interested in what the little man was saying.

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The Battle Lines are Drawn

Owen D. Young, lawyer, industrialist, international figure, who gives no encouragement to boomers

The coming fight will be along lines chosen by President Hoover

HERBERT HOOVER set forth his position in the Presidential campaign, which will not formally open until next summer, clearly enough during his recent journey through the Middle West.

Barring accident, there is little question but that Mr. Hoover will be renominated.

What Mr. Hoover thinks and says, accordingly, must draw the lines along which the Republican campaign will be fought.

In general, his position is conservative. He stands on his record and he advocates no new principles.

He defends the Hawley-Smoot tariff act not only as good for the United States but as an example to the world. Not all Republicans have adopted this opinion. Mr. Hoover has. Whatever his feelings may have been when the measure was passed by Congress, he is unequivocally for it now.

Mr. Hoover, however, is against any governmental interference with business as a stimulus to prosperity. He believes in American individualism. He will have no truck with those who talk about large governmental plans for safeguarding our business life. He will approve unemployment insurance only when paid for by industry.

Mr. Hoover also set himself definitely against any suggestion of national ownership or operation of public utilities. In this matter he very plainly is aligned against the logic of Gifford Pinchot, governor of Pennsylvania, who is making the need of Federal control of public utilities the foundation of his campaign for the Presidential nomination next year.

The lines along which the Democrats will oppose Mr. Hoover are being drawn by Governor Roosevelt of New York and Governor Ritchie of Maryland.

Both Roosevelt and Ritchie favor the revision of the Eighteenth Amendment. Mr. Hoover has definitely aligned himself with its defenders.

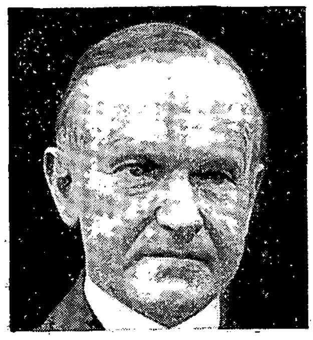
National prohibition is, of course, governmental paternalism of the most extreme variety. Mr. Hoover, who in economic matters is a preacher of "rugged individualism," is on the other side of the fence so far as drink is concerned. His most active Republican rival, Governor Pinchot, is also dry. The outstanding Democratic candidates, on the other hand, do not believe that the national government is the effective agency to save drunkards from indulging their appetites.

Governor Ritchie has offered alternatives to the Hoover policies on foreign relations, the tariff and unemployment as well as prohibition. Governor Roosevelt has gone farther in his effort to stimulate state action in combating the evils of unemployment.

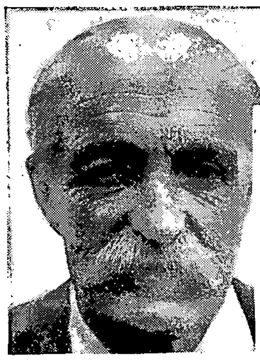
Both parties put the responsibility for dealing with unemployment up to industry. The difference between the Ritchie and Roosevelt program and that of Mr. Hoover lies in the fact that the Democrats insist upon governmental action if industry fails to provide security for the workers, while Mr. Hoover refers to the "dole" as an evil to be avoided apparently at any cost. There is a real difference between these programs.

The campaign ahead will be one of extraordinary interest. The business depression has had the consequence of equalizing the competition. Usually the preponderance of Republican voters makes the race one-sided. Bad times do much to destroy this advantage.

Politically, next year will be different. When the Democrats have their candidate, Roosevelt, Ritchie, Newton D. Baker, Owen D. Young, or whoever he may be, real issues will separate us as voters. Then, as ever, however, the candidates will be more persuasive than principles. For when all is said, a principle is no better than its practical administration. What we have to do is to express confidence in a man to deal with the unforeseen necessities of four future years. Upon our estimates of two men the choice will rest.



Calvin Coolidge, newspaper man, may not choose to be drafted



Gifford Pinchot (above, left), governor of Pennsylvania, the Last of the Bull Moose, and a dry Republican "progressive." Below is Newton D. Baker, former Secretary of War, a successful lawyer and one of the most powerful speakers in the Democratic ranks

Governor Franklin D. Roosevelt of New York (above) already has powerful support in the race for Democratic Presidential nomination

Albert C. Ritchie (left) is Maryland's fourth-term governor and favorite son

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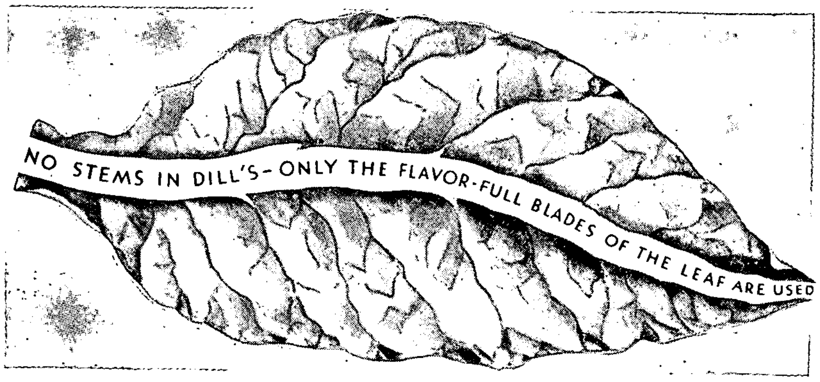
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SOME bright morning you'll awake to find that "pink tooth brush" has come to your house. And you'll have to decide whether you'll just drift along and bear it or whether you'll take direct measures to put your gums in a hard and healthy state.

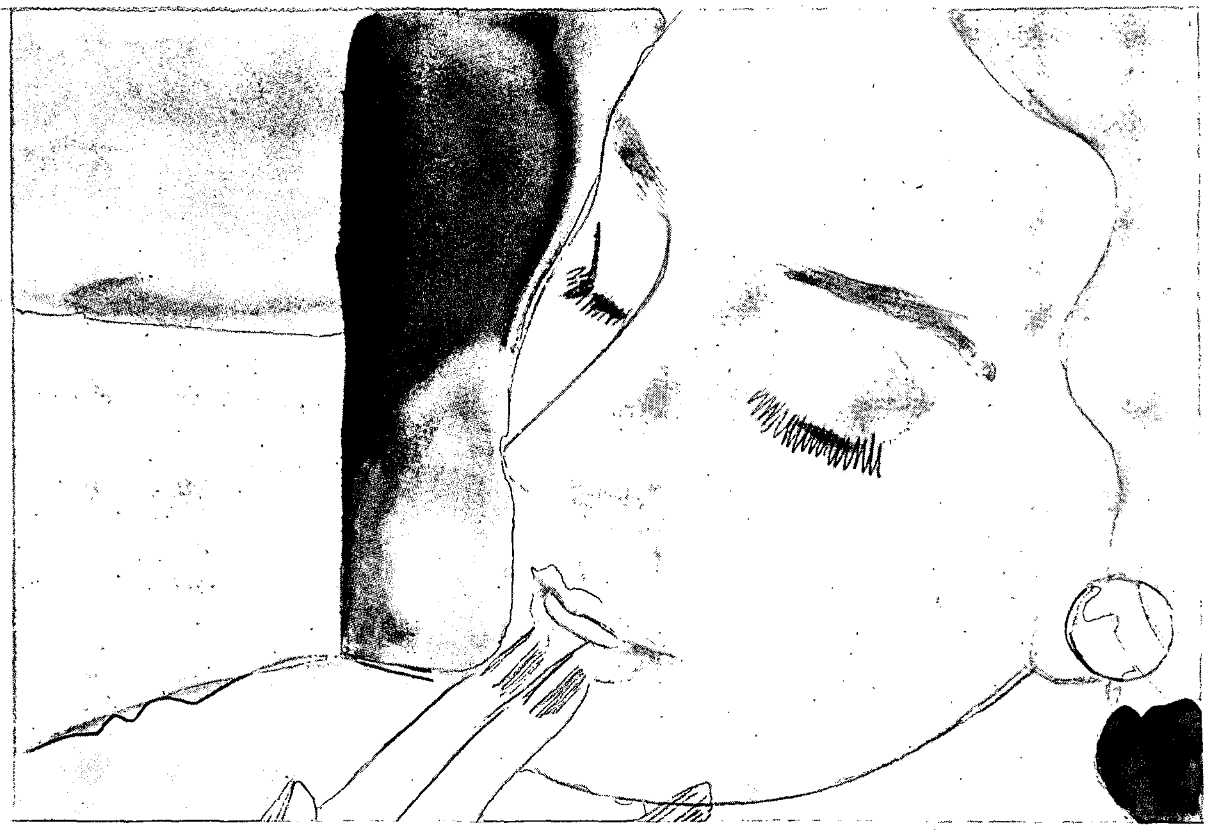
• • •

Talk to your dentist first of all. Probably he'll answer you just like this, for this is the summary of the best dental opinion.

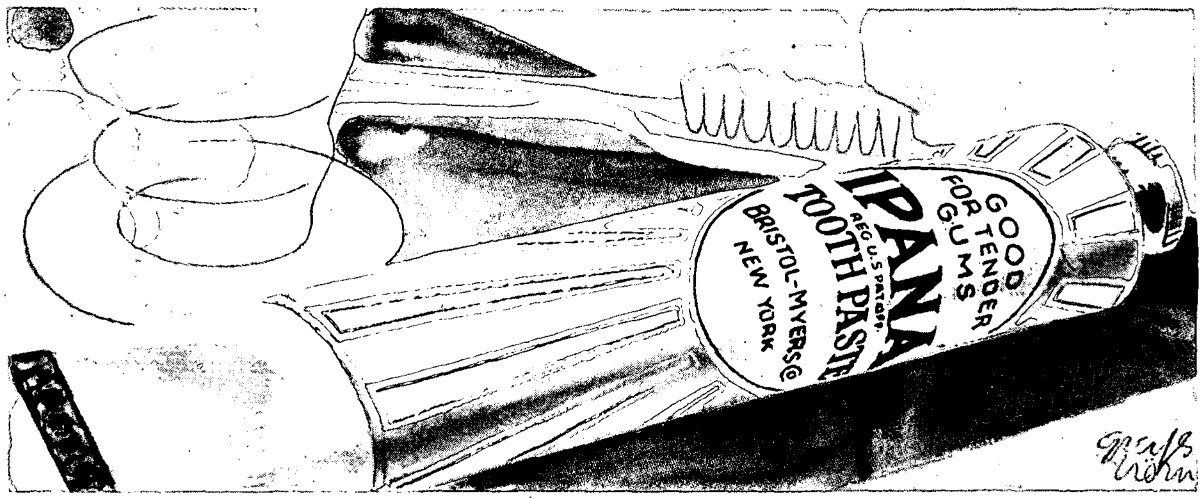
"Weak gums are the result of hasty eating and soft foods. Like all modern people of 1931, you have little choice in the matter of diet. You eat—and have eaten for years—easy-going foods that rob your gums of the exercise they need for healthy hardness. Sooner or later you'll probably discover 'pink tooth brush'! Don't get panicky about it but don't neglect that touch of 'pink' on your tooth brush!

"True, you can probably clear it up with massage and a good agent like Ipana. But, if you ignore it, many serious troubles—such as gingivitis, Vincent's disease, and the happily much rarer pyorrhea—can follow in its train.

"And 'pink tooth brush'—neglected too long—can lead to a loss of lustre of the teeth, and an infection at their roots. And *that* threatens teeth which today are sound and white."



The soft, tender foods we eat today rob our gums of the exercise needed for healthy hardness



• • •

Get Ipana, clean your teeth with it in the regular way. Then, after you've done that, put a little bit of fresh Ipana on your brush and massage those lazy, inactive gums of yours. Wake them up! Give them the stimulation that modern food fails to provide. Firm their walls, increase their resistance.

Keep on, for 30 days, using Ipana and massage . . . Your teeth will be brilliantly white, your gums firm and healthy. And you'll see mighty little of "pink tooth brush" in the future.

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